# manolitan

ning ES OLIVER CURWOOD'S est Stories of the North Woods

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# The Mystery of the Cook's Pet Parrot

A FUNNY paper recently. SLIPPED ME a good laugh. WITH A wheeze about. A FAMOUS ventriloquist. AND WHY he had quit. THE VAUDEVILLE stage. IT SAID he discovered. HE COULD make more jack. SELLING WOODEN parrots. SO WHEN I got home. I PASSED the joke. TO OUR cook, who owns. BOTH A speechless parrot. AND A sense of humor. BUT SHE muffed it. BECAUSE SHE didn't know. WHAT A ventriloquist was. SO I had to explain it. AND ON the way out.

I BLEW just a whiff.

OF CIGARETTE smoke.

FOOL OF a parrot.

WHICH NEVER talks.

AND I said, "Poll.

HOW D'YOU like it?"

AND TO this day.

IT'S GOT me guessing.

WHETHER IT was cook.

OR THE blamed bird.

WHICH SQUAWKED back.

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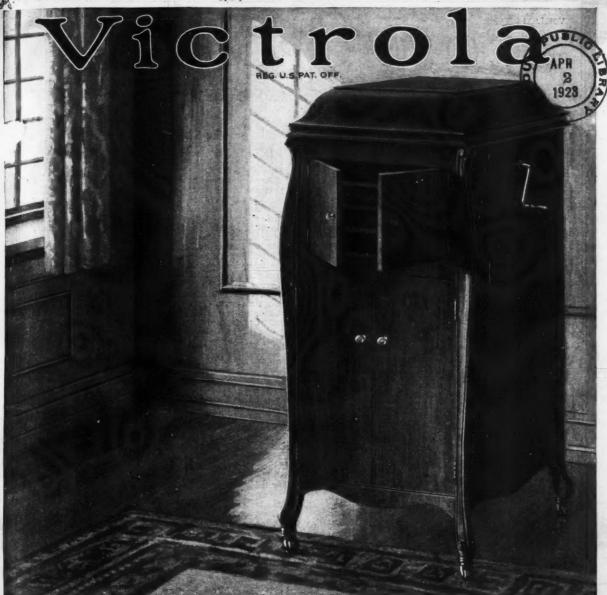
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# COSMOPOLITAN

### America's Greatest Magazine

This Month		Where You Find Your Favorites
Meditation	Cover	At Their Very Best
By HARRISON FISHER		Romney, Indiana. May 6, 1921.
A Vacation Editorial  By GEORGE ADE  Decorations by Ray Rohn	25	Editor of COSMOPOLITAN: Allow me, as an old family friend, to say a word. You see, I have known Cosmopolitan a long time—since the
Just Like A Man. A poem By EDGAR A. GUEST Illustrations by W. T. Benda	26	early years of the 1900's, and feel that because of that I car speak with privileged authority. Moreover, I am conceitedly convinced that I know good literature when I see it; for I an "one of 'em"—that is, I have tried the literary game myself
The Country Beyond. A short story  By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD  Illustrations by Walt Louderback	28	mestly in the line of classical verse.  When "Cosmo" first showed its present policy I confess I regarded it as sure to come a cropper eventually, as straying after false ideals and Mammon. I liked its stories, usually.
Miles Brewster and the Super-Sex. A short story By FRANK R. ADAMS Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell	35	but I failed to realize that in reaching the high places the magazine could not always <i>demand</i> from those already high I looked upon it as too much, perhaps, a seeker of names rather than merit.
His Honor. A short story By BEN AMES WILLIAMS Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore	40	These feelings reached a crest some years ago, about the time "Cosmo" was beginning to arrive. Afterward I would occasionally read a copy and like it, yet my judgment and justice were obscured by my already formed verdict.
The Pride of Palomar. A serial  By PETER B. KYNE  Illustrations by H. R. Ballinger	44	That lasted until the last year, when I began reading the magazine regularly.  In regard to my opinions now, which were formed upon reading a copy after a lapse of a few years, and comparison of
The Stage Today  Photographs in Artgravure	49	it with work of the same authors found in other magazines, let me say that the decision I reached astounded me. For I
Acquitted. A short story By WILL PAYNE Illustrations by Harrison Fisher	53	think that "Cosmo" has done the impossible: it has reached a point where it not only gets the best authors, but it gets the tery best that these best authors can do.  Each number is worthy a place in the American list of clas-
The Woman Who Ate Up a Man. A short story By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams	58	sics. I thought it easily possible for a magazine to go out and buy the best names, provided it had enough money; but for any magazine to become a roll of honor for the very best—to not only land the top-notchers, but to make them try their best to
Big Game in the Wine Forests. An article By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN Illustrated with photographs	63	stay landed; to be so illustrious and great as to make them compete earnestly and give all they have in them—I thought that a thing beyond hope. Yet you have done it; and, with no slightest let-down, but if possible an increasingly high standard
The Empty Sack. A serial  By BASIL KING  Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg	68	of merit, each succeeding number intensifies this belief.  To my mind that is the reason for the popularity of "Cosmo." Discerning readers know that with "Cosmo" in their hands they will not be beguiled into reading trash—into the
Dynamite. A short story By ROYAL BROWN Illustrations by W. D. Stevens	75	disgusting sensation of being "stung" when about three para- graphs deep in a promising-looking story. They know that with implicit trust they can begin anywhere, at any story, with- out pondering weightily the probable merits and pros and cons.
The High Cost of Women. An article By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY Photographic illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller	81	And they know that they will not only find their favorite authors, but that they will find those favorites at their very best, and exceeding their best in other magazines.
Alias the Lone Wolf. A scrial By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE Illustrations by Pruett Carter	86	There has never been a magazine to compare with the present "Cosmo"—none even close to it. And I am not expecting to meet with a worthy rival of it soon—not in mortal's realm. Long may it live and prosper in its exceeding
The Loves Between. A short survy By IDA M. EVANS Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.	93	greatness and glory!  Nor will I cease soon to be a subscriber, for after renewing my acquaintance and finding "Cosmo's" true worth, it seems to me a magazine beyond any question of price—a magazine
Some Men Are Like That. A short story By LILIAN LAUFERTY Illustrations by Grant T. Reynard	99	whose excellence is beyond comparison and competitors.  Very truly yours,  (Signed) Frank M. Simison

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Published monthly at 110 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., by Internationa
September 8, 1905, at the Post-Office, New York, N. J., under the let

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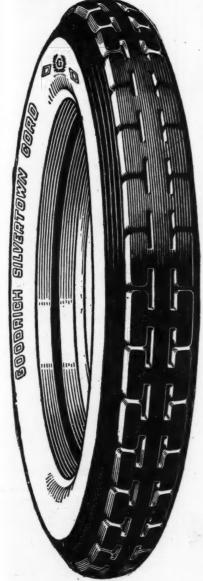
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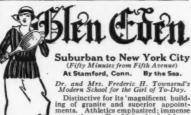
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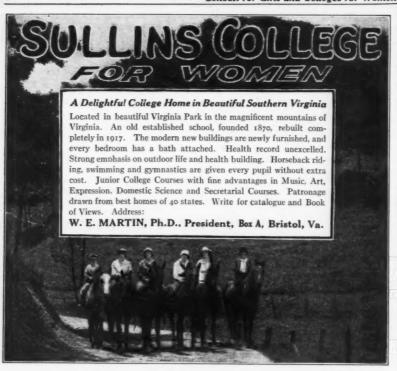
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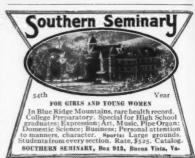
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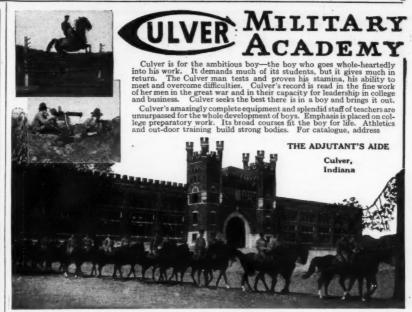
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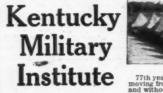
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In a synopsis of the story so far, together with this issue which you may read all you have to know in order to continue the story in the August and September issues of Cosmopolitan.

After reading the synopsis and the installment in this issue you will readily see that the chief interest in "Alias the Lone Wolf" centers about the Lone Wolf's infatuation for the Countess de Montalais, her faith in him and his promise to recover her stolen jewels.

The trail is long—the pursuit fascinating—the plot thrilling—but through it all, the reader constantly wonders how the Lone Wolf, clever as he is, will be able to restore the Montalais jewels to their rightful owner, and how he will do it—if he does.

Louis Joseph Vance, author of "Alias the Lone Wolf" has solved the mystery in his *own* way. His solution will appear in the concluding installment, which will be published in September Cosmopolitan.

But you will have *your own ideas* as to how the jewels might be recovered by the Lone Wolf. It is for your skill in solving this mystery, your talent for writing *your* solution in the cleverest, briefest, most concise manner that the publishers of Cosmopolitan offer a total of \$5000 in cash awards.

## This is the Question You Have to Answer:

# "How might the famous Montalais jewels be recovered?"

Your solution need not be the same as Mr. Vance's. This is not a guessing contest in any sense of the word. It is purely a test of your acuteness, your analytical powers, your method of reasoning and your ability to write good, strong descriptive English.

# The requirements of this contest are easy to fulfill

- 1. Write five hundred words or less giving your version of how the Montalais jewels might be recovered.
- You may mail your solution (or as many solutions as you desire) any time between now and midnight of August 12, 1921. Solutions postmarked after that time will not be considered.
- 3. This contest is open to you whether you are a subscriber to Cosmopolitan or not. It is not necessary that you buy the magazine in order to enter the contest.
- 4. Employees, or members of the families of employees of the International Magazine Company or of the organizations of which this company is a part, are barred from this contest.
- Checks will be mailed to the winners as soon as the judges have arrived at their decisions.
- 6. The names of the winners will appear in the November issue of Cosmopolitan which will be published in October.
- 7. No manuscripts will be returned and we cannot undertake to answer any questions.

The solution that, in the opinion of the judges named below, most nearly fulfills the above conditions will receive the capital prize of \$2,000. The next best solution in merit in the opinion of the judges will be awarded \$1,000. The third contestant in point of merit will receive \$500. The next prize will be \$250. The next twenty-five prizes will be \$50 each, making 29 prizes in all.

### The Judges are:

Wm. J. Burns, famous international detective and head of The William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc.

Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

Ray Long, Editor-in-Chief of Cosmopolitan, Hearst's International, Good Housekeeping, Harpers Bazar, Motor, Motor Boating, and Vice-President of the International Magazine Company.

Fannle Hurst, author of "Star Dust," "Humoresque," "Guilty," and other stories.

J. Mitchel Thorsen, Business Manager of Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Louis Joseph Vance, author of "Alias, the Lone Wolf"

Contest Editor, Cosmopolitan Magazine, Room 100, 119 West 40th St., N. Y.

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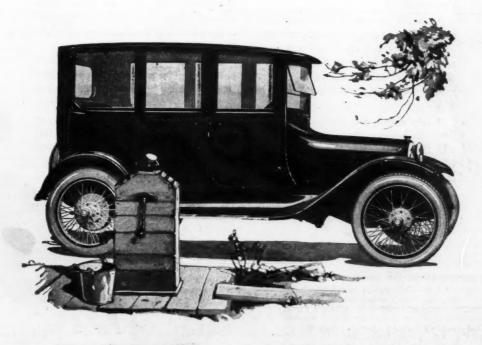
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# There is constant danger in an oily skin

F your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shinyyou cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple. But too much oil not only spoils the attractiveness of any girl's complexion-it actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of the skin

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

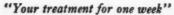
You can correct an oily skin by using each night the following simple treatment:

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly-always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

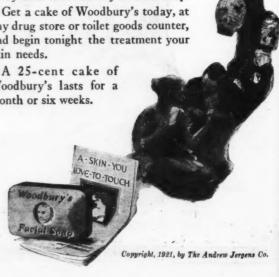
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1921



# MOVE AROUND BEFORE THE IVY BEGINS TO CLIMB UP YOUR LEGS

A Vacation Editorial—By George Ade

Wait until the asters are blooming and then, no matter where you are, go somewhere else. Only an oyster remains forever at the old homestead.

If the all-wise Arranger had meant for you to look out of the same window all the time, he wouldn't have given you legs.

The planet you are now visiting may be the only one you ever see. Even it you get a transfer, the next one may not have any Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls.

Move around before the ivy begins to climb up your legs.

It is true that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets rid of the rough corners and takes on a lovely polish. Besides, who wants to be covered with moss?

Go on a journey every year so that you may jolt out of your brittle head, piece the notion that our home township is the steering gear of the universe.

Some hermits are learned, but only the travelers are wise.

If you have earned a vacation, take it. The time has come to exchange your cold currency for some new sensations. You are due to accept a reward for all the years of sacrifice and denial. But you worry. If you splurge around and have a good time, maybe the children will not have all the funds they need, fifteen years hence, to keep them in red touring cars and squirrel coats.

You are afraid to make a will reading as follows:

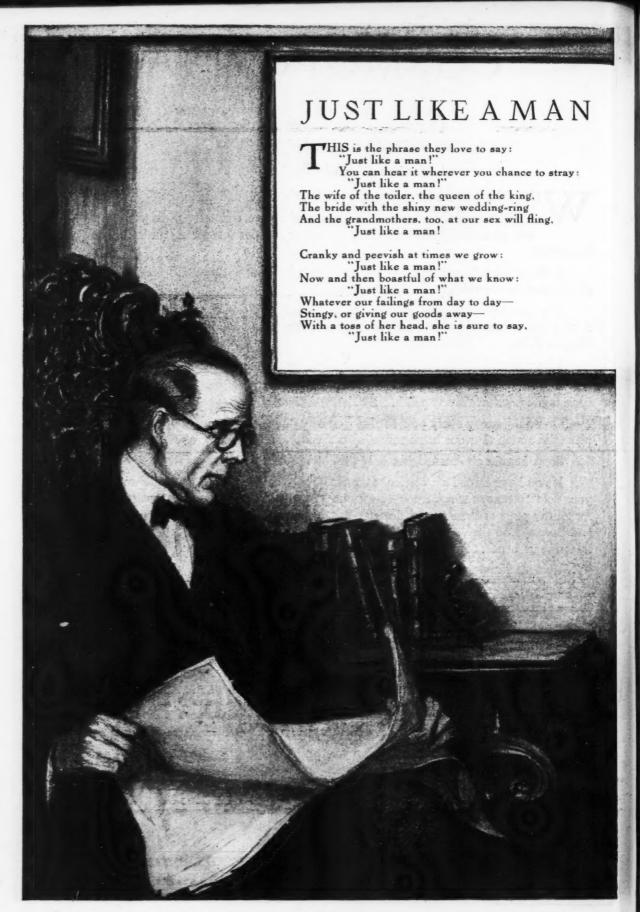
"Dear Offspring: Go out and get it, the same as I did."

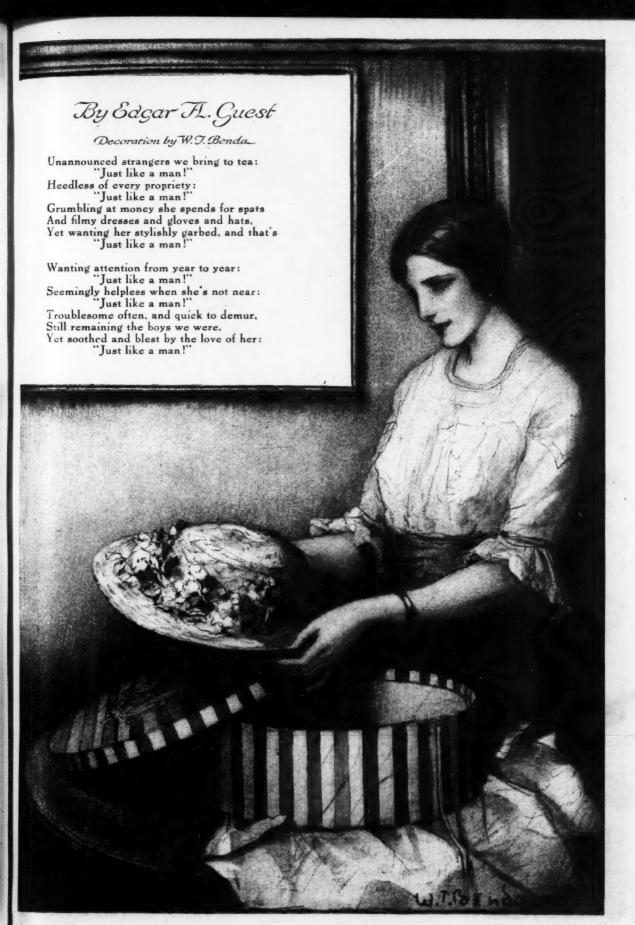
Think of the thousands of worthy old people now penned up at home who ought to be scooting about in henrys and lake steamers and Pullman cars, rounding out the long day of toil with a late afternoon of gleeful enjoyment! It wouldn't cost them a cent. The heirs would pay all the bills.

We need in this country many Night Schools for Old People. It is time to declare for the rights and privileges of the passing generation. The world and the fullness thereof do not belong entirely to the flapper with the concealed ears and the dancing tadpole whose belt-line is just below the shoulder-blades.

Take your vacations while you can get them. F-rentually you may not be able to name the spots you are going to visit next.









DRAWN FROM LIFE BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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I HAVE read thousands upon thousands of stories, but I can think of no fiction ever published that is so sympathetically, lovingly close to the heart and soul of Nature as these new stories by Mr. Curwood. Here is the poetry of love and adventure and romance that inspires you with the glory of living—like the song of the breeze in the trees and the plashing of the brook.

THE EDITOR



# COUNTRY BEYOND

The First of a New Series of Short Stories of the Far Northwest

By

## James Oliver Curwood

Illustrations by Walt Louderback

OT far from the rugged and storm-whipped north shore of Lake Superior, and south of the Kaministiqua, yet not as far south as the Rainy River waterway, there lay a paradise lost in the heart of a wilderness world-and in that paradise "a little corner of hell."

That was what the girl had called it once upon a time, when sobbing out the shame and the agony of it to herself. That was before Peter had come to leaven the drab of her life. But the

bell was still there.

One would not have guessed its existence, standing at the bald top of Cragg's Ridge this wonderful thirtieth day of May. In the whiteness of winter one could look off over a hundred square miles of freezing forest and swamp and river country, with the gleam of ice-covered lakes here and there, fringed by their black spruce and cedar and balsam-a country of storm, of deep snows, of men and women whose blood ran red with the thrill and the hardship and the never-ending adventure of the wild.

But this was spring. And such a spring as had not come to

the Canadian north country in many years.

Just under Cragg's Ridge lay the paradise, a meadow-like sweep of plain that reached down to the edge of Clearwater Lake, with clumps of poplars and white birch and darker tapestries of spruce and balsams dotting it like islets in a sea of verdent seep the search of t dant green.

In the edge of a clump of this timber lay Peter. The love of adventure was in him, and to-day he had sallied forth on his most desperate enterprise. For the first time he had gone alone to the edge of Clearwater Lake, half a mile away; boldly he had trotted up and down the white strip of beach where the girl's footprints still remained in the sand, and where the girl's tootprints still remained in the sand, and defiantly he had yipped at the shimmering vastness of the water, and at the white gulls circling near him in quest of dead fish flung ashore. Peter was three months old. Yesterday he had been a timid pup, shrinking from the bigness and strangeness of everything about him; but today he had braved the lake trail on his own nerve, and nothing had dared to come near him, in spite of his yipping, so that a great courage and a great desire were born in him.

Therefore, in returning, he had paused in the edge of a great clump of balsams and spruce, and lay flat, his sharp little eyes leveled yearningly at the black mystery of its deeper shadows.

And as he lay there, desire and indecision struggling for mastery within him, no power could have told Peter that destinies greater than his own were working through the soul of the dog that was in him, and that on his decision to go in or not to go in—on the triumph of courage or cowardice—there rested the fates of lives greater than his own, of men, and women, and of little children still unborn.

Nada's face did not whiten. And there was a new thing in the odd twist of her red lips as she said tauntingly. "If I were a man, Jed Hawkinsyou'd run! You're a sneakin'. whiskeysellin' coward and you oughta die!"



At last he rose from his squatting posture, and stood upon his feet. He was not a beautiful pup, this Peter Pied-bot—or Peter Club-foot, as Jolly Roger McKay—who lived over in the big cedar swamp—had named him when he gave Peter to the girl. He was, in a way, an accident, and a homely one at that. His father was a blue-blooded fighting Airedale who had broken from his kennel long enough to commit a mėsalliance with a huge big-footed and peace-loving Mackenzie hound—and Peter was the result. He wore the fiercely bristling whiskers of his Airedale father at the age of three months; his ears were flappy and big, his tail was knotted, and his legs were ungainly and loose, with huge feet at the end of them—so big and heavy that he stumbled frequently, and fell on his nose. One pitied him at first—and then loved him. For Peter, in spite of his homeliness, had the two best bloods of all dog creation in his veins. Yet in a way it was like mixing nitro-glycerin with olive oil, or dynamite and saltpeter with milk and honey.

Peter's heart was thumping rapidly as he took a step toward the deeper shadows. He swallowed hard, as if to clear a knot out of his scrawny throat. But he had made up his mind. Something was compelling him, and he would go in. Slowly the gloom engulfed him, and once again the whimsical spirit of fatalism had chosen a trivial thing to work out its ends in the romance and tragedy of human lives.

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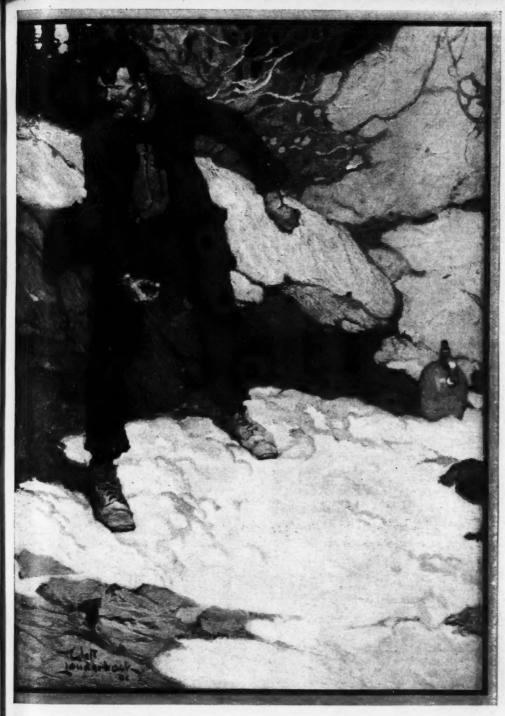
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Grim shadows began to surround Peter, and his ears shot up, and a scraggly brush stood out along his spine. But he did not bark, as he had barked along the shore of the lake, and in the green opens. Twice he looked back to the shimmer of sunshine that was growing more and more indistinct. As long as he could see this, and knew that his retreat was open, there still remained a bit of that courage which was swiftly ebbing in the thickening darkness. But the third time he looked back the light of the sun was utterly gone!

And now, as he stood there, his whole soul burning with a



Jed's face turned livid when he saw who it was, and he drew himself up, his yellow teeth snarling at her. "You

spy." he cried.
"If you were
a man—
I'd kill
you!"

desire to see his way out, Peter began to hear strange sounds. Strangest of all, and most fearsome, was a hissing that came and went, sometimes very near to him, and always accompanied by agrating noise that curdled his blood. Twice after that he saw the shadow of the great owl as it swooped over him, and he flattened himself down, the knot in his throat growing bigger and more choking. And then he heard the soft and uncanny movement of huge feathered bodies in the thick shroud of boughs overhead, and slowly and cautiously he wormed himself around, determined to get back to sunshine and day as quickly as he could. It was not until he had made this movement that the real chill of horror gripped at his heart. Straight behind him, directly in the path he had traveled, he saw two little green balls of flame!

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It was instinct, and not reason or experience, which told Peter there was menace and peril in these two tiny spots blazing in the gloom. He did not know that his own eyes, popping half out of his head, were equally terrifying in that pit of silence, nor that from him emanated a still more terrifying thing—the scent of dog. He trembled on his wobbly legs as the green eyes stared at him, and his back seemed to break in the middle, so that he sank helplessly down upon the soft spruce needles, waiting for his doom. In another flash the twin balls of green fire were gone. In a moment they appeared again, a little farther away. Then a second time they were gone, and a third time they flashed back at him—so distant they appeared like needlepoints in the darkness. Something stupendous rose up in Peter. It was the soul of his Airedale father, telling him the other thing was running away! And in the joy of triumph Peter let out a yelp.

In that night-infested place, alive with hiding things, the yelp set loose weird rustlings in the tangled tree-tops, strange murmurings of chortling voice, and the nasty snapping of beaks that held in them the power to rend Peter's skinny body into a hun-

dred bits. From deeper in the thicket came the sudden crash of a heavy body, and with it the chuckling notes of a porcupine, and a hoo-hoo-hoo-ee of startled inquiry that at first Peter took for a human voice. There followed a weird and appalling silence, and in that stillness Peter quested vainly for the sunlight he had lost. And then, indistinctly, but bringing with it a new thrill, he heard another sound. It was a soft and distant rippling of running water. He knew that sound. It was friendly, He had played among the rocks and pebbles and sand where it was made. His courage came back, and he rose up on his legs, and made his way toward it. At last he came to the stream, scarcely wider than a man might have reached across, rippling and plashing its way through the naked roots of trees. ahead of him Peter saw light. He quickened his pace, until at the last he was running when he came out into the edge of the meadowy plain, with its sweetness of flowers and green grass and

If he had ever been afraid, Peter forgot it now. The choking went out of his throat, his heart fell back in its place, and the fierce conviction that he had vanquished everything in the world possessed him. He peered back into the dark cavern of evergreen out of which the streamlet gurgled, and then trotted straight away from it, growling back his defiance as he ran. At a safe distance he stopped, and faced about. Nothing was following him, and the importance of his achievements grew upon He began to swell; his fore-legs he planted pugnaciously, he hollowed his back, and began to bark with all the puppyish ferocity that was in him. And though he continued to yelp, and pounded the earth with his paws, and tore up the green grass

song of birds, and its glory of blue sky and sun.

with his sharp little teeth, nothing dared to come out of the black forest in answer to his challenge! His head was high and his ears cocked jauntily as he trotted up the slope, and for the first time in his three months of existence he yearned to give battle to some-thing that was alive. He was a changed Peter, no longer satisfied with the thought of gnawing sticks or stones or mauling a rabbit skin. At the crest of the slope he stopped, and yelped down, almost determined to go back to

"An' if you whispers a word to her, I'll break every bone in your body, so 'elp me God! You understand?"

that black patch of forest and chase out everything that was in it. Then he turned toward Cragg's Ridge, and what he saw seemed slowly to shrink up the pugnaciousness that was in him and his stiffened tail drooped until the knotty end of it touched the ground.

Three or four hundred yards away, out of the heart of that cuplike paradise which ran back through a break in the ridge, rose a spiral of white smoke, and with the sight of that smoke Peter heard also the chopping of an axe. It made him shiver, and yet he made his way toward it. He was not old enoughnor was it in the gentle blood of his Mackenzie mother-to know the meaning of hate; but something was growing swiftly in Peter's shrewd little head, and he sensed impending danger whenever he heard the sound of the axe. For always there was associated with that sound the catlike, thin-faced man with the red bristle on his upper lip, and the one eye that never opened but was always closed. And Peter had come to fear this one-eyed man more than he feared any of the ghostly monsters hidden in the black pit of the forest he had braved that day,

But the owls, and the porcupine, and the fiery-eyed fox that had run away from him, had put into Peter something which was not in him yesterday, and he did not slink when he came to the edge of the cup between the broken ridge, but stood up boldly on his crooked legs and looked ahead of him. far edge of the cup, under the western shoulder of the ridge, was a thick scattering of tall cedars and green poplars and white birch, and in the shelter of these was a cabin built of logs. A lovelier spot could not have been chosen for the home of man. But Peter's quizzical little eyes were not measuring the beauty of the place, nor were his ears listening to the singing of birds, or the chattering of a red-squirrel on a stub a few yards away. He was looking beyond the

cabin, to a chalk-white mass of rock that rose like a giant mushroom in the edge of the treesand he was listening to the ringing of the axe, and straining his ears to catch the sound of a voice.

It was the voice he wanted most of all, and when this did not come he choked back a whimper in his throat, and went down to the creek, and waded through it, and came up cautiously behind the cabin, his eyes and ears alert and his loosely jointed legs ready for flight at a sign of dan-ger. He wanted to set up his sharp yipping signal for the girl, but the menace of the axe choked back his desire. At the very end of the cabin, where the woodvine grew

thick and dense, Peter had burrowed himself a hiding-place, and into this he skulked with the quickness of a rat getting away from its enemies.

this protecting screen he cautiously poked forth his whiskered face, to make what inventory he could of his chances for supper and a safe home-coming.

And as he looked forth his heart gave a sudden jump.

It was the girl, and not the man who was using the axe to-day. At the big wood-pile half a stone's throw away he saw the shimmer of her brown curls in the sun, and a glimpse of her white face as it was turned for an instant toward the cabin. In his gladness he would have leaped out, but the curse of a voice he had learned to dread held him back

A man had come out of the cabin, and close behind the man, a woman. was a long, lean, cadaverous-faced creature, and Peter knew that the devil was in him as he stood there at the cabin door. His breath,

was in he saw in him, touched of that e ridge, smoke shiver, ougho know iftly in danger ere was n with t never ear this onsters day. ox that g which e came tood up At the e ridge, d white ogs. A of man. beauty pirds, or

treesening to axe, and to catch ice. oice he all, and ot come a whimat, and e creek, ough it, utiously his eyes and his gs ready

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"We'll make it, Peter," she whispered. "We ain't afraid, are we, baby? We'll make it—sure—sure—we'll make it—"

if one had stood close enough to smell it, was heavy with whiskey. Tobacco juice stained the corners of his mouth, and his one eye gleamed with an animal-like exultation as he nodded toward the girl with the shining curls.

"Mooney says he'll pay seven-fifty for her when he gets his tie-money from the Government, an' he paid me fifty down," he said. "It'll help pay for the brat's board these last ten years—an' mebby, when it comes to a show-down, I can stick him for a thousand."

The woman made no answer. She was, in a way, past answer-

ing with a mind of her own. The man, as he stood there, was wicked and cruel, every line in his ugly face and angular body a line of sin. The woman was bent, broken, a wreck. In her face there was no sign of a living soul. Her eyes were dull, her heart burned out, her hands gnarled with toil under the slavedom of a beast. Yet even Peter, quiet as a mouse where he lay, sensed the difference between them. He had seen the girl and this woman sobbing in each other's arms. And often he had crawled to the woman's feet, and occasionally her hand had touched him, and frequently she had

given him things to eat. But it was seldom he heard her voice when the man was near.

The man was biting off a chunk of black tobacco. Suddenly he asked,

"How old is she, Liz?" And the woman answered in a strange and husky voice, "Seventeen the twelfth day of this month."

The man spat.

"Mooney ought to pay a thousand. We've had her better'n ten years—an' Mooney's crazy as a loon to git her. He'll pay!"
"Jed—" The woman's voice rose above its hoarseness. "Jed-it ain't right!"

The man laughed. He opened his mouth wide, until his yellow fangs gleamed in the sun, and the girl with the axe paused for a moment in her work, and flung back her head, staring at the two

before the cabin door.

"Right?" jeered the man. "Right?" That's what you been preachin' me these last ten years 'bout whiskey-runnin', but it ain't made me stop sellin' whiskey, has it? An' I guess it ain't a word that'll come between Mooney and me—not if Mooney gits his thousand." Suddenly he turned upon her, a hand half raised to strike. "An' if you whisper a word to her—if y' double-cross me so much as the length of your little finger—I'll break every bone in your body, so 'elp me God! You understand? You won't say anything to her?"

The woman's uneven shoulders drooped lower. "I won't say ennything, Jed. I—promise." "I won't say ennything, Jed. I—promise."
The man dropped his uplifted hand with a harsh grunt.
"I'll kill y' if you do," he warned.

The girl had dropped her axe, and was coming toward them. She was a slim, bird-like creature, with a poise to her head and an up-tilt to her chin which warned that the man had not yet beaten her to the level of the woman. She was dressed in a faded calico, frayed at the bottom, and with the sleeves bobbed off just above the elbows of her slim white arms. Her stockings were mottled with patches and mends, and her shoes were old,

and worn out at the toes.

But to Peter, worshipping her from his hiding place, she was the most beautiful thing in the world. Jolly Roger had said the same thing, and most men-and women, too--would have agreed that this slip of a girl possessed a beauty which it would take a long time for unhappiness and torture to crush entirely out of her. Her eyes were as blue as the violets Peter had thrust his nose among that day. And her hair was a glory, loosed by her exertion from its bondage of faded ribbon, and falling about her shoulders and nearly to her waist in a mass of curling brown tresses that at times had made even Jed Hawkins' one eye light up with admiration. And yet, even in those times, he hated her, and more than once his bony fingers had closed viciously in that mass of radiant hair, but seldom could he wring a scream of pain from Nada. Even now, when she could see the light of the devil in his one gleaming eye, it was only her flesh-and not her soul-that was afraid.

She faced the man, a little out of the reach of his arm. "I told you never again to raise your hand to strike her," she cried in a fierce, suppressed little voice, her blue eyes flaming loathing and hatred at him. "If you hit her once more—some-I you inthe once more—something is going to happen. If you want to hit anyone, hit me. I kin stand it. But—look at her! You've broken her shoulder, you've crippled her—an' you oughta die!"

But the man did not strike, nor did he reach out to grip his fingers in the silken mass of Nada's hair. He laughed, as if something was choking him, and turned away with a toss of his

"You ain't seein' me hit her any more, are you, Nady?" he

said, and disappeared around the end of the cabin.

The girl laid a hand on the woman's arm. Her eyes softened,

but she was trembling.

"I've told him what'll happen, an' he won't dare hit you any more," she comforted. "If he does, I'll end him. I will! I'll bring the police. I'll show 'em the places where he hides his whiskey. I'll—I'll put him in jail, if I die for it!"

The woman's bony hands clutched at one of Nada's.
"No, no, you mustn't do that," she pleaded. "He was good to me once, a long time ago, Nada. It ain't Jed that's bad—it's the whiskey. You mustn't tell on him, Nada—you mustn't!"

"I've promised you I won't—if he don't hit you any more. He kin shake me by the hair if he wants to. But if he hits

She drew a deep breath, and also passed around the end of the cabin.

For a few moments Peter listened. Then he slipped back

through the tunnel he had made under the woodvine, and saw Nada walking swiftly toward the break in the ridge. He followed, so quietly that she was through the break, and was picking her way among the tumbled masses of rock along the farther foot of the ridge, before she discovered his presence. With a glad cry she caught him up in her arms and hugged him against her breast.

"Peter, Peter, where have you been?" she demanded. thought something had happened to you, and I've been huntin'

for you, and so has Roger—I mean Mister Jolly Roger."

Peter was hugged tighter, and he hung limply until his mistress came to a thick little clump of dwarf balsams hidden among the rocks. It was their "secret place," and Peter had come to sense the fact that its mystery was not to be disclosed. Here Nada had made her little bower, and she sat dcwn now upon a thick rug of balsam boughs, and held Peter out in front of her. squatted on his haunches. A new light had come into her eyes, and they were shining like stars. There was a flush in her cheeks, her red lips were parted, and Peter, looking up—and being just dog—could scarcely measure the beauty of her. But he knew that something had happened, and he tried hard to understand.

"Peter, he was here ag'in today—Mister Roger—Mister Jolly Roger," she cried softly, the pink in her cheeks growing brighter. "And he told me I was pretty!"

She drew a deep breath, and looked out over the rocks to the valley and the black forest beyond. And her fingers, under Peter's scrawny armpits, tightened until he grunted.

"Peter—he said he didn't want to do anything wrong to me, that he'd cut off his hand first. He said that! And then he And then he said—if I didn't think it was wrong—he'd like to kiss me

She hugged Peter up close to her again.

"And—I told him I guessed it wasn't wrong, because I liked him, and nobody else had ever kissed me, and-Peter-he didn't kiss me! And when he went away he looked so queer-so whitelike-and somethin' inside me has been singing ever since. don't know what it is, Peter. But it's there!

And then, after a moment, "Peter," she whispered, "I wish Mister Jolly Roger would

The thought drew a tightening to her lips, and the pucker of a frown between her eyes, and she sat Peter down beside her and looked over the valley to the black forest, in the heart of which was Jolly Roger's cabin.

"It's funny he don't want anybody to know he's there, ain't it—I mean—isn't it, Peter?" she mused. "He's livin' in the old shack Indian Tom died in last winter, and I've promised not to tell. He says it's a great secret, and that only you, and I, and the to go over and clean up the shack for him. I sure would."

of fire that came slowly into the blue of the girl's eyes. She was looking at her ragged shoes, at the patched stockings, at the poverty of her faded dress, and her fingers clenched in her lap.

"I'd do it—I'd go away—somewhere—and never come back, if it wasn't for her," she breathed. "She treats me like a witch most of the time, but Jed Hawkins made her that way. remember-

Suddenly she jumped up, and flung back her head defiantly, so that her hair streamed out in a sun-filled cloud in a gust of wind that came up the valley.

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"Some day, I'll kill 'im," she cried to the black forest across the plain. "Some day—I will!"

She followed Peter. For a long time the storm had been gathering in her brain, a storm which she had held back, smothered under her unhappiness, so that only Peter had seen the lightningflashes of it. But to-day the betrayal had forced itself from her lips, and in a hard little voice she had told Jolly Roger—the stranger who had come into the black forest—how her mother and father had died of the same plague more than ten years ago, and how Jed Hawkins and his woman had promised to keep her for three silver fox skins which her father had caught before the sickness came. That much the woman had confided in her, for she was only six when it happened. And she had not dared to took at Jolly Roger when she told him of what had passed since then, so she saw little of the hardening in his face as he listened. But he had blown his nose-hard. It was a way with Jolly Roger, and she had not known him long enough to understand what it meant. And a little later he had asked her if he might touch her hair—and his big hand had laid for a moment on her head, as gently as a woman's.

Like a warm glow in her heart still (Continued on page 126)



Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

ILES BREWSTER HIGGINS-but who was never called that-knew all about women and scorned them. He knew, for instance, that women who are mothers are too darn sympathetic—the way Mrs. Higgins had

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acted the night he came home after quarreling with Irene, and she had found him in his room crying and had held him in her arms and kissed him as if that could heal a scar that had seared his soul forever! It made him feel like a fool! He knew, too, that older women, like his Grandmother Brewster, for instance, have altogether too humorous an outlook on life. Witness her sprightly question every time Miles left the house of an evening, "Going courting, Brewster? No? Better telephone that girl, then, or she'll have the police out dragging the river for you."

Merciful gods, could anything be less comic, especially after Irene had passed out of his life forever, leaving the future noth-

ing but one great big empty mess of aches and pains?

And as for girls the age of Miles's sister, Colline, why didn't their Satanic master put them in charge of the violent ward in his sanitarium instead of sending them to otherwise Christian households?

It seems scarcely worth while to say anything about Irene at all so long as she was out of his life forever, but perhaps it may be as well to mention her in passing because she was so alluring that it left an awful lump just back of your tonsils to think that you would never see her again except perhaps in the distance (if you didn't go to South America to finish your days).

Irene belonged to the ranks of starry-eyed cherubs who would

Of course, he was only going through the form of an engagement in order to break her heart later.

never be convicted of anything by a male jury. But she did not mean all that her eyes said—it was only excess current going through the resistance coil and the splendid vigor of her slim and graceful body was exactly as innocent as that of a colt. Still it did attract attention. So did the practically jet black hair and the slightly tawny coloring of her skin. Some of her perhaps jealous contemporaries accused her of making up to look Spanish. Heaven knows. Anyway the result was a knockout. And she was young yet-eighteen.

As before mentioned, all was over between Miles Brewster and Irene. It had been before, several times, but this was an epochal

At the Saturday night dance at the club Miles Brewster's paradise had been invaded by a New York python in evening dress and a closely clipped mustache. He admitted that he had been an aviator during the war and allowed other interesting things about himself to be dragged out by clever inquisitors. The visitor had been introduced by one of the younger married couples who were too serene in their own happiness to realize what they were doing.

As Claude, not his real name but so known to Miles Brewster in his scornful self-communion, had come without a girl, several of the swains had to sit out one or more numbers while the dashing stranger danced with their partners.

Miles Brewster drew three of these chances to think to music. Irene had made a horrible hit with Claude.

Miles Brewster grew sulkier each time; after the third dance he was enveloped in a cloak of gloom which rendered him well-

nigh invisible to the naked eye. He was also roosting in the dense shadows at the far end of the veranda. So Irene and Claude did not see him when they came out to promenade in the air.

"You're the most fascinating woman I ever met," the beau was saying, "and that includes the famous

beauties of New York and Paris."

Miles wanted to shout, "Get a trowel and spread that stuff a little thinner," but Irene made him sick when she answered:

"You've no idea how interesting it is to meet and talk to a man of the world like yourself."

There was some more conversation which Miles did not catch and then before anyone of them was expecting it Claude had kissed her rather breathlessly.

Miles was stunned. His girl!

Well, no, evidently not his girl. More and more

evidently not his girl.

"I should not have done that," Claude was saying. "I should have thought of that young chap you came with, what's his name? You're engaged to him, aren't you?"
She was. Miles had forced her to admit it just

the evening before.

But Irene was replying, "Oh, you mean Miles Brewster Higgins. We're just good friends. He's a mere boy of twenty."

Ye gods and little fishes. "A mere boy!" It

was quite true that Miles was still a month under voting age, but the way he referred to himself was as "a man around twenty-one." There is considerable difference.

Anyway it capped the climax, put the final wisp of straw on the prohibition emblem. He might have forgiven everything else but that she should humiliate him in the eyes of his enemy by belittling his

That was too much. manhood.

Irene tried to square herself on the way home with Miles. They were riding in Miles's speedster which, while painted red and cut so rakishly décolleté that you had to sit on the floor to drive it, was nevertheless exactly what it was, as anyone could tell who got a glimpse at its rear axle or heard it snort. The name of this sardine can was "The Tinker's Damn."

Miles managed to maintain his reserve. He was courtly but distant. Irene, who very seldom played any rôle but that of ingénue coquette, was for this occasion almost matronly. So, when Miles finally admitted that he was sore and even told about having seen the kiss, she was not aghast and contrite

as she might have been.

What she said was, "You can't expect a girl my age to go around with ineligibles all my life."

"Your age? When did you get so old? You're only eighteen and I'm practically twenty-one, three years older."
"But, Miles, dear," patronizingly, "a girl is ever and ever so

much older than a boy. ried and has a child." Why I know a girl my age who is mar-

"What's that? I know a fellow my age who's had two."

"You don't any such thing. Even if you did it doesn't prove anything. I've known for some time that our affair was not serious. Probably you will find some one else whom you will care more for, some little quiet homebody. You and I would be dreadfully unhappy—I have too much individuality ever to make a good wife. Why can't we be just pals the way we have been and go to dances together-

Where I can sit out by myself while you kiss some speckle-

faced, slant-eyed-

"Hush. Miles, that's a good boy. Besides he isn't any of those things. You mustn't be jealous of Mr. St. John. He is out of my life forever. That kiss was just an experience which I shall put away in the lavender of sweet memory. A woman of my temperament has to have experiences or she would die of sheer ennui. That's why I'm no mate for a steady young fellow like yourself. I must have some one who can lead me, not one who will constant-

ly drag me back."
"Oh lord," groaned Miles. "I won't drag you back, not when

I get enough money to light out of here.

"How could we ever get married? That's another point. You haven't any money."



Miles Brewster's paradise had been invaded by a New York other interesting things about

"I've got a hundred dollars.

"Yes, and what's that? It took you a year to save it and you had most of it to start with from your grandmother. You'll be an old man by the time you've got a thousand."

"If that's all you think about-money!

"It isn't, but a girl has to be sensible. "You weren't so sensible until that St. John dummy horned in." "There you go, using kid expressions like 'horned in.' can you expect a woman to take you seriously?"

They were at Irene's home by this time and were sitting quar-reling in "The Tinker's Damn" in front of the house. Miles had kept the engine running because the only really good way to start it was to push the car to some hill and let gravity turn the

It was at this point that an upstairs window in Irene's home opened and her father poked out his night cap and said: "Is that you, Irene, or the milkman?"

Irene's father was an unsympathetic soul with a small town reputation for repartee which he lived up to even in the bosom of his family. His remarks put a finish to the party and to any hope there might have been of reconciliation. If Miles had been left alone with Irene for half an hour longer he might have succumbed to the hypnosis of her nearness and apologized for having seen her kiss that enemy alien. Frequently before he had awakened from a daze with a recollection of having been placed in the wrong like that.

It was very late when Miles went home with the tearstained face with which his mother found him when she came to his room

to kiss him good night.



python in evening dress who admitted that he had been an aviator during the war and allowed himself to be dragged out by clever inquisitors.

Everyone but that selfsame mother kidded him the next day just as if a heart pained any the less because it was a young one and had never been hurt much before. Is it not more reasonable to contend that the first time love strikes the rocks the catastrophe is more serious than later when, disillusioned, one rather expects it?

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Pause, now, and consider for a moment the Higgins family. There were five of them, including Grandma Brewster, Mrs. Higgins's mother. Financially they were dependent upon a small lumber-yard which specialized in fine hardwood for building purposes. You probably know already without being told that building materials have not been in great demand for several years. Some hardwood concerns have thousands of board feet of fine flooring on hand that they bought in 1917. Most of them also have several mortgages which they have accumulated since that time.

Mr. Higgins's business was no exception. It promised to revive as soon as the building program opened up in the spring, but that was all that could be said of it. He had borrowed enough money on it to keep his family going, but he rather hated to contemplate the length of time it would take to buy back the title to the property which had once been so clear of encumbrance.

Miles Brewster worked for his father. It was because of the business depression that he had not been sent to college but, instead, had gone into the "yards."

Mr. Higgins was a proud man, proud of his family, proud of the business that he had built up without aid from anyone. He was especially vainglorious about the success of his lumber company because it had been achieved in the face of the scepticism of his wife's family who had never thought much of him either as a business man or as a relative.

Besides that they were Brewsters and had come over with the Bolshevists on the Mayflower, while he was a Higgins which, so far as he knew, was a name which originated in Indiana.

Now they were all gone, the Brewsters, all but the mother who in spite of the fact that she had an account in nearly every bank in the county preferred not to keep up a lonely establishment and instead visited around with her two children, showing a marked preference for his own household. The fact that she maintained the family tradition by affecting to be amused at his business ability did not irritate him any more. He let it pass as an old woman's idiosyncrasy. Nevertheless the fence was up and he never had and never would have asked for a helping hand, not if the ship was going down with all hands.

Because Grandma Brewster had a sarcastic tongue and never hesitated about using it, everyone in the family feared her lash except her daughter. The latter, Mrs. Higgins, had taken her stand once and for all when she married in spite of hell and high water and, having faced the music then, had carried on oblivious to the family jibes. So now her mother left her severely alone.

The morning after the dance Miles reported for duty as usual in the office at the "yards." But his broken heart was certainly not in his work and after the fourth discovered error during the forenoon his father lost patience.

"For heaven's sake, boy, forget your love affairs just this once and put your mind on the lady whose head appears upon the silver dollar. If you weren't my son you'd have been fired just

twice so far this morning and I'd have a bright young chap like Ferry Garson in here.

Miles had some pride too. "Very well, father," he said, white-lipped. "You won't have to repeat that. As I go out I'll tell your stenographer to telephone to Mr. Garson."

Mr. Higgins realized that perhaps he had been too harsh and he wished that he might call the boy back. But you can't be making allowances all the time in business and even hearts must break outside of office hours. Besides he thought Miles would be back.

Miles was positive that he never would return. He had a hundred dollars in the bank and there was South America. This break with his father made it easier. All the world against him

it was time he struck out as a lone wolf.

A lone wolf! Miles rather liked the idea and he dramatized himself in the part, scowling at inoffensive strangers as he passed and being especially brutal, mentally, to a policeman who was directing traffic at Main and Broadway

He kept it up at home. It helped him to bear his mother's sympathy and later, his father's defensive grufiness at dinner. A man doesn't know exactly how to treat a discharged employee whom he is obliged to meet constantly under his own roof.

Fortunately there was a diversion after dinner. Cousin Roy arrived for his annual visit. Roy wasn't Miles's cousin but was related vaguely and called himself cousin, especially when he needed money. Not that he ever borrowed cash outright, but once every year or so he showed up selling stock in something, mines, water-power, public utilities, in Africa or some remote continent-whatever was the stock-fad of the period. it was oil and Rcy represented a syndicate called the Baby Blue Petroleum and Refining Corporation. They certainly put out a very nice looking prospectus, smelling significantly of mange remedy. Mr. Higgins, however, refused to buy.

Roy had the courtly and carefree attractiveness of the ad-enturer, of the wanderer. His refusal to worry endeared venturer, of the wanderer. him to Miles Brewster's imagination. He would be a carefree soldier of fortune like Roy. Perhaps there had been a woman in the older man's life too. Miles tentatively suggested as much in a private conversation with Roy and the latter admitted it.

A man is merely a plaything in the hands of the women who cross his path from the cradle to the grave. He may boast that he is the master of his fate but in his heart he cringes and acknowledges that it is always a woman's hand which points him on the road of destiny. They are the super-sex."

That was certainly one swell phrase and the way he said it and the way Miles Brewster subsequently repeated it to himself it

sounded very mournful.

Later, in talking to Roy, Miles hinted vaguely at his trouble, told it as something which had happened to a friend of his and confided that his friend was even then planning the South American adventure or as much of it as could be accomplished on a hundred dollars. Strangely enough Roy took a very practical viewpoint when he heard about the friend's hundred dollars.

"It would be manifestly impossible for your friend to do this thing right on one hundred dollars. No, I doubt if it would be

anything but a ghastly fizzle."

Miles Brewster was conspicuously despondent.
"But there is a way," Roy suggested finally.
Even Miles Brewster suspected immediately what the way was

but an hour's silver tonguing by Roy anæsthetized his native

caution. Besides Roy had some convincing arguments.

One of them was: "Admitting that it is a long chance. hundred dollars is practically no use to a man who is starting out on a life of adventure. He might as well have nothing as a hundred dollars. But a hundred invested in Baby Blue would, if the company pans out even moderately, amount to several thousand dollars and might even run to a hundred thousand. Think what could be done on a hundred thousand. The world would be at your feet—I mean at the feet of your friend."

Miles Brewster took the gambler's chance. Cousin Roy de-

parted, Miles's secret and Miles's hundred safe in his bosom. In exchange Miles had a memorandum receipt for his money for which, the receipt stated, a stock certificate for one thousand shares of Baby Blue would be forthcoming as soon as the transfer

was arranged at the offices of the company.

The next event in the life of Miles Brewster Higgins was one of those things which are occurring to real people all over the United States every day but which, in a story, make the critic reach for the rubber stamp labelled "improbable coincidence." The Baby Blue Petroleum and Refining Co. struck oil!

This would not be so very remarkable in itself, but when you consider that the company had been organized solely for the

purpose of selling stock and not with the idea of ever drilling more than just enough to satisfy casual inspection by the com-mon or garden "sucker" it lines up along with the miracles of Why, the initial well was not even located in a Holy Writ. district that had shown any previous signs of oil.

And the stock sky-rocketed. Stayed up, too.

Miles Brewster heard of his good luck indirectly. His father read of it in the papers one morning. Miles still lived at home in spite of the strained commercial relations with the Higgins Lumber Company.

"Can you imagine Cousin Roy having picked a live one?" in-quired Higgins, Sr., rhetorically. "After all these years of selling hot air he has at last peddled a gold brick that was solid all the way through. I'll bet he didn't know it himself. And to think that

this was the one time I refused to go into one of his schemes."
"What has happened?" Mrs. Higgins asked without caring.
Mr. Higgins informed the circle which with one exception listened with scant attention. The exception tried to assume an air of nonchalance and wondered if the thumping of his heart

would betray him.

Miles had never dreamed that his long shot would actually pan out. Why, at the price of Baby Blue today he was worth several thousand dollars. If they struck any more wells, stock would go up because their holdings were so great, the paper said.

Miles finally left the table so that he could emcte privately in the sanctuary of his own room. Good lord, he was wealthier than his father! Wealthier than Irene's father.

The great idea did not crystallize immediately as the result of the above thought but it came eventually. Perhaps Miles Brewster had read his Monte Cristo recently. If it hadn't been for the fact that he had a motive of revenge his subsequent actions would certainly have qualified him for the part of the villain of the piece.

Irene had broken his heart. Very well, he would grind hers underneath his heel. His father had discharged him, had practically told him that he would rather have an outsider in his business than his own son. Very well, also. He'd learn, too late,

what sort of a business man his son was.

The first move in Miles Brewster's campaign was a visit to Mr. Haynes, President of the First National Bank. The President was rather surprised at a call from the young man of the family but received him nevertheless. He was more surprised when the object of the young man's visit was revealed to him. Miles wanted to take up his father's notes! Upon the President's inquiry (not too sceptical) as to what he proposed to take them up with Miles told him the story and showed him the receipt for the oil stock.

The bank official acknowledged with respect that he was in the presence of a potential financial power but naturally refused to turn over the notes until the money was in hand. However, he would do all in his power to assist Mr. Higgins, Jr., in the transaction and would certainly not press the company for payment of

the paper, now long past due.

Miles had scarcely hoped for immediate action and he left after a mutual agreement had been arrived at. It was only a matter of exchanging cash for paper after he had sold a small block of his stock.

And then he'd see how his father liked to be working for the son whom he had virtually turned out of his office. He'd see! The mere thought made the whole day bright for Miles.

That afternoon Miles wrote Rcy a special delivery letter asking that the stock be forwarded as soon as practicable and thanking him gratefully for the tip.

Miles had not said anything to Mr. Haynes of the First National about secrecy, so the latter telephoned Mr. Higgins and

complimented him upon his son.

Mr. Higgins, who couldn't think of anything meritorious which Miles had ever done, was mystified and feared that his banker was being sarcastic. So he replied in a noncommittal fashion and as soon as possible went over to the bank to see what it was all

"He's a fine boy," Mr. Haynes told him after explaining what had happened and receiving Mr. Higgins's surprised acknowledgment that he did not know Miles had the oil stock. "Of course I couldn't give him your notes off-hand like that, but I will as soon as the formalities are complied with. In the meantime never mind about the interest which is due and if you need any cash I can arrange an additional loan of a few thousand."

Mr. Higgins, dazed, waved away the temptation to borrow further just at that time. It was sufficient relief to have the bugaboo of immediate foreclosure staved off. He went back to

the office wondering.

Names were crased so quickly from their programs to make room for his that Miles was startled.

What was this talisman that he possessed?

As he left the bank the president called after him. "Ask Miles to come over to my place for dinner some evening this week. Irene has been wondering why he hasn't been around." Yes, Irene was the daughter of the First National Bank.

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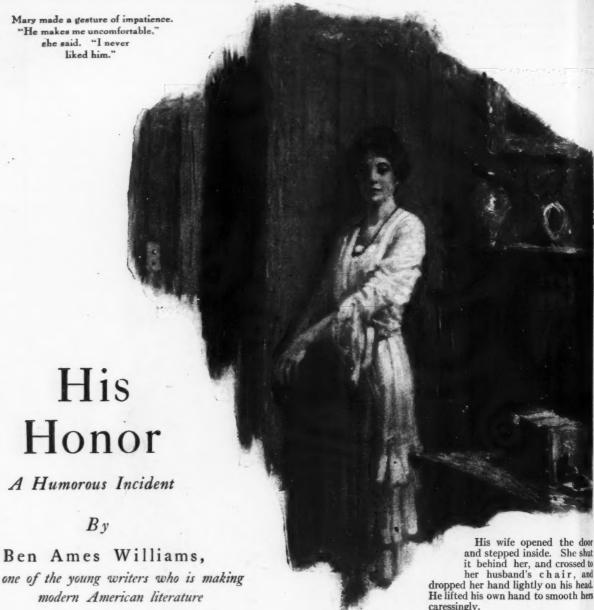
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the k to And Miles was home this very minute plotting her downfall. In imagination he could already feel her heart crunching beneath his heel. He would take her up to the pinnacle, show her what she might be as his wife and then he (Continued on page II)



Illustrations by Thornton D. Skidmore

UDGE HOSMER'S study was on the second floor of his home. Not a pretentious room. Calf-bound volumes on the shelves that lined the walls; a comfortable chair under a reading light; a work table on which books, papers, pen and ink were usually littered; and a more formal desk where, in laborious longhand and disdaining the services of a stenographer, the Judge wrought out his opinions. There was a homely honesty about the room; a clean suggestion of common sense and funda-mental decency; a certain uprightness. Rooms much used do thus at times reflect the characteristics of those who use them.

The Judge was, this evening, at the desk and writing. He used

a stiff, stub pen; and he wrote slowly, forming the large characters with care, forming the pellucid sentences with equal care. He consulted no notes; it was his custom to clarify the issues in any case so thoroughly in his own thoughts that there could be no hesitation when the moment came to set those issues down. Half a dozen sheets, already covered with his large hand, lay at His pen was half-way down another when a light knock sounded upon his closed door.

The Judge finished the sentence upon which he was engaged, then lifted his eyes and looked across the room and called: "Come, Mary."

dropped her hand lightly on his head He lifted his own hand to smooth hers caressingly. "Almost through?" she asked.

He nodded. "Another line or

Th

"Jim Cotterill is down-stairs," she told him.

"Jim Cotterill is down-stairs," she told him.

The Judge seemed faintly surprised. "Jim?" he repeated And added thoughtfully, half to himself, "Well, now."

"He says there's no hurry," she explained. "Says he just dropped in for a word or two. Just to say howdy."

"That's—neighborly," her husband commented. "Course, I've seen him every day, in court. But I haven't had a chance to talk to him. To ask him how things are down home."

talk to him. To ask him how things are, down home."

She nodded: smiling. "Another of your scruples, Bob?"

"It wouldn't hardly have looked right," he agreed. "The other side were doubtful, anyway, knowing I'd been attorney for the Furnace a few years ago, and knowing Jim and me were townsmen."

"I know," she assented.

"Case is finished, now, though," he commented. "Tell Jim I'll be through in fifteen or twenty minutes. him, Mary.

She made a gesture of impatience. "He makes me uncomfortable," she said. "I never liked him."

The Judge smiled. "Oh, Jim's all right. He's fat; and he'sa little bit slick. But he means all right, I reckon. Give him a cigar and ask after his folks. He'll do the talking for both of you

She nodded, moving toward the door. "Yes," she assented; and asked: "I haven't bothered you?"
The Judge smiled. "Lord, Honey, you never bother me."

But when the door had closed behind her, his countenance was faintly shadowed. Concern showed in his eyes, dwelt there. He remained for a little time motionless, absorbed in some thought that distressed him. In the end, there was a suggestion of effort in his movements as he picked up his pen and began again his had been talking with Mrs. Hosmer. He answered, and the Judge called to him: "Come along up.

Mrs. Hosmer followed the attorney into the hall and watched him climb the stairs. A short, bald man with a countenance that was always good-natured, but never prepossessing. She saw him grip her husband's hand at the top, panting a little from the ascent. They turned together toward the Judge's study, and she went back into the living room.

"This is neighborly of you, Jim." Judge Hosmer was saying, as he closed the study door behind them. "Come in and set. Have a stogie. I'm glad you didn't hop back down home without coming to say hello."

to get together while the case was going on," he ex-Both men, meticulous and precise in

much letter writing, since I came up here."

"They have sort of kept you humping, haven't they?" the Judge agreed.

"Well, that's my job," Cotterill told him; and the Judge assented. "Sure, that's your job."

A little silence fell between these two. The Judge, tall and lean, with bushy brows above his

wide-set eyes, studied the fat little man with some curiosity. Cotterill seemed indisposed to speak; and the other asked at last: "Family all well, Jim?"

"Well? Sure. Fine.

"What's the ews, anyway?" the Judge insisted. "I haven't heard from the folks lately.

The attorney leaned back in his chair, somewhat more at ease; and he smiled.
"Well," he said. "Things
go along about the same.
Folks down home are right
proud of you, Judge."
"Sho," said Hosmer, dep-

Yes, they are," Cotterill insisted good-naturedly. "Yes, they are. I was talking

to old Tom Hughes, when he sent for me about this case, in the beginning. He told me to give you my regards and good wishes.

"That was neighborly of him." Cotterill nodded. "Tom's always been proud of you, you know, Bob. Course, being at the head of the Furnace the way he is, he runs a lot of votes in the county; and he's always kind of figured that he elected you.

Helped, anyway. Feels like he's done something to put you where you are. He liked you, when you were handling their business, too. I guess the Old Man kind of feels like you were his own son." "A fatherly

Hosmer's thin, wide mouth drew into a smile. interest, eh? Tom's a good old man."

Cotterill's rather small eyes whipped toward the older man, then away again. "I didn't figure we ought plained. Both men, meticulous and precise in their professional utterances, dropped easily into the more colloquial idiom of their daily life.

"Right enough," Judge Hosmer agreed.

"Fair enough. But no harm now. How're tricks, anyhow? Folks well?"

"Yes, well enough. Were when I left.

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slow and careful writing. Bethany Iron Furnace against John Thomas, David Jones, et al. His decision. It was half an hour later that the Judge came out of his study to the head of the stairs and shouted down them: "Hi, Jim! Cotterill, a certain impatience increasingly manifest in his eyes,

The Judge smiled. "Oh, Jim's

all right. Give him a cigar and

ask after his folks. He'll do the talking for both of you.'

"Well, he's not the only one down there that feels that way about you, Bob. You know how the folks there stick together. The men that amount to anything. Tom's bunch. Old Charley Steele, and Dave Evans, and that crowd. They've always been

back of you. Sort of feel as though you were one of them."
"Best friends I've got in the world," Hosmer agreed.
Cotterill chuckled. "Matter of fact, it's right funny to see them watch the papers when you're sitting in one of these big cases up here. Bragging to strangers that you're from there."
"Yeah," Hosmer remarked encouragingly. He watched the

fat little lawyer, an ironic question in his eyes. "They're all getting ready to get behind you and push, when you run again," Cotterill assured him. "Dave Evans said, here just the other day, that you could get pretty near anything you wanted to, if you watched your step. It means a lot to have the home town folks back of you, you know. There's a neat bunch

of votes down there, Bob.

"Sure," the Judge agreed.
Cotterill opened his hands with a frank gesture. "Of course, they're all watching this case, right now. It's pretty important to the Furnace, you know. Not much in this one case, but it's a precedent. Reckon it would cut into the business they do down there quite a bit if things went wrong. Tom

says to me when we first talked about it:
'You got to win this case
Jim. If you don't, it's going
to cost us money.' And
what hurts the Furnace hurts the town."

He hesitated; and the Judge said slowly and pleas-antly: "You're dodging around corners, Jim. What's on your mind?"

Cotterill swung toward the other, leaning a little for-ward in his chair. "Well-" ward in his chair. he began, then hesitated. "Bob, you know my reputation, I guess?"

"I know you're reputed to be—successful," said the Judge. If there was in his word anything of criticism or of reproach, Cotterill paid no heed.

"I mean, you know, that I've the reputation of going right after what I want. No wabbling around."

"Have you, Jim?" "I'm coming right to the point now."

'Come ahead."

The fat little man hitched his chair a little nearer the other's. His voice was low-ered. He gesticulated with a pudgy finger.

"First thing," he explained, "I want to be sure you understand just how im-

portant this is. To us, and to you, too. It's business with us; but it's a policy to you, too. It's business with us; but it's a policy with you. That's what I want you to understand. They haven't asked you for anything because they helped you get started; and they don't aim to. Not for what was done for you then. But we can't

afford to lose this case now."

Hosmer said slowly: "Case is finished, Jim. Decision is all written. It's in that envelop there."

He pointed toward the top of his desk.

Cotterill shot a glance in that direction; and beads of sweat started upon his forehead. "That's all right," he said. "No need of going into that. I know I'm not much as a trial lawyer. I know I fell down on this case. Facts and law were with us; but I didn't get the stuff into the record the way I'd ought to, and some of our witnesses didn't stand up when Marston got after them. Marston's a good lawyer; but there's more to trying a case than the court end of it. I'm trying my case right now, Bob."

Comprehension came

swiftly into her eyes: she cried rebellious-

ly: "You've lived

those old tales

The Judge did not reply. He seemed to have settled into a certain stony calm; his eyes were steady and inscrutable. Cotterill waited for an instant, then swung swiftly on.
"Thing is," he said. "You want to figure whether you're

going to stand with us, and have us back of you; or whether you want to stand with this other bunch. They were against you at the start. You know that. And they're not going to shift now, even if you're good to them. They'll just figure you're scared. You're coming up for reelection one of these days. Maybe for a bigger job. And if we're solid back of you, you can have anything you want. You know that, Bob. But if we split, you're a goner. There's the whole thing. You stick with us, and we'll stick with You throw us, and we'll-remember it. We're not asking

favors for what we have done, but for what we figure to do. See?"

He stopped short, watching the other trewdly. The Judge at first made no ove, said no word. His eyes were shrewdly. The Judge move, said no word. thoughtful; and his glance was not turned

toward the other man.
"Do you see?" Cotterill repeated.
"I—see what you mean," said. said the Judge, slowly.

"Then what do you say?" the fat man insisted.

Judge Hosmer swung slowly to face There was something judicial in his tones, even and calm: and his col-

loquialisms were gone.
"I'm not ambitious—in a political

way," he replied.

Jim Cotterill watched him, marked the apparent hesitation in his answer; and the fat man licked his lips, and looked behind him toward the door with something fut-tive in his manner. Then jerked his chair still nearer to the other, with the button-holing instinct always so strong in his ilk.

"And laughed in an unpleasant way.

"All right, Bob," he said. "All right. I get you. We're ready to meet you on that ground, too."

"On what ground?" the Judge asked tonelessly.

Cotterill whisperingly ex-plained. "We know your affairs pretty well, Bob," he "You've said, assuringly. got a reasonable salary; but it's none too much. You like to live comfortable; and noto hive comfortable; and no-body blames you. Every-body feels the same way. There are a lot of folks that'd like to be friendly, help you out. If you wanted they should. And there are a lot of ways they could help

you. Any way you like."
"What way?" Judge Hosmer insisted.

Cotterill's embarrassed reluctance, if such an emotion can fairly be attributed to the man passed before the Judge's encouraging inquiry. "There's that mortgage," he suged. "I know it's a burden to you. It ain't that you need the money. You're paying six per cent. on it, and making more than that on the money it releases for you. Pays any man with a business head to borrow at six per cent. That's all right. But maybe there are times when you fret a little bit about that mortgage. Well, Judge, you don't need to. Easiest thing in the world to have it tore up. All you got to do is say the word.'

The Judge did not say the word. Cotterill pursued the subject. "Maybe there's something else," he suggested. "I take it you're a business man, but I may be wrong. Maybe you don't know where to get any better than six per cent. for your money. If that's the trouble, we can help you, too. You don't know the market. Not your business to. But there are men that do know it. Fact is, they are the market, Judge. They make it jump over

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"Talk to you?" the Judge repeated. "Why. Jim. I aim to do considerable more than talk to you."

a stick whenever they like. Old Tom is in with them. And they'd be glad to show you the way. You wouldn't have to worry. You just open an account. Put in as much as you like. I can guarantee it'll double and double for you, pretty regular. Handled right. You can call it a speculation; but it's not that. Not when the market is trained, way it is. You see how I mean?"

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The Judge said nothing at all; and Cotterill threw out his hands with an insinuating gesture. "Or," he suggested, "it may be

you haven't got any loose money to put in. That'll be all right. They'll carry the account for you. Carry it, and take care of it and whenever they make a turnover, mail your check to you. You cash it, that's all there is." There was no answering gleam in the Judge's eye; and Cotterill added hurriedly, "Maybe the notion of a check bothers you. It does leave a trail. But cash don't. And cash can be got. There won't be any trouble about that. Nor about how much. We're reasonable people. So are you. Come on, Bob; what's the answer?" (Continued on page 134)

## The Pride of Palomar

A Great Novel

of the

Great New West

By

Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by

H. R. Ballinger

NCE again a tragic scene had been enacted under the shade of the catalpa tree before the Farrel hacienda.

The shock of a terrible, unexpected trend of events heralded by the arrival of Pablo Artelan and his victim had, seemingly, paralyzed John Parker mentally and physically. He felt again a curious cold, weak, empty feeling in his breast. It was the concomitant of defeat; he had felt it twice before when he had been overwhelmed and mended by the walve of Well Street.

whelmed and mangled by the wolves of Wall Street.

He was almost nauseated. Not at sight of the dusty bloody, shapeless bundle that lay at the end of Pablo's riata, but with the realization that, indirectly, he had been responsible for all of this.

Pablo's shrill, agonized denunciation had fallen upon

Pablo's shrill, agonized denunciation had tallen upon deaf ears, once the old majordomo had conveyed to Parker the information of Don Mike's death.

"The rope—take it off," he protested to the unconscious Pablo. "It's cutting him in two. He looks like a link of sausage! Ugh! A Jap! Horrible! I'm smeared—I can't explain—nobody in this country will believe me—Pablo will

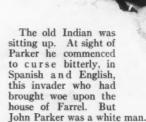
He sat down on the bench under the catalpa tree, covered his face with his hands and closed his eyes. When he ventured again to look up, he chserved that Pablo, in falling from his horse, had caught one huge Mexican spur on the cantle of his saddle and was suspended by the heel, grotesquely, like a dead fowl. The black mare, a trained roping horse, stood patiently, her feet braced a little, still keeping a strain on the riata.

Parker roused himself. With his pocket knife he cut the

spur strap, eased the majordomo to the ground, carried him to the bench and stretched him out thereon. Then, grasping the mare by the bridle, he led her around the adobe wall; he shuddered inwardly as he heard the steady, slithering sound behind

her.
"Got to get that Thing out of the way," he mumbled. great barn door was open; from within he could hear his chauffeur whistling. So he urged the mare to a trot and got past the barn without having been observed. An ancient straw stack stood in the rear of the barn and in the shadow of this he halted, removed the riata from the pommel, dragged the body close to the stack and with a pitchfork he hastily covered it with old, weather-beaten straw. All of this he accomplished without any purpose more definite than a great desire to hide from his wife and from his daughter this offense which Pablo had thrust

He led the black mare into the barn and tied her. Then he returned to Pablo.



"Shut up, you saddle-colored old idol," he roared, and she Pablo until the latter's teeth rattled together. "If the misch Pablo until the latter's teeth rather together. is done it can't be helped—and it was none of my making. It is done it can't be helped—and it was none of my making. It is done it can't be helped—and it was none of my making. It is done it can't be helped—and it was none of my making. It is done it can't be helped—and it was none of my making.

yourself together and tell me where this killing occurred. We got to get Don Miguel's body."

For answer Pablo snarled and tried to stab him, so Pans recalling a fragment of the athletic lore of his youth, got wristlock on the old man and took the dirk away from his "Now then," he commanded, as he bumped Pablo's ho against the adobe wall, "you behave yourself and help me'm Don Miguel and bring him in."

Pablo's fury suddenly left him; again he was the serval respectful, deferential to his master's guest. "Forgive señor," he muttered, "I have been crazy in the head."

"Not so crazy that u didn't do a good job on that murderer. Core now, old chap. Buck up. We can't after him in my automobile. Have you some sort of wagon "Si señor." "Si. señor.

"Then come inside a moment. We both need a drink. We shaking like a pair of dotards."

He picked up Pablo's dirk and gave it back to the old m Pablo acknowledged this courtesy with a bow and followed Parker's room, where the latter poured two glasses of whiste Silently they drank.

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started out of the farmyard at a fast trot.

Ten minutes later they paused at the mouth of the draw down which Farrel had been riding when fired upon. Pablo turned the team, tied them to an oak tree and started up the draw at a swift dog trot, with Parker at his heels.

Jammed rather tightly in a narrow little dry watercourse that ran through the center of the draw they found the body of Don Mike. He was lying, face downward; Parker saw that flies ready rosetted a wound thick with blood clots on top of his head.

"Poor, poor boy," Parker cried ago-

nizedly.

Pablo straddled the little watercourse got a grip around his master's body and lifted it out to Parker, who received it and laid the limp form out on the grass. While he stood looking down at Don Mike's white, relaxed face, Pablo knelt, made the sign of the cross and commenced to pray for the peaceful repose of his master's soul. It was a long prayer; Parker, waiting patiently for him to finish, did not know that Pablo recited the litany of the dying.

"Come, Pablo, my good fellow, you've prayed enough," he suggested present-"Help me carry Don Miguel down to the wagon—Pablo, he's alive!
"Hah!" Pablo's exclamation

Pablo's exclamation was a sort of surprised bleat. "Madre de Christot Look to me, Don Miguel. "Madre de Ah, little dam' fool, you make believe to die, no?" he charged hysterically.

Don Mike's black eyes opened slightly and his slack lower jaw tightened in a ghastly little grimace. The transported Pablo seized him and shook him furiously, meanwhile deluging Don Mike with a stream of affectionate profanity that fell from his lips like a benediction.

"Listen," Don Mike murmured pres-tly. "Pablo's new litany." "Rascal! Little, wicked heretic! Rascal! Little, wicked heretic! Blood of the devil! Sneak D.

Miguel."

"Shut up! Took your-timeting me—out—confounded ditch—damned—lazy—beggar—"

Pablo leaped to his feet, his dusky face radiant. "You hear!" he yelled. "Señor Parker, you hear those boy give

to me hell like old times, no?"
"You ran—you colorado maduro goodfor-nothing-left me stuck in-ditchlet bushwhacker-get away-fix you for this, Pablo."

Pablo's eyes popped in ecstasy.

grinned like a gargoyle. "You hear those boy, señor?" he reiterated happily. "I tell you those boy he like ol' Pablo. The night he come back he rub my head; yesterday he poke the rib of me with the thumb—now pretty soon he say sometheeng, I bet you."

"Shut up, I tell you." Don Mike's voice, though very faint,

was petulant. "You're a total idiot. Find my horse-get rifle—trail that man—who shot me—get him—damn your prayers-get him-

"Ah, Don Miguel," Pablo assured him in Spanish, in tones that were prideful beyond measure, "that unfortunate fellow has been shaking hands with the devil for the last forty-five minutes." minutes.

Don Mike opened his eyes widely. He was rapidly regaining still consciousness. "Your work, Pablo?" his full consciousness.

Mine-with the help of God, as your illustrious grandfather, the first Don Miguel, would have said. But you are pleased to doubt me so I shall show you the carcass of the animal. I roped him and dragged him for two miles behind the black mare."

Don Mike smiled and closed his eyes. "I will go home,"



'Thrown from his horse and struck his head on a rock," Kay heard he what happened?" he asked.

he said presently, and Pablo and Parker lifted him between them and carried him down to the waiting wagon. Half an hour later he was stretched on his bed at the hacienda, while Carolina washed his head with a solution of warm water and lysol John Parker, rejoiced beyond measure, stood beside him and watched this operation with an alert and sympathetic eye.

"That doesn't look like a bullet wound," he declared, after an examination of the rent in Don Mike's scalp. "Resembles the wound made by what reporters always refer to as 'some blut instrument.' The scalp is split, but the flesh around the wound is swollen as from a blow. You have a nice lump on your head, Farrel.

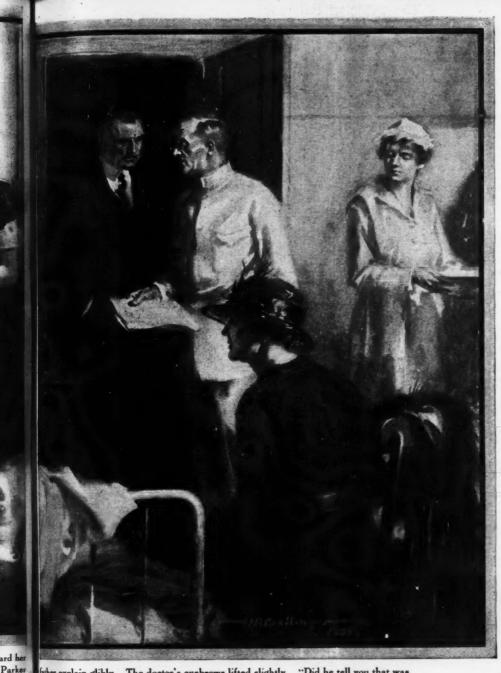
Aches terribly," Don Mike murmured. "I had dismounted to tighten my cinch; going down hill the saddle had slid up on my horse's withers. I was tucking in the latigo. When I woke up I was lying on my face, wedged tightly in that little dry ditch; I was ill and dazed and too weak to pull myself out; I was lying with my head down hill and I suppose I lost consciousness again, after a while. Pablo!

"Si, s

'You "Oh, 1 "He d plaine ive gor m tha "Jap,

'I suppo "Yes, "Okad ouldn't I com "No."

"They quick tter th



ther explain glibly. The doctor's eyebrows lifted slightly. "Did he tell you that was itated a moment and nodded in the affirmative.

Si. señor."

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e. i, after sembles e blunt You caught the man who shot me. What did you do with

Oh, those fellow plenty good and dead, Don Miguel.

"He dragged the body home at the end of his rope," Parker plained. "He thought you had been done for and he must are gone war mad. I covered the body of the Jap with straw om that stack out by the barn."

"Jap, eh?" Don Mike smiled. Then, after a long silence,

suppose, Mr. Parker, you understand now-

"Yes, yes, Farrel. Please do not rub it in."
"Okada wants the San Gregorio rather badly, doesn't he?
addn't wait. The enactment of that anti-alien land bill that ouldn't wait. come up in the legislature next year—do Mrs. Parker and our daughter know about this attempt to assassinate me?"

They must not know. Plant that Jap somewhere and do quickly. Confound you, Pablo, you should have known etter than to drag your kill home, like an old she-cat bringing

in a gopher. As for my head-well, I was thrown from my horse and struck on a sharp rock. ladies would be frightened and worried if they thought somebody was gunning for me. When gunning for me. Bill Conway shows up with your spark plugs I'd be obliged, Mr. Parker, if you'd run me in to El Toro. I'll have to have my head tailored a trifle, I think."

With a weak wave of his hand he dismissed everybody, so. Parker and Pablo adjourned to the stables to talk over the events of the morning. Standing patiently at the corral gate they found the gray horse, waiting to be unsaddled -a favor which Pablo proceeded at once to ex-

tend.

"Mira!" he called suddenly and directed Parker's attention to the pommel of Don Mike's fancy saddle. The rawhide covering on the shank of the pommel had been torn and scored and the steel beneath lay exposed. "You see?" Pablo oused. Table queried. "You under-stan', señor?" "No, I must confess I do not, Pablo;"

"Don Miguel is standing beside thees horse. makes tighter the saddle; he is tying those latigo and he have the head bent leetle bit while he pull those latigothrough the ring. Bang! Those Jap shoot at Don Miguel. He miss, but the bullet she hit thees pommel, she go flat against the steel, she bounce off and hit Don Miguel on top the head. The force for keel heem is use up when the bullet hit thees pommel, but still those bullet got plenty force for knock Don Miguel seelly, no?"

"Spent ball, eh? I think you're right, Pablo." Pablo relapsed into one of his infrequent Gringo solecisms. "You bet you my life you know eet," he said.

John Parker took a hundred-dollar bill from his pocket. "Pablo," he said with genuine feeling, "you're a splendid fellow. I know you don't like me, but perhaps that is because you do not know me very well. Don Miguel knows I had nothing to do with this attempt to kill him, and if Don Miguel bears me no ill-will, I'm sure you should not. I wish you would

pears me no ni-will, I'm sure you should not. I wish you would accept this hundred-dollar bill, Pablo?"

Pablo eyed the bill askance. "What for?" he demanded.
"For the way you handled that murdering Jap. Pablo, that was a bully job of work. Please accept this bill. If I didn't like you I would not offer it to you."
"Well, I guess Carolina mebbeso she can use eet. But first I ask Don Miguel if eet is all right for me take eet." He departed for the house to return presently with an anticipatory parted for the house to return presently with an anticipatory smile on his dusky countenance. "Don Miguel say to me, señor: 'Pablo, any people she's stay my house he's do what she

please. Gracias, Señor Parker." And he pouched the bill. Mille gracias, señor.

Pray, do not mention it, Pablo."

"All right," Pablo agreed. "Eef you don't like eet, well, I don't ell somebody!"

Bill Conway, driving up the San Gregorio in his prehistoric automobile, overtook Kay and her mother walking home from the Mission, and drove them the remainder of the distance back to the hacienda. Arrived here, old Conway resurrected the stolen spark plugs and returned them to Parker's chauffeur, after which he invited himself to luncheon. Apparently his raid of the night previous rested lightly on his conscience, and Parker's failure to quarrel with him lifted him immediately out of any fogs of apprehension that may have clouded his sunny soul.

"Hello, Conway," Parker greeted him, as the old contractor came into the dining-room and hung his battered old hat on

wall peg. "Did you bring back my spark plugs?"
"Did better'n that," Conway retorted. "The porcelain

on one plug was cracked and sooner or later you were bound to have trouble with it. So I bought you a new one."
"Do any good for yourself in El Toro this morning?"
"Nope. Managed to put over a couple of deals that will help the boy out a little, though. Attached your bank account

and your bank stock. I would have plastered your two auto-mobiles, but that tender-hearted Miguel declared that was carrying a grudge too far. By the way, where is our genial young host?"

"Horse bucked him off this morning. He l't on a rock and ripped a furrow in his sinful young head. So he's sleeping off

a headache.

"Oh, is he badly hurt?" Kay cried anxiously.
"Not fatally," Parker replied with a faintly knowing smile.
"But he's weak and dizzy and he's lost a lot of blood; every time he winks for the next month his head will ache, how-

"Which horse policed him?" Bill Conway queried casually.

"The gray one—his father's old horse."
"Hum-m-m!" murmured Conway and pursued the subject no further, nor did he evince the slightest interest in the answers which Parker framed glibly to meet the insistent demand for information from his wife and daughter. The meal concluded, he excused himself and sought Pablo, of whom he demanded and received a meticulous account of the "accident" to Miguel Farrel. For Bill Conway knew that the gray horse never bucked and that Miguel Farrel was a hard man to throw.
"Guess I'll have to sit in at this game," he decided, and forth-

with climbed into his rattletrap automobile and returned to

El Toro.

During the drive in he surrendered his mind to a contemplation of all of the aspects of the case, and arrived at the following conclusions:

Don Nicholas Sandoval had seen the assassin walking in from the south about sunset the day previous. If the fellow had walked all the way across country from La Questa valley he must have started about two P. M.

The Potato Baron had left the Farrel hacienda about one o'clock the same day and had, doubtless, arrived in El Toro about two o'clock. Evidently he had communicated with the man from La Questa valley (assuming that Don Miguel's assailant had come from there) by telephone from El Toro.

Arrived in El Toro, Bill Conway drove to the sherifi's office. Don Nicholas Sandoval had returned an hour previous from the Rancho Palomar and to him Conway related the events of the "Now, Nick," he concluded, "you drift over to the telephone office and in your official capacity cast your eye over the record of long distance telephone calls yesterday afternoon and question the girl on duty.

"Bueno!" murmured Don Nicholas and proceeded at once to

the telephone office. Ten minutes later he returned.

"Okada talked to one Kano Ugichi, of La Questa, at 2:08 yes-terday afternoon," he reported.

"Considerable water will run under the bridges before Kano Ugichi returns to the bosom of his family," Conway murmured sympathetically. "He's so badly spoiled, Nick, we've decided to call him a total loss and not put up any headstone to his memory. It is Farrel's wish that the matter be forgotten by everybody concerned."

"I have already forgotten it, my friend," the urbane Don Nicholas replied graciously, and Bill Conway departed forthwith

for the Hotel de Las Rosas.

"Got a Jap name of Okada stopping here?" he demanded, and

was informed that Mr. Okada occupied room 17, but that he was

ill and could not be seen.

"He'll see me," quoth Bill Conway, and clumped up the stairs He rapped peremptorily on the door of room 17, then tried the knob. The door opened and the old contractor stepped into the room to find the Potato Baron sitting up in bed, staring at him. Uttering no word, Bill Conway strode to the bed, seized the Japanese by the throat and commenced to choke him with neatness and dispatch. When the man's face was turning purple and his eyes rolling wildly, Conway released his death-grip and his victim fell back on the mattress, whereupon Bill Conway sat down on the edge of the bed and watched life surge back into the little brown man.

"If you let one little peep out of you, Okada," he threatened-

and snarled ferociously.

"Please, please," Okada pleaded. "I no unnerstan'.
please. You make one big mistake, yes, I zink so."

"I do, indeed. I permit you to live, which I wouldn't if I knew where to hide your body. Listen to me, Okada. sent a countryman of yours from the La Questa valley over to the Rancho Palomar to kill Don Miguel Farrel. I have the man's name, I know the hour you telephoned to him, I know exactly what you said to him and how much you paid him to do the job. Well, this friend of yours overplayed his hand; he cidn't succeed in killing Farrel, but he did succeed in getting himself captured."

He paused, with fine dramatic instinct, to watch the effect of this broadside. A faint nervous twitch of the chin and the eyelids—then absolute immobility. The Potato Baron had eyelids—then absolute immobility. The Potato Baron had assumed the "poker face" of all Orientals—wherefore Bill Conway knew the man was on his guard and would admit nothing So he decided not to make any effort to elicit information, but to

proceed on the theory that everything was known to him.
"Naturally," he continued, "that man Pablo has ways and means of making even a stubborn Jap tell everything he know. Now, listen, O child of Nippon, to the white man's words of You're going to depart from El Toro in a general wisdom. northerly direction and you're going to do it immediately not sooner. And you're never coming back. The day you do that day you land in the local calaboose with a charge of co spiracy to commit murder lodged against you. We have t witnesses to prove our case and any time you're tried by a Marcos county jury before a San Marcos county judge you'll re in San Quentin for life. And further: If Miguel Farrel should within the next two years, die out of his own bed and with his boots on, you will be killed on general principles, whether you'r guilty or not. Do I make myself clear or must I illustrate the point with motion pictures?"

Yes, sir. 'Scuse, please. Yes, sir, I zink I go very quick,

"Three cheers! The sooner the quicker—the next train, let us say. I'll be at the station to see you off."

He was as good as his word. The Potato Baron, mounting painfully the steps of the observation car, made hasty appraisalo the station platform and observed Bill Conway swinging his old legs from his perch on an express truck. He favored Okada with a very deliberate nod and a sweeping, semi-military salute of farewell.

farewell.
When the train pulled out, the old contractor slid off the express truck and waddled over to his automobile. "Well, Liz," he addressed that interesting relic, "I'll bet a red apple I've put the fear of Buddha in that Jap's soul. He won't try any more tricks in San Marcos county. He certainly did assimilate my advice and drag it out of town muy pronto. Well, Liz, as the feller says: 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth and a troubled conscience addeth speed to the hind legs.""
As he was driving out of town to the place of his labors at

Agua Caliente basin, he passed the Parker limousine driving Between John Parker's wife and John Parker's daughter, Don Miguel Jose Farrel sat with white face and closed eyes. seat beside his chauffeur John Parker sat, half turned and gazing

at Don Miguel with troubled eyes.

"That girl's sweeter than a royal flush," Bill Conway mur-mured. "I wonder if she's good for a fifty-thousand-dollar touch to pay my cement bill pending the day I squeeze it out of her father? Got to have cement to build a dam—got to have cash to get cement—got to have a dam to save the Rancho Palomar—got to have the Rancho Palomar before we can pull off a wedding-got to pull off a wedding in order to be happy-got t be happy or we all go to hell together. . . Well . . . !! going down to Miguel's place to dinner to-night. I'll ask her. The entire Parker family was present (Continued on page 139)

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IN "The Trial of Joan of Arc" Margaret Anglin scores one of the most impressive successes of her career.





OLETTE RYAN, for whose beauty the discerning Florens
Ziegfeld provides a colorful frame in his Midnight Frolic.



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he had definitely beaten the game!

A neat, black-gowned maid was approaching from the house. He waited for her with serene indifference.

"A gentleman to inquire about

the motor," she said.
"Ah, yes," M. Maisons murmured, "let him come here."

He was not above some small weaknesses-a touch of vanity, a flair for dramatic effect. pleased him that the prospective purchaser of the older, cheaper motor-presumably a good tradesman, or some honest in-habitant of Memlins who could afford only an inferior, secondhand car-should find him strolling in his garden; or perhaps, better still, seated under a tree.

Aware of the honest trades-man's presence, he looked negligently around and beheld, standing two feet off, a man about his own age, in baggy clothes, with a turn-down collar and straggling tie such as only rustics ought to wear: a homely man, also, of completely undistinguished appearance, except for the round and oddly mottled blue-gray eyes. Those steady eyes now seemed to seize Monsieur Georges Maisons and hold him in a steel grip.

M. Maisons' fair complexion slowly gave place to deathly pallor. His face was not distorted, but it seemed suddenly to have been cast in a rigid mask of agony. He was unable to speak; so the caller spoke, in a tone almost

"Well, Nixon-once more." A word then detached itself from the man on the rustic bench—a name: "Bodet!"

As though by way of answer to this utterance of his name the caller remarked, "Two years and three months.'

M. Maisons made a gesture toward the wicker chair at the other side of the little round table on which tea was sometimes served out here under the noble trees. Ben Bodet, business detective, obeyed the silent invitation, or entreaty, and sat down.

M. Maisons gaped at the ground, striving to get control of his thoughts. All that his mind contained at the moment, besides a swirl and a deadly pain, was the foolish cry, 'How did you find But he was not so foolish as to utter the cry, realizing

that it made no difference whatever how he had been found. "Pleasant place," Bodet remarked, composedly.

The proprietor of the pleasant place raised a pale face to him and said, stupidly, "I was brought up to this . . . I got in trouble and ran away from home, like a fool, when I was fifteen waiter once—everything. I never set out to be a crook, though.

Easy money and bad company got me into that." He gave a mirthless little laugh. "I was too handy with a pen."

His glance, which had wandered, came blankly back to the detective and he stumbled on: "I'm not a crook at bottom; I'm a gentleman. Easy money and bad company got me into it— an adventure, you know. I used to laugh over it." His stricken glance wandered over the garden: "But I always meant to make



a stake and come back here—to something like this, if I could

Bodet offered no comment on that, and for some time the two men were silent, the bearded one staring at the ground, his brow wrinkling and smoothing out again from time to time. Presently he confessed, with a vague little smile, "It shakes me up-grown soft, I suppose. I had made up my mind that I was I thought even you had given me up.'

"Well, I've been busy with other things," the fatal caller replied, quite good-naturedly. "But I've always had you in mind, Nixon—wounded vanity, maybe." He kept silent a month of the companion it ment, looking off. When he again glanced at his companion it was to remark, "Of course, I've always been curious to know what really happened to Finley."



"He fell off the train, Bodet," Nixon replied promptly and earnestly. The question seemed to help him get himself in hand. "He must have fallen off the train. There is no other explanation." He rubbed his brow, a line of concentrated thought appearing in his forehead, and, after a moment, with an effort he began an orderly statement:

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"When you and he nabbed me that day in El Paso, I thought the jig was up. I never imagined that I had the ghost of a show. . . That was two years and three months ago, as you said. I thought the jig was up. . . You remember that you searched me right down to the buff—looking for a clew to the bonds. You even felt the lining of my clothes and examined the soles of my shoes and probed my suitcase for a secret pocket. If you're honest about it, Bodet, you'll admit that you knew ab-

solutely everything I had on me down to my collar-buttons."

His manner of making the statement appeared to require an answer, and Bodet admitted, "It's true we frisked you as thoroughly as we knew how."

"Well, if you didn't k no w how, nobody does," said Nixon, with a wry little smile. "But in fact, I didn't care about that, for there was absolutely nothing on me. You both rode in the cab with me down to the railroad station, and when you turned me over to Finley on the train platform you knew that I didn't have so much as a toothpick in the way of a weapon. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, that's true," Bodet admitted.

"Well, now, look at the situation," Nixon appealed. "Finley was in fine condition. I suppose he had an automatic where he could get it in a twinkling. He was an old hand; up to all the tricks; said to be one of the best men in that line. It never oc-curred to me that I had a chance. Finley was so sure of it that he didn't handcuff me. Only a greenhorn or a duffer would have bothered about that under the circum-stances." He evidently had himself in hand now, his faculties working efficiently.

"We had a compartment, you know. Of course, I kept my eye on Finley. Anybody would have done that under the circumstances. He was never off guard for a minute. He told me I might as well go to bed, if I felt like it. It was plain enough that I might

just as well do that as anything else. So I undressed and got into the lower berth. Finley slipped the bolt on the door and put the chair next it and sat down and folded his arms—keeping the electric light burning.

"I dozed now and then. I was in a doze, my face to the wall, when something woke me up. You can imagine that I was as nervous as a cat and waked easily. Well, I woke up and it seemed to me that Finley was moving. I lay still—really half stifled and pretty indifferent, not caring much what Finley might be about, for I wasn't imagining that he'd be about anything that could make any difference to me. Then I thought he stepped out into the corridor. I lay still a long while, half stupefied by the heat—indifferent, you know. But after a long while it struck me as odd that Finley hadn't come back.

"It's true, Bodet, that even then I didn't imagine I had a Finley, you know; an old hand at the game, one of the best men in his line, and having a first-class prize like me in his paw-there didn't seem a chance that he wasn't still on guard I thought he'd stepped out into the corridor and found it a bit cooler there and was standing outside, his eye on our So I just lay still. But he didn't come back, you know.

"And then I did get a flicker of hope. Certainly it was a bit careless of Finley to go out of sight. I slipped on my trousers and walked up the corridor to the front vestibule. Not a soul in sight, but the left-hand door stood open. . . . Well, certainly, I got busy then. Who wouldn't have got busy under the circumstances? I had nothing to lose, you know. The evidence against me was as tight as a stone wall. I couldn't be in a worse fix than I was in. I ran back to our compartment, threw on my coat and vest, stuffed my things into my bag."

He paused, touched his pointed beard, and observed, "That was a mistake. I shouldn't have taken the bag. But I was excited, taking a desperate chance. I still thought the chances were nine to one that I shouldn't get away. I expected Finley to readdear any minute and grin at me. The train was running to reappear any minute and grin at me. The train was runn thirty or thirty-five miles an hour; dark as a pocket outside.

I jumped off, I was pretty sure to break my neck. . . . Perhaps you're superstitious yourself. I've heard that most detectives are. I'm superstitious. I'd just fairly got the things stuffed into my bag when I felt the train slowing.

He regarded the detective gravely and said, with con-viction, "And then, viction, "And then, Bodet, I knew that I was going to make it. Whatever the odds, I knew I was going to get away; I knew luck was with me. The train was slowing for a wateringtrough. I went out to the vestibulenot a soul to hinder -and jumped off a little before the train stopped. You might the odds were still heavy enougha marked man in a strange desert. All the same, I away. When I felt the train slowing

speaking quite collectedly. Calmly, he

pressed the argument home: "Now, look at it reasonably, Bodet. Finley's body was found on the rocks under the abutment of a high bridge—badly bruised, according to the newspaper ac-count that I read, but with no marks of violence that might not have been caused by a fall of that distance from a moving train. The newspaper printed a ridiculous theory that I some way or other lured Finley out to the vestibule and got the door open and pushed him off the train. Certainly, you know that's perfectly idiotic. A chuckle-headed village constable wouldn't

let a prisoner get him in that position. Imagine Finley doing it! Quite idiotic! There is only one explanation:
"Finley saw that I was asleep. He found the heat intolerable. Most likely the heat had half dazed him, as it had me. It may have made him ill and giddy. He opened the door and fell out. There is no other explanation. To suppose that I could have got him out there and thrown him off the train is too silly."

Again he seemed to expect an answer; but Bodet merely onserved, "It's always puzzled me. However, that's past."

"That's past," Nixon echoed, and reflected a moment. When he spoke again it was on a different topic:

When you and Finley nabbed me you hoped to get track of a of bonds that I was supposed to have. You didn't find any lot of bonds that I was supposed to have. trace of them. I was a fugitive, empty-handed, lost in a desert. Your nets were all spread for me. All the same, I got the bonds and got over here, as you see. Perhaps that has puzzled you also, Bodet?"

"I'm not above being puzzled," Bodet replied dryly.
"There was forgery," Nixon went on. "I admit you've got
me on that. I could make forged paper, but you know well

enough I needed help in disposing of it-somebody in better standing than I enjoyed.

"How do you suppose I got my bonds and got away?" Nixon inquired, not as one expecting an answer, but ironically. "I must have had help. There are men in Chicago who could have laid their hands on me any minute the last two years, but they were mighty careful not to, and they're hoping that nobody else will. You may say they are benevolent gentlemen who have my welfare at heart, if you like," he added, with a satirical smile. "But the fact is, they are afraid of me-and have good reason to be."

He now seemed like a man fairly at ease, except as a touching of his beard might denote nervous agitation. And having, so to speak, advanced his knight, he appeared to be waiting for the detective to make a move, which the detective was in no hurry to do. For a moment his round eyes rested upon Nixon's face

Deliberately Nixon answered, "I can give you evidence that will convict Elbert Graw and Jo Loman. It doesn't depend upon my word. I've got the documents."

There arose in Bodet's mind the image of a heavy, elderly figure, with fat, sallow chops, pouchy eyes, and a long horseshoe mustache of grizzled yellow-a figure with something intrinsically insolent and brutal about it; bullying, even when it was in

repose; swollen with money and success and self-indulgence. For years that figure had afflicted him, for it always seemed to be saying to him, with a jeer: "Oh, yes, you can catch the small fry; you're a great little detective when it comes to smashing a poor devil; but you can't lay a finger on me!"
"It's true, I'd give

a leg to get Elbert Graw," he replied candidly.

"I can put absolute proof in your hands," said Nixon, perfectly self-pos-sessed now. "I'm not a sentimentalist myself. I don't expect you to be. I am offering you a bar-gain—a trade that it's worth your while to make. I will tell you why I offer it."

His glance traveled over the garden and villa. true, Bodet, that I was brought up to this. It was always my dream to get back to it if I could. I did get back to it, as you see. But, after all, it never happens as we expect it to. Something happened that I didn't

expect. I had no idea whatever of getting married. . . . I did get married last April. I can refer you to the record." He swallowed, plucked his beard, stirred restlessly in his chair, looking off at the formal flower-garden.

'You may have heard of a woman in Chicago-my companion there. She was not my wife. When I came over here I dropped all that . . . I expected to remain a bachelor. Then I met



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. . I suppose we are all fools at times. It's true I'm ad about her . . . There is to be a child in January. Now ou know why I want to make a trade with you."

There was silence for a long moment. Then Nixon gently

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ared his throat and proceeded quietly:
"I don't suppose you could get me off even if you should try. here is a clear-cut case of forgery against me and the banks at generally implacable against a man who has dipped into them as deeply as I did. But you know well enough it makes all the difference in the world how a case against a man is brought the stage. Suppose, now, you announce to-day that you have copured George Nixon, the forger, and are bringing him back to the United States for trial. I go back in irons, my tail between larges—a fugitive nabbed and hauled in by the neck for trial. . . . "The disadvantage to you is that the minute you make such an announcement you put Elbert Graw and Jo Loman on guard. You know them. You know Graw's got a long pull. You know he's cunning. He begins scheming to beat you at the trial. In spite of the evidence I've got, maybe he'll succeed if he's warned in time. That's the disadvantage to you."

The cool narrator paused an instant, and went on, in a lower tone, but as quietly, "The disadvantage to me is that when you make that announcement you kill my wite. . . . I'd almost rather kill her with my own hand."

He took a little time, and his brow wrinkled as from a twinge

of toothache; but he resumed coolly:

"I'll trade with you this way: Say nothing now. I'll tell my wife that I'm obliged to make a business trip to America. She knows I lived over there a long while. I can introduce you to her as a former associate. We'll go up (Continued on page 116)



# The Woman Who

By
Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrations by
John Alonzo Williams

meant. He was very particular to explain to the doctor what a fine woman I was, and how much he cared for me—he'd gladly give his life's blood for me and the children any time, he said—that in fact he was doing it drop by drop. Then right on top of that he began to quote some things from one of those crazy books he's been reading lately, about a duel between the sexes, and how a man and woman could love each other, and hate each other at the same time. It was a deady struggle between them, he said, to see which one would eat the other up. Did you ever hear such nonsense? Really, mother, I think there should be a law against sud books being printed.

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I was furious, of course. Any woman would have been, under the circumstance. Sometimes I almost feel that I dislike Bob. The doctor tried to quiet him—told him he'd been working too hard. Then Bob said it was true he'd been obliged to strain even even to keep things going, but that he didn't mind work—it was a bigger question that that. More important. He felt his soul was

being destroyed, bit by bit, like a man being eaten alive by ants Pleasant thought, I must say, for a Sunday afternoon. He said too, that I was stronger than he was, because I was more "primitive," and—oh, yes—he said I was "possessive," that I was secretly jealous of every thought, every emotion, every moment of his time he didn't share with me. He even implied that I've driven away his friends—men and women both, he said. The idea! I didn't know a married man was supposed to have women friends, and as for the men, I've made them welcome enough although I can't say I've ever been crazy about any of themalways wanting to drag him off to clubs, and prize fights, and studio parties when his place is at home with me. He'd sacrificed everything, he said, on the altar of domestic duty—given up every pleasure that didn't include me, and as a result he was starving to death—mentally, I guess he must have meant—I notice his appetite is good enough—and compared himself to a well-fed slave, going round and round in a treadmill every day and always ending up just where he started. He couldn't stay it any longer, he said—he wanted to live, keenly, dangerously, not just to exist. A nice way for a man with a wife and three children to talk, I must say!

There was a lot more, too, that I can't remember, about the things he'd hoped to do—things, he said, that I didn't care about One of them was to travel, to "come into contact with the great world outside his narrow little rut." Just as though I didn't care to travel quite as much as he does. I've been dreaming of a min to Palm Beach all winter, and who wouldn't, after seeing the simply divine pictures in the Sunday supplements? Although it wouldn't do me much good, with not a decent gown to my name.

EAR Mother: I meant to write you yesterday but Constance wasn't feeling well and the Holdens came in to tea and I simply couldn't get around to it. Sundays, somehow, seem the busiest days in the week, what with the children at home, and Bob not at the office, and

company dropping in. You know how it is.

I'm getting worried about Bob. You know how nervous and out of sorts he's been for a long time, and of late he's been acting more queerly than ever. Yesterday afternoon he spent half an hour telling his troubles to Dr. Hopper, who had stopped in to look at Constance's tonsils. He doesn't think they need to come out, thank Heaven.

I had gone into the library to get the Sunday papers and the two of them were in Bob's den, so of course I couldn't help hearing what they said. Bob was telling the doctor all his symptoms—you know them by heart I guess—and all of a sudden he burst out with some nonsense about his being eaten up, that his personality was being destroyed. It had been going on for years, he said, and he couldn't stand it any longer—it was killing him! You can imagine how I felt, and after all I've done for Bob, too!

I'm sure the doctor didn't know what he was talking about, for I heard him laugh, and say it was just nerves. But Bob went right on, a regular tirade. I can't remember all of it, but it seems he thinks his soul is being killed by the life he's leading. He'd started out, he said, with all sorts of ideals, ambitions, hopes, dreams, and he'd been obliged to give them up, one by one, in order to satisfy the demands I've made on him. He didn't put it in just those words, but I could see it was what he



ought to take a look at the baby before he went.

They came out at once. Bob seemed rather shamefaced but I didn't let on I'd heard a word, and right after the doctor left, Tom Holden and his wife arrived for supper.

Bob was very quiet all evening, the way he usually is when my lends are here. He doesn't like the Holdens—says they're friends are here. stupid, unimaginative, commonplace people. Maybe they are, but Tom Holden makes thirty thousand a year, and Alice has a ive-thousand-dollar car and everything else she wants, while we

have to get along with a near-flivver.

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We had quite a discussion, after supper, about books and sings— Alice has been reading that new story of Chambers things-I forget the name of it now—and right in the middle of it Bob started in to tell us about a new book he'd just finished—some crazy English story—"The Moon and Sixpence," I believe it's called—about a middle-aged man who left his wife and family to run off to an island in the South Pacific and paint pictures. I could see that the Holdens were bored. Alice, who has a sense of humor, said she was sure there must have been a woman in

the case somewhere, and Tom said he could have understood the thing better if the hero had been an American, running off to Cuba to get a drink. When they'd stopped laughing I said that any man who would abandon his family was a brute, and that the least he could do, after marrying a woman, was to devote his life to making her happy. Bob was very quiet, after that, and went to bed right after the Holdens left. He seemed out of sorts at breakfast, too, so I didn't think it a good time to mention the matter of that new car. I looked at the loveliest club roadster the other day—all upholstered in mauve, with a dark purple body and wire wheels. A bargain, too, but I suppose I'll have to give it up—for the present, at least.

I can't understand this queer turn Bob has taken lately. He's usually seemed so sensible and domestic. There was a time, of course, years ago, when he ran after other women. You remember that Hoffman girl, who composed, and those actresses and artists Bert Miller was always introducing him to. I'd never allow Bert in the house, of course, and gradually Bob gave up all that sort of thing and was content to spend his evenings

with his family, as a married man should. Of course I don't believe in sitting around at home all the time. I tried to get him interested in our bridge club, and in going to the theatre once a week—something light and cheerful, to take his mind off his work, but he wouldn't do it. He said the people in the bridge club bored him, and that he hated musical shows. What can you do with a man like that? Usually I'd find him reading some queer book that nobody ever heard of-terrible things, too, that I'd have to hide, for fear the children would get hold of them. It's been mighty hard, mother, and I've felt it, even

though I haven't complained.

Well, I mustn't take up all my letter with my troubles, although what with the children being sick, and everything so high, it's been a trying winter. I'm feeling all run down, and would give anything to go to Bermuda for six weeks the way the Marsdens have done. Of course I know money is scarce—Bob had hard work, last month, to get the life insurance premium together—and I hate to think of the bills! It's too bad he isn't able to make a little more. Some architects do. Of course twelve thousand is a good deal to spend in a year-that's what we spent last year, Bob says, although for the life of me I don't You know I'm not extravagant. I've only had two evening gowns all winter, and gave up that Persian lamb coat I'd set my heart on, just to help out. Bob has resigned from the golf club, too, so as to cut down expenses. You know I never play the stupid game myself, and as we couldn't go together it seemed rather useless to belong. Bob even suggested sending the children to public school, but I put my foot down on that Miss Caldwell's may be expensive; but all the nicest children in town go there, and the special courses in music and plastic dancing are doing wonders for little Connie. Of course we aren't able to save a cent, but who is, these days? You're lucky to get your bills paid!

I guess Bob will be all right if he cuts down on his smoking and exercises more, although I still mean to have a talk with him about that trip, when he's in a better humor. I've tried to get him to work about the place-taking care of the furnace, and the lawns in summer and all that-but he won't. Says such things don't interest him, although I'm sure if he'd get up an hour earlier every morning, and do the work we're paying a man to do, it would improve his health and save money in the bargain. I've got to do everything I can to keep him well, poor dear, for the children's sake as well as his own. It would be terrible if anything were to happen to him. A long illness, for instance. I don't know what we would do, with nothing to fall back on. A long illness, for instance. There's the life insurance, of course, but if he were ill he might not even be able to keep that up. So you can understand why I Do you think I ought to have a talk with Dr. am worried. Hopper? He's a charming man-so sympathetic. And awfully

good looking.

Well, mother dear, I've written you reams, and not a bit of it cheerful, but I'll write again and try to do better, before the end of the week. The children send lots of love, and Bobbie wants me to thank you for the silk scarf you sent him. He wears it to school every day, and is awfully proud of it. And Connie was delighted with her box of paints. She will write you herself as soon as she is over her cold. Good-bye for the present and lots of love.

Your affectionate daughter,

Constance.

Homewood, March 16. DEAR Mother: I had a talk with Bob last night about going away. I didn't let on I'd heard what Dr. Hopper said to him on Sunday, but told him I thought he looked run down and needed a rest. He said he thought so, too. Then I said, if he decided to go, I thought I could get you to come and look after the house for us while we were away. Bob didn't say anything to that-just stared at me as though I'd said something I shouldn't. Do you know, mother, I really think he'd prefer to At heart, Bob is a bit selfish, I'm afraid. I didn't go alone. say a word about how run down I felt.
"Everybody needs a trip, at this time of year," I said.

Bob just growled something about not being able to afford it

and began to read his paper.

"Suppose the doctor were to tell you that you had to go," I

asked.

"He has," Bob said, still looking at me in that queer, hateful way he's been affecting lately. "What difference does it make? You know very well I can't do it."

I said I thought Dr. Hopper ought to know what was best for him, and then Bob told me it wasn't Dr. Hopper at all, but a specialist, Dr. Mills, that he had consulted.

"He says I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown," he added.

frowning

When I heard that I knew it was my duty to try to cheer him up, so I said I didn't think he looked so badly, and that if he would try a good tonic, and eat lots of eggs, and milk, and things like that, and take long walks on the Boardwalk with me every day, I felt sure he'd be quite himself again in a couple of weeks. "What is a little money," I said, "compared with your health. I'll be your own special trained nurse." Then I put my arms around him and said that specialists always exaggerated things and that he must stop worrying. I thought he'd be pleased, but he pushed me away almost roughly, and seemed quite angry. After that he went into his den, and I heard him grumbling about women not understanding, and all that. Really, mother, I'm at my wits' ends. What can you do with a man who acts like that? I'm beginning to think, at times, that Bob really does hate me.

I have made up my mind to see Dr. Mills the first thing in the morning, and find out just what is wrong with Bob. I think it's a shame for a physician to tell his patients such awful things. I'm sure Dr. Hopper would never do it. He'd try to cheer you

up, not scare you to death.

I'll let you know, mother, what the specialist says. Meanwhile, write, and tell me what you think. I know you never cared much for Bob, but after all, he's the father of my children, and I've got to do what I can for him, for their sake.

Hastily, Constance.

Homewood, March 17.

MOTHER dear: I saw Dr. Mills to-day, and I've never been so insulted in my life. I'm all upset over it. He certainly is not a gentleman-no gentleman would speak to a lady the way he spoke to me.

He didn't want to see me at first—sent word out that he saw patients by appointment only—but I told his snippy secretary that I wasn't a patient, and that my business was important,

so she finally let me in.

He didn't even get up from his desk when I entered-just kept on writing-a big, rough man, with huge yellow teeth and no manners at all.

After I'd stood there quite a while he looked up and asked me in a disagreeable voice if I'd come to inquire about my husband. I said I had-that I was quite worried about him. Then he pointed to a chair.

"Well, madam, you ought to be worried about him," he said.
"You ought to have been worried about him long ago. His mental condition is bad—very bad. Too much work—not enough tal condition is bad-very bad. Why will you women insist on making slaves of your play. husbands?"

This made me very angry, of course, but I didn't say anything.

I was trying hard to remember every word he said.

"Your husband needs rest, change, new associations, new surroundings," he went on, staring at me in the most unfriendly way. "He's been inhibiting a lot of very natural desires, for years, and they've turned on him, with the usual results. I have advised him to go away for a long rest-alone."

You can imagine how this made me feel, after the way I've taken care of Bob, so I said I was sure it would be much better if I went with him. He just snorted, at that, and made some nasty remark to the effect that Bob might just as well stay at home. Of course such a man would feel that way—he's a bachelor, I hear, and couldn't be expected to understand a wife's feelings "How long do you think he would have to be away?" I asked "Six months at least," he said. "A year would be better."

My head began to whirl. The idea of Bob leaving me for a So I said it was impossible—that we couldn't whole year. afford it.

I saw his eyes begin to gleam—he looked almost savage. A

terrible man, mother-not a gentleman at all.

"Could you afford to have him in a sanitarium for six months?" he shouted at me, "or in a madhouse for the rest of his life?" Then he must have seen how hurt I was, for he asked my pardon for speaking so plainly, but said that it was my duty to my husband to see that he could afford it, that he didn't doubt we lived expensively, with all sorts of foolish trappings—servants, useless luxuries—a car., "Throw them all overboard," he said. "Live in a garret if you have to, and cook your own meals. Take the load off his back for a while and give him a chance to get well."

Just as though I really wanted Bob to be sick.

"There are the children," I said. "I've got to think of them."

"Of course—of course," he interrupted. "But just say to "But just say to to cheer d that if nilk, and with me couple of vith your en I put exaggert he'd be d seemed eard him Really,

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"Madam," Dr. Mills said to me, "that is what has happened to your husband. He might as well be dead." I was terribly shocked, of course. I didn't suppose two months' illness could do things like that to a man.

yourself, which do they need most, luxuries, or a father. They might easily lose both."

I left, after that, because the secretary came in with a message. He didn't even say good morning. I've told you, word for word, mother, just what he said. I wanted you to know. When I got home, I cried for an hour, and then I made up my mind to do whatever Bob wants me to do, no matter what the cost. I don't think he is as sick as all that, but I'm not going to have people saying that I stood in his way and wouldn't give him a chance. What a pity I can't come and stay with you. If only father hadn't lost all his money. Your most unhappy daughter, Constance.

P. S.-I didn't mail this letter this afternoon, as I thought I might as well hold it until after I'd had my talk with Bob. I might as well hold it until after I'd had my talk with Bob. As soon as I'd finished writing you, I began to figure on how much we could save, in case Bob really had to the action of the children's schooling is paid for for the rest of the children's schooling is paid for for the rest of the children's schooling is paid for for the rest of the children's we would rent the house, furnished, for the summer, it guite a little nate than we pay, and I would take the children from to some last-pensive place on Long Island and board. Ou kill 3 ow hey love the water. Alice Holden tells me she knows a place of the South Shore where we could do very nicely for a hundred and twenty-five a week for the four of us. That would hundred and twenty-five a week for the four of us. That would

mean say \$500.00 a month, or \$3,000.00 for the six months Bob wants to stay away. Of course there would be the insurance premiums during that time—Bob pays quarterly—and I'd have to have some spending money, too—but I think another thousand for the six months would cover it. I suppose Bob would need at least \$2,000.00 for his trip—traveling is frightfully expensive these days—so that it would take in all about six thousand dollars to see us through. I'd have to do without a nurse, of course, but I'll make any sacrifice, to help out. I'd even let Bob sell my bar pin. He could get five hundred for it, I should think. You know I hardly ever wear it, anyway—we go out so little. So when Bob got home I went in to him—he was sitting

in his den—and showed him the figures.
"I'm ready to have you go, Bob," I said. "I'll save all I

can.

After all the trouble I'd taken, he seemed scarcely interested. First he said that six thousand in six months was twelve thousand a year-just what our regular expenses are, so that he didn't see

where we were saving any. Then he said he didn't have six thousand dollars, and hadn't any idea where he could get it, "You might borrow something on the life insurance," I said, "and this." I gave him the pin. "And I should think you could go to George Ogden and ask him to lend you the balance." George is one of Bob's oldest friends, and very well off.

He said he would think it over, and put my figures on his desk. I'm sure everything will be all right, mother dear. Don't think of coming on, while your rheumatism is so bad. Of course, later, when we go to the seashore, you must make us a long visit. The children are dying to see you. I'll'let you know at once what Bob decides to do.

With much love, Constance.

Homewood, March 24

MOTHER dear: As you will know from the telegram I have just sent you, Bob has disappeared. I'm half crazy. What shall I do? I've been up all night, and my head aches as though it would split. He didn't come home to dinner last night, and when eight o'clock came with no word from him I got alarmed

and began telephoning his friends, but no one had seen anything of him. When I think of all the terrible things that might have happened to

him, I almost lose my mind. The Holdens have been splendid. Tom called up a detective agency at once, and we're expecting to hear something every minute. that when Bob left the house yesterday morning he took his satchel with him. I was busy with the children, getting them off to school, and didn't notice, but one of the servants saw him. A lot of his clothes are missing, too, so I guess he must have deliberately planned to leave me. Isn't it awful to think of a man doing a thing like thatabandoning his wife and children. I can scarcely believe it, in spite of all that has happened. Tom Holden found out from the office that Bob collected a big fee yesterdayhis commission for a warehouse he designed last summer, and took it to the bank and cashed it! What do you

and cashed it! What do you think of that! Over two thousand dollars—the biggest piece of work he did last year. I meant to use it, to pay the current bills. Now I don't know what to do. I feel like running away myself. I scarcely know what to the like running away myself. I'm writing, I'm so upset. I'll wire you, as soon as we find out anything definite."

\*Constance.

MOTHER: There isn't a thing to add to my wires of yesterday and Saturday. We haven't been able to find him. I'm

almost frantic. The detective has been to all the steamship offices, and we find that a man answering Bob's description has inquired several times about steamers to South America and Pacific ports, but did not engage a passage. Seemed undecided, and said he would be back the next day. This morning one of our detectives got to the office of the Ransome Line not fifteen minutes after a man we feel sure must have been Bob had been He'd asked about a passage to Hong Kong, but when the clerk offered to fix him up on a steamer sailing to-morrow, he first decided to take the ticket, and then changed his mind. The clerk said he seemed terribly vague and uncertain, like a man who had been drinking. Acted as though he wanted to get away, and yet was afraid to go. I'm sure he must still be in New York, but of course he might take a train at any minute. Isn't it terri-And I've always been such a devoted wife to Bob. Wellwe can only hope for the best. Alice Holden has done every-thing in the world for me. To-day she sent over some books for me to read, and the most delicious custard. And Dr. Hopper has been kindness itself. He says I mustn't worry, that Bob hasn't courage enough to do anything really desperate—that he is certain to turn up, before long. I hope so, I'm sure. This anxiety is killing me.

Your Constance.

Homewood, March 29. MOTHER dear: Thanks for your sympathetic letter, and the You should not have sent it. You need every cent you

And the Holdens have been kind enough to help me out. We haven't found Bob yet, but we've heard something-not much, but enough to convince us that he is still in New Last night we found a girl down in a café in Greenwich Village a queer creature with bobbed hair, an artist, or something of the sort—who said she'd been with Bob the night before. We feel sure it must have been he, because, according to the girl, he had a big roll of bills in his pocket-two thousand dollars almost, she said he told her—and talked all the time about a trip he was going to make to the South Pacific. He'd been drinking, the girl said-that's one thing I don't understand-Bob was never

a drinking man-and insisted on going to her studio and talking half the night about his plans-how he wanted to get away somewhere to a warm, sandy beach and sleep in the sun for the rest of his life. It seems he asked the girl to go along with him, and she agreed, she said, just to get rid of him. He promised to come for her the next morning and take her down to the steamer, but he never did. She said she knew he wouldn't -that it was just liquor talking. She had the impudence to say that she thought it would have been a good thing if he had gone, that he seemed like a man who was trying to get away from something or somebody who was slowly kill-ing him. Of course I couldn't tell the creature what I thought of her, for we are depending on her to help us in our search.

He said something to her, it seems, about having a room in

the neighborhood, but he hasn't been seen in any of the resorts around there for the past two days-not since he was with this girl. We are hopeful, however, that we'll find him soon now. He might be sick. Tom Holden is out with one of the detectives to-day, going to all the boarding houses in the Village. He's been so helpful. I don't wonder all in the boarding houses in the village. Alice is happy, with a husband like that. I've told the children their father is away on a business trip, to keep them from asking questions. They are all quite well, thank goodness. I asking questions. They are all quite well, thank goodness. I don't know what I should do, if I had any more trouble added to what I now have to bear. (Continued on page 114)



JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS—who drew the pictures for this story—caught in the act of drawing inspiration from (empty) bottles, which he collects during his occasional odd moments as a popular illustrator. He has just completed the illustrations for "She Walks in Beauty," one of the best stories that Fannie Hurst has written yet—in Cosmopolitan for August.

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> Over two hundred paces away lay the great sable bull, felled by a single shot.

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### Big Game in the Wine Forests

Following the trail of the elusive African antelope with the famous American hunter, diplomat, author and humorist

George Agnew Chamberlain

Illustrated with photographs by

Charles Anderson Cass and the Author

F ALL relationships between African species there is none more remarkable than that which links the sable and roan antelopes; upon visualizing these gorgeous beasts one is faced by a living paradox, the fact that divergence can be slight and absolute at the same time. The roan is in coloring what his name implies-gray with a tinge of reddish dun, and his face is marked by two eye-patches and a muzzle of white, the latter cut only by the inverted crescent of glistening black cartilage connecting the nostrils. His horns are short, thick and stunted, with a slight backward curve.

The sable, on the other hand, is of so dark a brown as to appear black in the open. His white eye-patches extend unbrokenly to his lip and back again to the juncture of throat and neck. He is narrower between the eyes than his heavier cousin and carries a mighty curving sweep of deeply corrugated horns, whose smooth,

Mr. Chamberlain in his five-item tropical costume -a hat, a shirt, trousers, socks and boots.

sharp tips hang directly above his shoulders. In spite of these marked differences, the two are so alike that you never see the one without immediately recalling the other.

Of the two species the roan is by far the shyer, but can be found among the foothills of the Lebombos in large numbers, protected not so much by the game laws as by the superstition of the natives which has elevated him to the rank of Shikwembu, or "ancestor-god." No such taboo has aided the sable antelope, yet he throngs upon the flats of almost every division of the Panda country, in the valleys of the 'Nyassune, the 'Nhamquerengue, the 'Nhampala-pala and on the high levels about Gcokwane.

I have described elsewhere the thrilling experience of stillhunting roan across a waterhole in a blaze of moonlight and it seems peculiarly fitting in this tale of dissimilar similarities that all of many memories of sable should be drenched in sunlight. The scene of the first of these recollections was laid in the ideal stalking-country back of Bazarutu Island. Imagine if you can vast prairies of waist-high yellowing grass dotted every few hundred paces, almost with the regularity of a chess-board, with anthills fifty yards in circumference and each crowned by a towering column of trees. At just the right angle one could get a vista of a quarter of a mile, yet a few steps to right or left would find cover.

I was riding a jet-black, arched-necked government mule, fourteen hands at the shoulder, packed with all the bad-will toward man of the son of Hagar and glorying in the misnomer of Argentine. To look at, she was one of the loveliest animals ever crossed by a leg, but to light a pipe while on her back was to invite the heavens to fall and the earth to rise and meet them; even to spit cotton during the heat of the day meant the possibility of spitting blood or teeth five minutes later.

Why burden a shootingtrip with such a mount? Pride. My host had asked if I could ride and a guileless heart had answered, "Yes." A few moments later a circle of faces had watched mine while one negro with a twitch and two more hanging on her ears held Argentine for a fourth to saddle. It was a joke which the honor of my home state of New Mexico could not allow to pass.

The result was the losing of various trophies during the

next few days, but looking back across the lapse of ten years there is no regret, for only one man in the world could be the first to ride Argentine while almost anyone may be the last to shoot a A curious fact is here offered for the study of physicists; when we met, Argentine was a straight-haired mule, but after a forty-mile stretch, the first ten of which she galloped because she wanted to and the last thirty because I made her, she became as curly as a darky's poll and remains so to this day. What property of sweat makes hair curl? Why not reverse the operation and make millions—but never mind. We were traveling slowly, intent on game, when we opened a

long clear view of four hundred yards, at the end of which stood a lone sable bull. At the low whistle which announced his presence, Argentine permitted me to dismount with nothing more than a quivering of her whole body as a warning that any too-sudden movement on my part would send her up in the air. were directly between two of the towering ant-hills and had crouched below the level of the grass preparatory to making for one of them when the quarry looked up from his feeding and saw the mule. For a moment we thought it must be all up as far as that particular bull was con-cerned, but presently, to our amazement, he began to trot straight toward us. Realization dawned slowly that it was nothing more nor less than a clear case of love at first sight. The sable was

> He did not come forward with a rush, but by short little runs between which he would stop and pretend to eed. He trotted closer and

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Five, the interpreter, dealing out surra wine to the native contingent-a feat that requires a nice sense of balance, as a row will follow if the division is not exact.



The four wives of a native preparing the daily grub for a husband who is enjoying himself twenty miles away.

closer and with each advance my blood began to pound more loudly while my knees and calves ached with an accumulation of pain which was rapidly becoming unbearable. In the hurry of crouching for cover I had sat on my heels preparatory to traveling to right or left on hands and knees. The immediate discovery of the mule by the sable had had the effect of freezing every one of us in whatever pose he happened to be, for the grass was but a partial screen. Try sitting on your heels for ten min-

utes or even five; if you can do it without months of practice, look out for dark blood in

your veins. Absolute immobility is one of the prime factors in the successful pursuit of big game, which seldom runs at seeing a man but always at seeing the man or something about him move. Many a hunter has lost a fine chance by thinking that the crooking of a little finger did not constitute movement, or that he could raise the muzzle of his gun if he did it a thousandth of an inch at Having a time. learned this lesson in a hard school I knew the importance holding to a petrified stillness until the buck should approach within the limits of a sure deadine, but the ache in my legs would not be denied. drove me to measuring distance from the wrong end; instead of saying to myself,

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Wait till you can see the whites of his eyes, boys," I breathed exul-"He has come a hundred yards as straight as a die—two hundred—two hundred and fifty!" At something over a hundred paces he looked as big as a house. rose in haste; he stared in astonishment; I fired; he fled.

All this is intimately concerned with the day on which Madada and Maoia as trackers, Rungo, the horse-boy, Five as interpreter, a local guide, and myself mounted on Hawthorne, started out at sun-up to seek meat for the camp but with specific intent to get a pala-pala, which is the native name for sable. We struck back from camp and away from water, traveling for two solid, endless hours through the weariness of the apparently inter-

minable temba forest. Nothing broke its monotony save the high back of a baboon, showing grotesquely black at the far end of a tunnel of foliage; but at last the trees began to thin and presently frazzled into an irregular fringe which thrust its points out upon plains stubbled with milala palms and broken only

> patches of wood. This was sable country and remembering my experience with Argentine as well as the assertions of many authorities, I explained to Madada through Five that horses were capital decoys for pala-pala and that far from hiding Hawthorne it would pay to use him as bait. Madada nodded his head many times, indicating that he was well aware of the

phenomenon. Scarcely twenty minutes of silence had ensued when he sounded the low, bird-imitation whistle which means game in sight. The action of slipping from the saddle had become quite automatic and an instant

later we were all crouched low, each of us having caught a glimpse of four sable bulls mooning by day under a thorn tree, the wind They turned, they took one being for us. look at Hawthorne's milk-white bulk and



The cow sable shot by Mr. Cass.

hard-hit and looking for trouble.

They ran for eighteen miles. That much we learned by plugging after them doggedly for six mortal hours; how much farther their fright carried them is a matter for individual

speculation.

Both the sable and eland antelopes form interesting studies. Each shows marked Turkish proclivities in the matter of wives and in the short heyday of his maturity is generally found at the head of a harem numbering from eighteen to thirty houris. gentle eland often permits understudies to travel with the drove, but I have never known of two mature sables sharing the honors of a single establishment, however large, though the obstacles to observation owing to similarity of the sexes are so great that it would be rash to give this opinion as an undisputed fact.

By calculation our base was four hours away and after only thirty minutes' rest we started on the homeward trek. We had gone something less than a mile when we came upon the trunk of a milala palm chopped to a cone, fitted with a spout, capped with a woven helmet and dripping its watery sap into a sala gourd. Madada's eagle eye flew hither and thither and presently picked up a trail so faint that to me it was totally invisible. Threading the vast sea of stunted palms, we followed it until we came to an exceptionally complete native camp.

The construction of an African kraal is the most ritualistic and involved enterprise known to the art of home-building, and only one acquainted with its intricacies could

appreciate to the full the sheer masculinity of this establishment which we found miles and miles from any settled habitation. It had a circular stockade which was constructed not as a spiritual symbol but frankly as a preventive against the raids of lions and hyenas. Within its circumference, clustered under a single large shade-tree, were three grass-huts each furnished with as many bunks and a fireplace surrounded by large barbels spitted on sticks and slowly roasting. Dogs, bows and arrows, pots and gourds hung about the place in that orderly disorder so dear to the heart of man in the open.

un-home-like This yet most popular spot was nothing less than a wilderness halfway house; let those who know the why and wherefore of the homing instinct of the carrier pigeon explain how it happened that I and my following found Cass and his entire retinue sitting in the shade of its palisade with that beatific expression on their faces which precedes an im-

minent drink.
The "pub" was the communal property of a gentle-mannered, beautifully proportioned native and his five adolescent sons and nephews. Their title to the three million hogsheads of surra wine in embryo which surrounded them was on all fours with the right of a fish to swim. These six individuals had nothing to do from morn to sun-drenched eve save collect nectar

from a few hundred cupping gourds and drink it before its pleasant faintly-alcoholic acidity turned downright sour. Every day one of the succession of the man's wives brought a supply of the common food of mortals from twenty,

miles away and promptly returned to prepare more. Save for a mere gee-string about their loins the sextette was naked; their limbs, their features and their smoothly-flowing indolence giving an intranscribable impression of content, not as a mood but as a condition. They seemed immersed in happiness the element,

natural as air, water or warmth, exiled to that lonely place and time from the ravaged slopes of Ararat.
One of the Elysian youths had run to a cache, artfully hidden

in the bush, and fetched an enormous gourd, fully the size of a five-gallon jug. The frond of a palm was quickly twisted into a funnel, filled with a nest of fragrant grass to act as a sieve, its small end tucked into the necks of our emptied canteens and the great gourd tipped to fill them with cool surra wine. took two long tingling drinks and handed our host the equivalent He glanced at the note, folded it slowly and mur-

mured a speech to the interpreter.

Of all the qualities which endear the African to those who know him best, that which is most frequently in evidence is his innate dignity. He is deliberate in his salutations, calm in the delivery of important news, slow to declare his wants and vociferous only under the sting of injustice or after he has worked himself into a rage by the graduated steps of an accepted formula His extraordinary self-possession is not a pose; it's his armor, so much so that if in the most ominous situation you once make him laugh he is as helpless as though you had tickled him to death. Ordinarily what a native says when you give him money can be ignored, but in this case there was just that shade of diference in intonation which should put one on guard. "What did he say?"

"He said," replied Five, "that since you are white men he accepts the money, but that a native would have had to pay him twice as much."
"What! He thinks five cents too little

> Five spoke to the publican, the two of them stared thoughtfully at the brimming five-gallon gourd and finally remarked that in their opinion it held more than two drinks.

"You mean ten cents for the whole jug?" "Of course," said Five,

with a measuring glance around at our combined following of eleven parched retainers, not one of whom had betrayed the slightest impatience to quench his thirst and whom, as a consequence, we had completely forgotten completely forgotten. We joyfully handed over twice the amount demanded, to the complete satisfaction of the publican, and when the misunderstanding was explained it became the joke of that and many days to follow.

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In spite of a busy morning, Cass had a tale of wee to tell. To give an example of how much can be said in a few words when one is not writing for money I quote from his journal the account of

this forenoon.

Friday. Sept. 24: Left 6:30.
Went east from camp. Saw wildebeest and they ran. Shot two for meat 200 yds. Later saw band of sable. at 2cc yds. Later saw band of sable. Shot at one Magudogudo said was bull—160. Boys said had missed but we put up the sable from grass about 150 yds. further on and dropped it. A female. Later in a.m. shot at one which all boys said was bull as it had largest horns. Made good shot. Female with long horns. Saw lone wildebeest with band of sable. Saw bunch of wildebeest. Met G. at surra camp."

The tragedy buried in these few lines could be unearthed only by a brother sportsman. Imagine that you have gone ten thousand miles for a six weeks' shoot, that you have alloted four precious days to the securing of a sable bull, that three of these days have drawn blanks and that on the fourth you come upon a



A steinbuck, in the hands of Magudogudo, Cass's chief tracker, "looking pleasant" for the camera.

"This little hole-in-the-wall is my New York home," explains Mr. Chamberlain. Incidentally, it is a miniature museum of natural history; the two fine heads of roan antelopes were shot by the author by the light of the moon.

band of sable which you know positively is headed by the object of your heart's desire. With your blood pounding in your veins, you still have the patience and the nerve to interpret the gestures of your trackers, pick out the beast they indicate, draw a careful bead, go out for the meat and get it. You've got him; you're in heaven; it's a cow; you're in hell. The whole trip seems to take on a deep black border.

In every such case, if one could penetrate the mind of the victim, it would be found to be busily planning ways and means for a return to Africa at some future date in order to nail a sable bull. But Cass was not destined to wait so long for his next chance. Greatly refreshed, we had left the surra camp and traveled half the long way home when one of our large following came to a sudden stop. Immediately everyone else did likewise and turned questioning glances on the "boy" who had been the first to halt. We all understood his action perfectly; it meant that he had caught a glimpse of something which aroused his curiosity but had not been clearly enough seen to justify the low whistle which is sounded only when the discoverer is sure of his ground and wishes to indicate game as actually in sight.

Cass and I dismounted and with the chief trackers, Magudo-gudo and Madada; Quambe, the camera carrier, and Five, as interpreter, rapidly threaded the bush until only a screen of foliage divided us from the great plain beyond. There we saw a drove of twenty-two sable feeding slowly in our general direction. They were fully four hundred yards away; the wind was right, but the light was on its last legs. Under an izonzo we found a clean, sandy knoll adequately protected by a natural blind and sat down, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of big game shooting and our retinue of advisers.

The sable were traveling slowly in a characteristic formation; half a dozen members of the band were in widely detached positions in the van, at the sides and in the rear of the main drove which formed a compact mass in the center. Owing to their isolation, these skirmishers bulked very large and one could

forgive the well-meant ardor with which Quambe and Five picked one after another of them for the bull. At each of their whispered guesses Magudogudo shrugged his shoulders, his face holding to an expression which seemed to say that never again would he name a male sable short of counting the rings on his horns; and just as often Madada shook his head in violent denial. He was too busy to speak. Seated on his heels with his bared head strategically placed between two fronds of a scrub palm, his eyes flickered incessantly across the backs of the more congested mass of antelopes and finally stopped with such suddenness as to give the illusion of an audible click.

From that instant they never wavered from the individual upon which they had settled. Even with field-glasses Cass and I could find no distinguishing variation in the herd of noble beasts, each armed with a mighty pair of saber-like horns; but Madada, making all due allowance for changing lights and shadows, had found one coat that consistently shone a shade darker than any of the others and had promptly picked it for the bull's. Even with Five interpreting it took us some time to identify the king of the herd, and when we did it was only to realize that a cow covered him in such a way that only his head and neck were visible. Cass, who had won the toss for the shot, fastened his binoculars on the bull and followed him step by step through minutes which began to seem like hours.

Relieved of all responsibility, my attention was free to revel in the details of a superb mise en scène and to weigh the dramatic factors of an extraordinary situation. The plain was bathed in the last clear blaze of the sun's full power. Save for the bit of cover that each had chosen, scarcely a blade of grass intervened between us and the full view of the grazing herd. Except for the agonizingly deliberate mincing steps of the drove of sable, nothing animate stirred; but to all of us it seemed that the sun fell by jerks toward the horizon, like the loose hands of an aged clock. Sitting there in pulsating immobility, we were nevertheless partakers in a three-cornered (Concluded on page 108)

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# The **Empty** Sack

A New Novel By Basil King

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

### The People in the Story:

JENNIE FOLLETT: An artist's model of humble birth, who recently married Bob Collingham against her inclinations, but immediately separated from him with the intention of keeping the marriage secret until his return from a trip of some months in South America.

LIZZIE FOLIETT: The strong-minded mother of Jennie; a woman thoroughly dis-illusioned and embittered in the struggle to make both ends meet Her husband, Josiah, had been discharged from the bank-ing firm of Collingham & Law on account of his age and had just died after fruitless efforts to find another job.

ROBERT BRADLEY COLLINGHAM: Head of the great banking house of Collingham & Law; the father of Bob and Edith—both of whom, he believes, should marry only within their own social set

MRS. JUNIA COLLINGHAM: The mother of Bob Knowing of her son's love for Jennie, she summoned the girl to Collingham Lodge and unexpectedly learned from her of Bob's marriage Believing that the mésalluance could cause only disaster, she offered Jennie \$25,000 to turnish Bob cause for a divorce.

HUBERT WRAY: An artist friend of the Collinghams for whom Jennie occasionally poses—and who is much nearer to Jennie's ideal of a lover than is Bob, her husband

TEDDY FOLLETT: Jennie's young brother, who has been taking small amounts of money from his employers, Collingham & Law, and giving it to his mother in his efforts to guard their little bome from financial disaster. The tear of detection has become an obsession with him and finally prompts him to betray himself by fleeing when he unexpectedly sees two detectives. Flynn and Jackman, watching him in the street



Both men stumbled to their feet, awed by something in Lizzie that was more than the majesty of grief.

UT Teddy did not double on his tracks in Nassau Street, for the reason that, in again looking over his shoulde, he saw that Flynn had taken one side of that thoroughfare and Jackman the other. They were burly men, who moved heavily, while he, in spite of his stocky build, gided in and out among the pedestrians with the agility of a squind. He was putting distance between himself and them, and five minutes' leeway would be enough for him. All he needed was the space and privacy in which to shoot himself.

At the corner of John Street, he turned to the left and made

At the corner of John Street, he turned to the left and made toward Broadway. They would expect him to do this, his chief hope being that among the homing swarms they would already have lost sight of him. His mind was not working He was not looking ahead, even over the few minutes he had still to live Al

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"What do you want him for?" On the threshold of the little entry she stood tall, black-robed, almost unearthly.

his instincts were fused into the fear of the hand of the law on his person. It was like Jennie's terror of the hand of a man she didn't love-a frenzy for physical sanctity stronger than the fear of

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At the same time, he couldn't run the risk of being more At the same time, he couldn't run the risk of being more noticeable than the majority of people going his way. As he pushed and dodged, a young man whom he had jostled called out, in ironic good humor, "Say, is the cop after you?" at which Teddy almost lost his head. He expected a crowd to gather, and three or four men to hold him by the arms till Jackman and Flynn came up. But nothing happened. The protesting young man was lost in the scramble, and he, Teddy, found himself in Broadway. Broadwa

Reaching the opposite pavement, he had time to see that Reaching the opposite pavement, he had that he, and Jackman had crossed lower down and more easily than he, and was burnly toward him from the down-town direction. The

A serious. masterly study of the American family of to-day



boy didn't dare to run, because the action would have marked him out, but he started again on his snakelike gliding between pedestrians. must gain some doorway, some cellar, some hole of any sort, in which to draw his pistol. He would have drawn it there and then, only that a hundred hands would have seized him.

All at once he saw the open portal of a great mercantile company, leading to a vast interior with which he was familiar. There were several exits and many floors. Once he had turned in here, he could cross the

scent. In he went, with scores who were doing likewise, passing scores who were coming His first intention was to avoid the conspicuous exit toward Dey Street and make for the less obvious one into Fulton Street; but, in doing that, he passed a line of some twenty lifts of which one was about to close its door. He slipped into it like a hare into its warren. The door clanged; the lift moved upward with an its warren. The door clanged; the lift moved upward with an oily speed. Among his companions he was hot, flurried, breathless, and yet not more so than any other young clerk who had been doing an errand against time.

There were nearly thirty floors, and he got off at the twentythird. He chose the twenty-third so as not to get off too soon, and yet not call attention to himself by remaining in the lift when most of its occupants had left it. The floor was spacious and almost empty. A few people were waiting for a lift to take them down; a few were going in and out of offices, but otherwise he had the place to himself.

Mechanically, he walked to a window and looked out. He seemed to be up in the sky, with only the tops of a few giant cubes

on a level with himself.

Except for the dull roar that came up and the clang of an occasional footstep along the hallways, it was so still and pleasant that the need to shoot himself seemed for the minute less insistent. It would have to be faced sooner or later, but when it comes to suicide, even a few minutes' respite is something. He could have done the thing right there and then by the window, where the few people within hearing would have run to him at sound of the shot. If the shot didn't kill him, they would keep him from firing another. Publicity, distasteful in itself, might lead to ineffectuality

He must find a lavatory, and so began walking up and down the corridors, looking at doors discreetly placed in corners. When he came to his objective, it was locked. Again it was re-The same door would be on other floors, but he was not prieve. ready for the moment to forsake his shelter. It was true that at any minute Flynn and Jackman might emerge from the lift, but there were nearly thirty chances that if they had followed him so closely, they would not select this landing. Even more were the

chances that they had not seen him slip into the building at all.

He wondered if he were awake. Was it possible that ten or fifteen minutes could have transformed him from a hard-working, home-loving boy into a fugitive who had no choice left but to shoot himself? As for facing the disgrace, he did not consider it. To stand before his mother charged with theft, even if it was on her behalf, was not to be thought of. He couldn't do it, and there was an end to it. Still less could he go through the other incidentals, handcuffs, a cell, the court, the sentence, Bitterwell, and the lifetime that would come after his release. He could put the pistol to his heart, and, if necessary, he could burn in hell-if there was a hell; but he couldn't do the other thing.

And yet to put the pistol to his heart and burn in hell formed a lamentable choice on their side.

"I'm not a thief," he protested inwardly. "I took the money how could I help it, with dad sick and ma at the end of every. thing?-but I'm not a thief."

He was sure of that. It became a formula, not perhaps of comfort but of justification. Had he been a thief, he told himself, he could have faced the music; but it was precisely because he had taken money while preserving his inner probity that he refused to be judged by the standards of men. Once more he couldn't express it in this way to himself; but it was the conclusion to which his instincts leaped. Only one tribunal could discern between the good and evil in his case; so he was resolved to go before it.

In a quiet corner he began to cry. He was only a boy, with a boy's facility of emotion, especially of distress. He cried at the thought of his mother and the girls, with no one to fend for them, and no Teddy coming home in the evenings. It was true that, apart from his filchings, he had been able to fend for them only to the extent of eighteen per, but there was always a chance of better days ahead. Even at the worst of times, they had a good deal of

fun among themselves, and now

No; it wasn't possible. He couldn't be skyed on that twentythird floor, unable to come down, unable to go home. It must be a nightmare. Such things didn't happen. He was Teddy Follett, a good boy at heart, with an honorable record in the navy. He had never meant to steal, but what could he do? The money was there, to be stacked in the vaults of Collingham & Law's, not to be touched for months very likely, and the home needs imperative. He couldn't see his father and mother turned out of house and home because they couldn't pay their taxes. It was not in common sense. Nothing was in common sense. That he should be dragged into court, that his mother should break her heart, that shame should be showered on his sisters was ridiculous. Somewhere in the universe there was a great big principle that was on his side, though he didn't know what it was. What he did know was that crying was unmanly. Sopping up

his tears, and trying not to think, he jumped into the first lift that stopped and got out at floor eleven. There he

went straight to the lavatory which he now knew how to place, and once more found the door locked. Though again it was reprieve, it was reprieve almost unwelcome. The first passing lift was going upward, and so he ascended to floor seventeen.

Here again the lavatory was locked, as it was on floors nineteen and twenty-five, both of which he tried. He began to understand that they were locked according to a principle, and that for those seeking privacy in which to shoot themselves they

offered no resource.

Moreover, offices were closing and the great ailding emptying itself rapidly. The rush was all Moreover, offices were building emptying itself rapidly. The rush was an building emptying itself rapidly. He, too, must go the corridors in corridors to the lifts going downward. He, too, must go downward. To be found skulking in corridors where he had no business would expose him to suspicion. After nearly an hour spent above he

descended to the atrium, where Flynn and Jackman might be watching the cages disgorge, knowing that in time he must appear

from one of them.

But he walked out without interference. A far hint of twilight was deepening the atmosphere round the heads of the great columns, and the waning sunshine spoke of workers seeking rest. Streams of men and women, mostly young, were setting towards each of the exits, to Broadway, to Fulton Street, to Dev Street; and he had only to drop into one of them. He chose that toward Dey Street, finding himself in

the open air, in full exercise of his liberty.

He was in the up-town subway, with no outward difference between himself and the scores of other young men scanning the evening papers. Because he didn't know what else to do, he got out at Chambers Street. He got out at Chambers Street because there was a ferry there which would take him over to New Jersey. He went over to New Jersey because it was his habit at this hour of the day, and to follow his habit somehow preserved his sanity. To be on the same side of the river as his home was a faint, futile consolation.

And while on the ferry-boat, a new idea came to him. In the Erie station he should find a telephone-booth from which he could ring up his mother and inform her



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that he was not to be home that night. Though it would do no good in the end, it would at least save her from immediate alarm. Flynn and Jackman were unknown by face to the family, and if they rang at the door in search of him, they would probably not tell their tale. Before he reached the other side, he had concocted a story of which his only fear was as to his ability to tell it on the wire without breaking down.

It was a bit of good luck to be answered by Gladys, whom he

"Hello, Gladys! This is Ted. Tell ma I'm in Paterson, and shall not get home to-night or to-morrow night.

He could hear Gladys calling into the interior of the house:

"Well, what do you know about that? Ted's at Paterson and not coming home to-night or to-morrow night." Into the receiver, she said, "But, Ted, what'll they say at the bank?" "I may not go back to the bank. This is a new job. You remember the fellow I was working for on the side? Well, he's put

member the reliow I was working for on the side? Well, he's put me into this, and perhaps I'm going to make money."

"Oh, Ted," Gladys called delightedly; "how many plunks?"

"It—it isn't a salary," he stammered. "I—I may be in the firm. To-morrow I may have to go to Philadelphia. Tell ma not to worry—and not to miss me. I'll try to call up from Philadelphia, but if I can't— Well, anyhow, give my love to ma and workbody, and if I'm not home the day after to-morrow don't everybody, and if I'm not home the day after to-morrow, don't think anything about it."

He put up the receiver before Gladys could ask any more questions, and felt ready to cry again. In order not to do that, he walked out of the station into the street, where the presence of the crowds compelled him to self-control. Having nothing to do and nowhere to go, he walked on and on, getting some relief from his desolation by the mere fact of movement.

So he walked and walked and walked, headed vaguely toward the outskirts of Hoboken. There were vest marshes there into which he could stray and be lost. The rank grasses in this early August season were almost as high as his shoulders, so that he could lie down and be beyond all human ken. His body might not be found for weeks, might never be found at all. Teddy Follett would simply disappear, his fate remaining a mystery.

Toward seven o'clock, the shabby suburbs began to show their primrose-colored lights—a twinkle here, a twinkle there, stringing out in longer streets to scattered bits of garland. Teddy felt hungry. Counting his money and finding that he had two dollars and thirty-one cents, he was sorry not to be able to transmit the two dollars to his mother.

town as the ocean invaded the marshes. On entering, he asked for two tongue sandwiches and half a dozen doughnuts. The woman who wrapped up the sandwiches and dropped the an English-speaking foreigner of the Scandinavian type, blond, dumpy, with a row of bad teeth and piercing blue eyes. As she performed her task, she seemed not to take her eyes away from him, though her smile was kind, and she called his attention to the fact that she was giving him seven doughnuts for his six.
"You don't lif rount here?" she asked, in counting out the

change for his dollar.

"No; just going up the road."
"Well, call again," she said politely, as he took his parcels and went out.

Having eaten his two sandwiches, he felt better, in the sense of being stronger and more able to face the thing that had to be done. He was now quite out on the marshes, the long, flat road cutting straight across them to the nearest little town. The lights were rarer, but still there were lights, their saffron growing more and more luminous as the colors of the sunset paled out. An occasional motor passed him, but never a man on foot.

He could have turned in anywhere, and perhaps for that reason he put off doing so. It would be easier, he argued, to shoot himself after dark. It was not dark as yet-only the long August gloaming. Moreover, the tramping was a relief, soothing his nerves and working off some of his horror. He wished he could go on with it, on and on, into the unknown, where he would be beyond recognition. But that was just where the trouble was. For the fugitive from justice, recognition always lays in wait. He had often heard his father say that, in the banking business, you could get away with a thing for years and years, and yet recognition would spring on you when least expected. As for himself, recognition could meet him in any little town in New Jersey. They would have his picture in the paper by to-morrow-and besides, what was the use?

The dark was undeniably falling when he noticed on the right a lonely shack with nothing but the marsh all round it. Coming nearly abreast of it, he detected a rough path toward it through the grass. He had no need of a path, no need of a shack, but the path and the shack being there they offered something to make for.

path and the snack being there they offered something to make for. Since he was obliged to turn aside, he might as well do it now. So aside he turned. The path was hardly a path, and had apparently not been used that year. Wading through the dank grasses which caught him about the feet, he could hear small living things hopping away from his tread, or a marsh-bird rise with a frightened whir of wings. Water gushed into his shoes, but that, he declared, wouldn't matter, as he would so soon be out of the reach of catching cold.



The building proved to be all that fire had left of a shanty knocked together long ago, probably for laborers working on the road. The walls were standing, and it was not quite roofless. There was no door, and the window was a mere hole, but as he ventured within, he found the flooring sound. At least, it bore his weight, and, what was more amazing still, he tripped over a rough bench which the fire had spared and the former occupants had not thought worth the carting away.

It was the very thing. Shooting oneself was something to be erformed with ritual. You lay down, stretched yourself out, performed with ritual.

and did it with a form of decency.

First, he drew the pistol from his hip Teddy groped his way. bocket, laying it carefully on the floor and within reach of his Next he sat down for a minute, but, fearing he would begin to think, lifted his feet to the bench, lowered his back, and straightened himself to his full, flat length. Putting down his hand, he found he could touch the pistol easily, and therefore let it lie. He let it lie only because he had not vet decided where to fire—at his heart or into his temple.

Outside the hut there was a hoarse, sleepy croak, then another, and another and another. The dangers of light being past, the and another and another. frogs were waking to their evening chant. Teddy had always loved this dreamy, monotonous lullaby, reminiscent of spring twilights and approaching holidays. He was glad now that it would be the last sound to greet his ears on earth. Since he had to go, it would croon to him softly, cradle him gently, letting the night of the soul come down on him consolingly. He was not frightened; he was only tired-oddly tired, considering where he was. It would be easier to fall asleep than do anything else, listening to the co-ax, co-ax, co-ax, with which

the darkness round was filled.

And right at that minute, Flynn, with low chuckles of laughter, was telling Mrs. Flynn of the extraordinary adventure of the afternoon. "We didn't have nothin' on the young guy at all till we seen him look over at us scared-like, and he tuck to

It was a cozy scene-Flynn in his shirt-sleeves and slippers smoking his pipe in the dining-room of Harlem apartment, while his wife, a plump, pretty woman, was putting away the spoons and forks in the drawer of the yellow-oak sideboard. The noisy Flynn children being packed off to bed, the father could unbend and become confidential.

his heels."

"It's about three weeks now since Tackman put me wise to money leakin' from Collingham & Law's, and we couldn't tell where First, we'd the hole was. size up one fella, and then another; but we'd say it couldn't be him or him. We looked over this young Follett with the rest, but only with the rest, and found but wan thing again' him."
"Didn't he lose his

father a short while back?"

Yes; and that was what made us think of

him. Old Follett was fired from the bank eight or nine months ago, and yet the family had gone on livin' very much as they always done."

"That'd be to their credit, wouldn't it?" Mrs. Flynn suggested

"It'd be to some one's credit; and the thing we wanted to know was if it was to Collingham & Law's. But we hadn't a thing on him. We found out he'd paid for the old man's funeral, and the

grave, and all that; but whether old Follett had left a little wad or whether the young guy'd found it lyin' around loose, we couldn't make out at all. And then this afternoon, as Jackman and me was talkin' it over on the other side o' Broad Street, who should come out but me little lord! Well, wan look give the whole show away. The third degree couldn't ha' been neater. The very eyes of him when he seen us on the other side o' the street says, 'My God, they've got me!' So off he goes—and off we goes—up Broad Street—into Wall Street—across to Nassau Street-up Nassau Street-round the corner into John Streetup to Broadway-over Broadway-and then we lost him. But we'd done the trick. To-morrow, when he comes to the bank, we'll have him on the grill. Sooner or later, he'd ha' been on the grill anyhow.

'But suppose he doesn't come?" "That'll be a worse give-away than ever."

She turned from the drawer, asking of the Follett family, and learning whatever he had to tell.

"And you say he's a fine boy of about twenty-one."
"That'd about be his age. Yes; a fine, upstanding lad—and very pop'lar with Jackman he's always been."

She waited a minute before saying,

"Oh, Peter, I wish you'd let him off."
"Ah, now, Tessie," he expostulated, "there you go again! If you had your way, there'd be no law at all.'

"Well, I wish there wasn't." He laughed with a jolly guffaw.

'If there was no law, and no one to break it, where'd your trip to the beach be this summer, and the new Ford car I'm goin' to get for the boys? Anyhow, even if we do get him with the goods on him, which we're pretty sure

o' doin' now, he'll be recommended to mercy on account of his youth, and p'r'aps be let off with two years.

"Yes-and what'll he be when he comes out?"

Getting up, he pulled her to him, with his arm across her shoulder.

"Ah, now, Tessie, don't be lookin' so far ahead. That's you all over."

And he kissed her.

Gladys, that evening, kissed her mother, in the hope of kissing away her foreboding. Lizzie had not been satisfied with Teddy's story on the telephone.

"I don't understand why he didn't ask to speak to me," she kept repeat-

"Oh, momma," Gussie explained to her, "don't you see? It was a long-distance call. Three minutes is all he was allowed, and of course he didn't want to pay double. Here's his chance to make money that we've all been praying for since the year one; and you pull a long face over it. Cheer up, momma; do! Smile! Smile more! There! That's better. Ted said himself that you were not to miss him.

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So Lizzie did her best

to smile, only saying in her heart, "I don't understand his not speaking to me."



It was to be called Eve Tempting the Serpent, a semi-human reptile was to be aroused to the concept of evil by a woman's beauty and abandonment.

#### XVII

TEDDY woke to a brilliant June sunshine, and that calling of marsh-birds which is not song. He woke with a start, and with terror. He was still on the bench, though turned over on his side, and with the pistol in view. He needed a minute to get his



"The figure of the model is exact," Hubert explained, "but I did have to make changes in the features. It wouldn't have done otherwise.

wits together, to piece out the meaning of the blackened walls, the sagging floor, and the sunlight streaming through the rent in the roof. A hole that had once been a door and another that had once been a window let the summer wind play over his hot face, bringing a soft refreshment.

Dragging himself to a sitting-posture, his first sensation was one of relief. "I'm alive!" He hadn't done the thing he had planned last night! Merciful sleep had nailed him to the bench, keeping him motionless, unconscious. The pistol had lain within reach of his hand, and was there still; it could do duty still, but for the moment he was alive. Had he ever asked God for help or thanked him when it came, he would have gone down on his knees and done it now; but the habit was foreign to the Follett family He could only thank the purposeless Chance, which is the god

most of us know best.

But he was glad. Twelve hours previously, he had not supposed it possible ever to be glad again. It had been a nightmare, he reasoned now, or, if not a nightmare, it had been thought out of focus. He hadn't seen straight and normally. It was as if he had been drunk or mildly insane. He recalled experiences during naval nights ashore, at Brest or Bordeaux or Hampton Roads, when, after a glass or two of something, his mind had taken on this fevered twist in which all life had gone red.

Bickley had read this from the lines of his profile. "Forehead slightly concave; mouth and chin distinctly convex; tends to act before he thinks." The other traits had been satisfactory, indicating pluck, patience, fidelity, and cheerfulness of outlook.

The cheerfulness of outlook asserted itself now. Since he was

alive on a glorious summer morning, the two great assets of a man, himself and the outside world, were still at his command. Nevertheless, he didn't blink the facts.

"I'm not a thief-but I took the money. They're after me, and they mustn't get me. I'll shoot myself first; but I don't have to shoot myself—yet."

He would not have to shoot himself so long as he was safe, and safety might take many turns. The abandoned, half-burnt sty in which he had found refuge was a fortress in its very loneliness. Close to the road, close to Hoboken, not very far from Pemberton Heights, it had probably no visitor but a toad or a bird or a truant boy from twelvemonth to twelvemonth.

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His chief danger was that of being seen. The door and the window were both on the side toward the road. By avoiding the one and ducking under the other, he could move, but he could move very little. That little, however, would stretch his

muscles and relieve the intolerable idleness.

The idleness, he knew, would be irksome. By looking at his watch, which had not run down, he found it was six o'clock. The six-o'clock stir was also in the air. Motors had begun to dash along the road, and market-garden teams were lumbering toward the big town. He was hungry again, but with his seven dough-nuts still in the bag, he couldn't starve to death.

By getting on the floor he found a peep-hole just above the level of the grass through which he could see without detection. This must be his spying-place. Unlikely as it was that anyone would track him to this lair, he must be carefully on the lookout. would track him to this lair, he must be carefully on the location. What he should do if threatened with a visitor was not very clear to him. There being no exit except by the door, and the door being toward the road from which a visitor would naturally approach, there was no escape on that side. Escape being out of the question, there would only remain—the other thing. The other thing was always the great possibility. He hadn't abandoned the thought of it; he had only postponed the necessity. He would live as long as he could; and yet the necessity of the other thing would probably arise. If it arose, he hoped he should get through it by that tendency which he recognized in himself as clearly as Mr. Bickley had read it from his profile to act before he thought.

With this as a possibility, he got down to his peep-hole, put the pistol near him on the floor, and began on his doughnuts. For breakfast, he allowed himself three, keeping the rest for his midday needs. When darkness fell he would steal out and buy midday needs. more. He could do this as long as his money held out, and before it was spent something would probably have happened. What that something would be he did not forecast. He was in a fix where forecasting wasn't possible. The minute was the only

thing, and a thing that had grown precious.

So he settled down amid filth and slime and the débris of charred wood to watch and wait and cling to his life till he could cling to it no longer.

Later that morning, Mrs. Collingham motored from Marillo to see Hubert Wray's much discussed picture, "Life and Death," in a famous dealer's gallery in Fifth Avenue. It had hung there in a famous dealer's gallery in Fifth Avenue. It had hung there a week, and though the season was dead, it was being talked about. Among the few in New York who care for the art of painting, the picture had "caught on." The important critics had honored it with articles, in which one wrote black and another white with an equal authority. The important middlemen had come in to look at it, saying to each other, "En voilà un qui va faire son chemin." The important connoisseurs had made a point of viewing it, with their customary fear of expressing admiration for the work of a native son. From the few who knew, the interest was spreading to the many who didn't know but were anxious to appear as if they did.

Junia's introduction to the picture had caused her some chagrin. She had not ranked Hubert among the important family acquaintances, and when he came down to Collingham Lodge for a night or two, as occasionally he did, she presented him to only the more negligible neighbors. "A young man Bob met in France," was all the explanation he required.

But in dining out recently she had been led in to dinner by a man of unusual enlightenment, with whose flair and discernment she liked to keep abreast. To do this, she was accustomed to fall back on such scraps of reviews or art-notes as drifted to her through the papers, bringing them out with that knack of "put-ting her best goods in the window" which was part of her social equipment. Books and the theater being too light for her attention, she was fond of displaying in music and painting the expertise of a patroness. She could not only talk of Boldini and Cézanne, of Paul Dukas and Vincent d'Indy, but could throw off the names of younger men just coming into view as if eagerly following their development.

Her neighbor's comments on the new picture, "Life and Death," at the Kahler Gallery were of value to her chiefly because they were up to date and told her what to say. "A reaction against the cubists and post-impressionists in favor of an art rich in color, suggestion, and significance," was a useful phrase, and one easy to remember. But not having caught the painter's name, she felt it something of a shock when, with the impressiveness of one whose notice confers recognition, her escort went on to remark: "I'm going to look up this young Hubert Wray and ask him down to Marillo. You and Bradley will be interested in meeting him."

Junia's chagrin was inward, of course, and arose from the fact of having had a budding celebrity like a tame cat about the house not merely without suspecting it but without keeping in touch with the thing he was creating. At the same time, she couldn't have been the woman she was had it not been for the faculty of tuning herself up to any necessary key.

Her smile was of the kind that grants no superiority even to a

man of unusual enlightenment.

You can't imagine how interested I am in hearing your opinion of the dear boy's work, and so I've been letting you run on He happens to be a very intimate friend of ours-he comes down to stay with us every few weeks-and I've been watching his development so keenly. I really do think that with this picture he'll arrive; and to have a man like you agree with me delights

me beyond words."

It was also the excuse she needed for calling Hubert up. More than two months had passed since her meeting with Jennie, and the twenty-five thousand dollars was still lying to her credit at the bank. She was not unaware of a reason for this, in that Bradley had told her of old Follett's death, and even a "bad girl" like Jennie must be allowed some leeway for grief. But Follett had been nearly two weeks in his grave, and still the application for the twenty-five thousand didn't come. Unless a could be found for keeping Bob in South America, he would soon be on his way homeward, and she, Junia, was growing anxious. To be face to face with Hubert would give her the opportunity she was looking for.

He met her at the street entrance to the Kahler Gallery, conducting her through the main exposition of canvases to a little shrine in the rear. It was truly a shrine, hung in black velvet, and with no lighting but that which fell indirectly on the vivid, vital thing just sprung into consciousness of life, like Aphrodite risen from the sea-foam. But, just sprung into consciousness of life, she had been called on at once to contemplate death, eying it with a mysterious spiritual courage. The living gleam of flesh, the marble of the throne, and the skull's charnel ugliness stood out against a blue-green atmosphere, like that of some

other plane.

Junia was startled, not by the power and beauty of this apparition but by something else. "You've—you've changed her," she said, with awed breath-

lessness, after gazing for three or four minutes in silence.

"You mean the model?"

She nodded a "Yes," without taking her eyes from the extraordinary vision.

You've seen her?" he asked, in mild surprise.

"Just once."

"The figure is exact," he explained, "but I did have to make changes in the features. It wouldn't have done otherwise. "No; of course not."

More minutes passed in silent contemplation, when she said: "I thought there was more of the gleam of the red in amber in the hair. This hair is a brown with a little red in it."
"I got it as nearly as I could," he felt it enough to say.
shade and sheen and silkiness of hair are always difficult."

After more minutes of hushed gazing, Junia made a venture. She spoke in that insinuating, sympathetic tone which in moments of tensity a woman can sometimes take toward a man. "You're in love with her-aren't you?"

He jerked his head in the direction of the nude woman. "With her? That model? Why, no! What made you think

Junia was disconcerted. "Oh, only—only the hints that have seeped through, when you didn't think you were giving anything away.

He said, with some firmness:

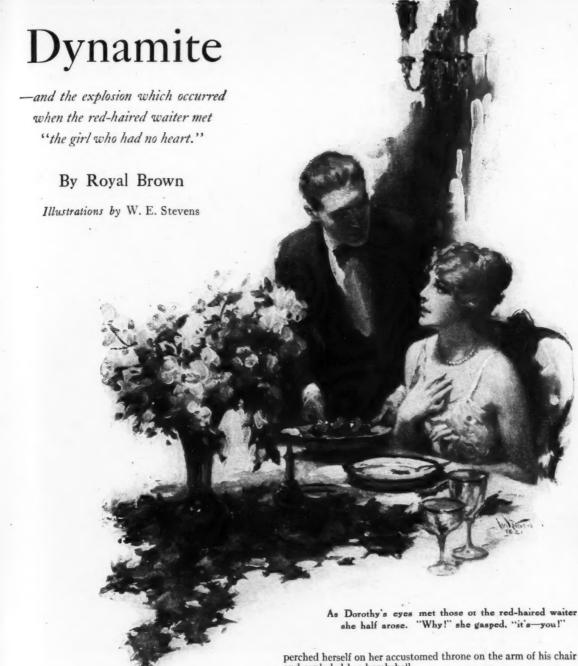
"I never meant to give that away-or to hint that it wasthat it was love—a rouleuse of the studios, whom any fellow can

Junia felt like a person roaming aimlessly through sand who suddenly stumbles on gold. There was more here than, for the moment, she could estimate. All she could see were possibilities; but there was one other point as to which she needed to be sure. It was conceivable that the thing might have been painted long ago, before Bob's departure for South America, in which case it would lose at least some of its value for her purpose.

"When did you do this, Hubert?"
"Oh, just within the last few weeks."

With her usual swiftness of decision, she This was enough. had her plans in mind.

"What are you asking?"
He named his price. It was a large (Continued on page 143)



VENTUALLY, when time had assuaged her mortification, and the old truth that nothing is as bad as it seems at the moment had once again proved its verity, Dorothy Baird's mother changed her tune. Indeed, she even maintained that she had not been surprised in the least. This was not so, and both her husband, to whom she attributed one-half the blame, and Dorothy, to whom was attributed the other half her than the statement of the control of the statement of the statem the other half, knew it was not so.

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"Dorothy was bad enough before she went to Gibraltar," she elaborated, "but since then—" words failed her; she gestured expressively. "I fought from the first against her going, but, as usual, her father abetted her."

This was unfair. The first intimation of what was working in Dorothy's charming head had roused her father to a protest as violent as her mother could have wished. When the war had come, he had felt a certain shamed relief in the knowledge that Dorothy was a girl and couldn't go. And then, one night, she had

and exploded her bombshell.

"Daddy," she had said, "don't you think it would be nice if I went over. As a nurse or an ambulance-driver or a telephonegirl or—something?"

The smile that never failed to light his face at the sight of her, no matter what cares might be pressing upon him, vanished abruptly.

"Great Scott!" he had ejaculated. "I never heard of such nonsense."

They argued it then and thereafter. He was a strong man, a relentless man, a man who, if you believed his contemporaries, rode roughshod over opposition. But Greek had met Greek, and two months before the war finished Dorothy sailed for France. She thought then she was on her way to the front, but in Paris she found herself assigned to Gibraltar. For that she had her

she found herself assigned to Gloraltar. For that she had her father to thank—although she did not thank him.

"If the war had lasted another month," she told him on her return, "I'd have managed to get out of the hole you got me stuck in. I wish it had—although I'm glad to have peace."

"So am I," he assured her, with grim devoutness.

It was not fair, therefore, to blame him for the sequel to Doro-

thy's Gibraltar days. But Mrs. Baird stood in sad need of a scapegoat. For say what she might, she, of the twelve people who were seated at her table that evening, was the most surprised and assuredly the most horrified at what then happened.

One of Boston's most eligible young bachelors— to wit, Winslow Warren was Dorothy's dinner-partner. Ever since she had returned from Gibraltar, Winslow Warren had been striving, by every artifice known to man, to teach Dorothy the oldest of lessons. She seemed a willing enough pupil, putting no obstacles in his way. But obstacles in his way. she did seem slow to learn, although quick in other As teaching was ways. Warren's chosen profession -he was an instructor at Harvard, where, in due time, he would undoubtedly reach a full professorshiphe never questioned his methods.

The conclusion he had come to was that Dorothy had no heart. He was unwise enough to tell her so. The suggestion, of course, fascinated her, and she lost no chance to prove he was

right. This should have finished Needless to say, it him. didn't. Even Dorothy's frank assurance that bugs and caterpillars bored her to death-this being her deplorable way of referring to his specialty-seemed but to make him the more persistent. Perhaps if Dorothy had confessed to him- But she had not confessed that even to herself. Modern though she was, down to her lovely finger-tips, she could not be expected to admit that she might have loved one of whom she had seen so very little and who, in the two years that had elapsed since Armistice day, had made no effort to see

This was the situation when the twelve sat down to a most formal dinner in the Baird home, on the right side of Beacon Street, physically and socially, with rear windows looking out across the river to Cambridge. It had come to the Bairds by purchase, unfortunately, and not by inheritance—the right way, if one wishes a place in Boston society. Mrs. Baird did.

Even while she tried to establish a reputation for brilliance and wit by conversing lightly and brightly with Myles Warren, Winslow's uncle and a retired banker who was neither light nor bright, she watched, with critical keenness, to surprise any flaw in the service. So it was that she saw the red-headed waiter, who, at the moment, stood behind Dorothy. He was an outside man. Bingham, the butler, had secured him for this dinner. Mrs. Baird was surprised that Bingham should not have realized that a red-headed waiter was, in some way hard to analyze, but none the less indisputable, too informal for a very formal dinner.

Furthermore, though deft and moving with the mechanical



That the storm had broken was evident; Dorothy knew from one swift glance at her father

precision all good waiters function with, he lacked that carvedwood expression that is absolutely essential to perfection. In truth, though his lips and face were grave, there was something queer about his eyes. These were upon Dorothy, lovelier than ever in evening dress, and he looked—well, absorbed!

ever in evening dress, and he looked—well, absorbed!

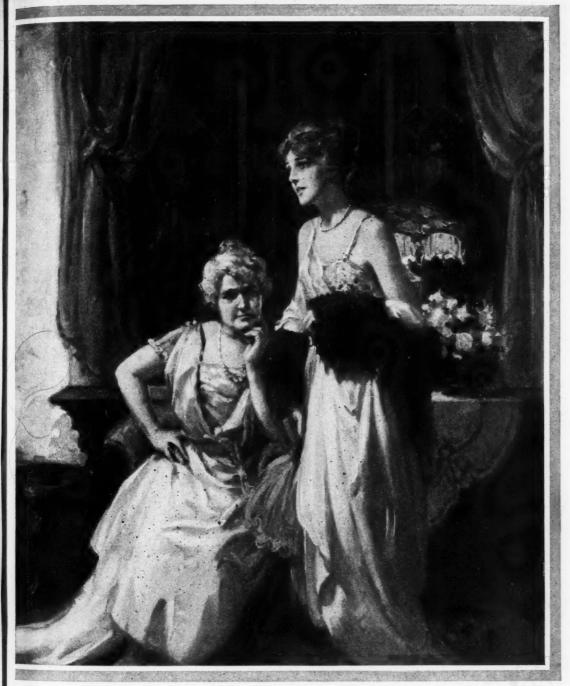
A horrible suspicion gripped Mrs. Baird. The Wyeths had had to discharge a footman because they discovered he was a socialist. "It affected his service," Mrs. Wyeth had explained. "He had such a funny way of looking at us—as if—well, you know what I mean."

The waiter, it struck Mrs. Baird, was looking at Dorothy just

that way.

The thought so unsettled her that she lost all track of what Winslow Warren's uncle was saying. Conscious of his affronted state, she plunged desperately.

"Oh, yes," she said blithely; "I agree perfectly—"
This, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is perfectly safe.



that her mother had been at him. "May I ask you where—and when—you saw him last?" Mrs. Baird questioned.

But this was indubitably the hundredth time. Myles Warrenhe was the head of the Warren family and his approval was to be valued accordingly—gaped at her as if he doubted her sanity.
"I don't," he snorted.
"Horrors! What have I said?" thought Mrs. Baird, ar

What have I said?" thought Mrs. Baird, and prayed for a diversion.

The diversion came at once, but it was hardly what she would have chosen. The red-headed waiter, bending over Dorothy, was offering service, and Dorothy, for some inexplicable reason, raised her eyes above his shirt-front, where waiters, of course, end as far as the eyes of the diners are concerned. As she met his eyes, a lovely blush swept up toward the burnished wave of her blond hair—Dorothy was a brown-eyed, dark-lashed blonde—and she half rose.
"Why," she gasped, "it's—you!"

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The platter he carried was all that saved the remaining conventions from being shattered. He moved it swiftly, to prevent collision-Winslow Warren ducked apprehensively as he saw it coming his way-and Dorothy tardily remembered where she was and what was expected of her. She caught a glimpse of her mother's face, looking like immortal horror carved in flint, and, losing poise for once in her self-assured young existence, sank back in her chair. The table had gone utterly silent; every eye was upon her. She blushed rosier than ever, and then lifted her head and smiled her loveliest.

"Mr. Mulligan," she said very clearly, "and I met in Gibraltar—during the war, you know." Then she looked up at the red-

Warren behaved nobly. Indeed, conversation all about the table had become brilliant, spirited. Everybody was anxious to demonstrate by an unwonted sprightliness that he hadn't noticed anything out of the way.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Baird was not deceived. In one moment,

Dorothy had undone what it had taken her years to achieve. Even while she determinedly maintained a smile—"Our girls met so many young men during the war and became interested in them in such a fine way," she informed the Warren connection she felt a consuming need to get at Dorothy and release the flood of recrimination that surged and seethed within her. But

from the table they all went to the opera.

Garden was superb in "Thais," but her voice that night hardly rippled Mrs. Baird's consciousness. Then, when the opera was over, Dorothy, deliberately evaded her mother's eyes, announced

that she would walk home.

This was her custom, and usually her mother abetted her, abetted her, that is, when Winslow Warren might accompany her. He did to-night, but that but put fresh edge on Mrs. Baird's bitterness. As for Dorothy, she was only delaying the moment of reckoning and she knew it. After she had bade War-ren good-night and entered the house, she found her mother waiting. That the storm had already broken was evident. father stood by the open fire, his hands in his pockets, and Dorothy knew, from one swift glance, that her mother had been at

"Well?" demanded Mrs. Baird ominously.

Dorothy let her cloak slip from her slim, lovely shoulders.

Instinct bade her evade with a show of innocence, but she scorned it.

"I'm very sorry to have annoyed you so," she said, "but I was

surprised to see him here.

"So I gathered," commented Mrs. Baird. "May I ask you where—and when you saw him last?"
"At Gibraltar, as I said," replied Dorothy. "He was one of the

men who came to the Y there

The fury she had suppressed all the evening slipped its leash and got the better of Mrs. Baird's tongue. "He seems to have made a deep impression on you. I—"

The decorous entrance of Bingham, the butler, stopped her

short.

"You wished to see me, ma'am?" he said respectfully.

Word to that effect had indeed been sent below by Mrs. Baird, but she hardly wished to see him at this moment. But she controlled herself.

"There was an extra waiter to-night—the red-headed one," she informed him. "Where did you get him?"

He came at the last moment, ma'am. I had already secured the same man we had last time and who, as you will remember, if I may be pardoned for saying so, gave perfect satisfac-tion. But he was sick, and he sent him—the red-headed one, as you put it, ma'am-to take his place. I trust he was satis-

"I prefer dark-haired waiters," Mrs. Baird evaded.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am, but so do I," Bingham asvery much on his dignity-he, as he told the chef later, wasn't married to her and there was no need of his taking any of her lip. "Put it was, as you might say, Hobson's choice. There was no time to get anybody else."

"Very well," she acknowledged; "but I trust it will not happen

again.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bingham and withdrew, the perfect

pattern of his kind.

Nevertheless, below stairs he informed the chef that the missus was reading the riot act up in the drawing-room and that the master looked as if he had gotten a bit of his ear taken off, while Miss Dorothy was red as fire and that this was what he, Bingham got, for working for hoi polloi.

It was as well that there was no little bird to repeat this to Mrs. Baird—as well for the little bird, which would have probably had its neck wrung for its pains, and surely as well for Dorothy and her father. For even as matters stood, the storm

broke anew upon Bingham's withdrawal.

"As for you," Mrs. Baird informed Dorothy, by way of peroration, "I have done my best for you. But it is useless, I wash

my hands of you."
"I wish you would, mother," said Dorothy, in all seriousness. The gesture Mrs. Baird made might be literally termed a flinging of arms to the high ceiling; actually it was an invitation to high heaven to witness this last indignity put upon her.

"And that," she wailed, "is all the thanks I get!"

The door closed behind her with an indubitable slam—

Bingham, below stairs heard it distinctly-and Dorothy and her father were alone. He sighed, and then, as a log in the fireplace fell forward with a shower of sparks, he took the tongs and put it back in place.

"There is something in this society game," he commented,

when this was done, "that seems to change a woman. Your mother-

Dorothy put her hands on the lapels of his evening coat, "Poor daddy!" she commiserated. "I suppose you got fits, too."

"I did," he admitted grimly.

They made a pretty picture standing there, her face turned up to his and his miraculously softened. She was to him a neverceasing blessing, even when she set her will against his. "Aren't you going to confide in your old dad?" he asked

persuasively.

"There's nothing to confide. He was at Gib—one of the boys from the sub-chasers, you know. He used to drop into the \( \frac{1}{4} \), and one night he wanted to buy a Spanish lottery ticket—"

"And the next day you turned the grand prize over to him." She wrinkled her nose at him.

"The next day was Armistice day. And he didn't win any

"Too bad! What did he say to that?"

"Oh, I didn't see him again—that is, to speak to."

"But you saw him?

She smiled and snuggled against his shoulder.

"They had a big celebration with sailors from all the ships piling into trucks and rushing through town singing all sorts of the 'Hail Hail the Gang's All Here' and 'Tipperary.' And one truck had a galvanized barrel hitched on behind, and on that

"Sat your young friend," he hazarded.

She smiled and gave him a kiss. And, so strengthened, he

went up-stairs.
"You see," he assured his wife, after he had given her a censored account of what Dorothy had told him, "she hardly knows

She stopped him with a withering glance. "I see," she assured him, "that as usual she has wound you round her little finger. But mark my words, there's more than appears on the surface."
"Nonsense!" he retorted, sharply.

Nevertheless, he might have felt renewed apprehension could he have seen Dorothy and read her mind when, her maid dis-missed, she sat on her bed in her what-you-may-call-'ems with her firm little chin propped up in her fists.
"I wonder," she was thinking, "if he really is a waiter. He didn't seem like one."

Presently she roused herself, crossed to her mirror, and shook down her lovely hair. As she braided it, she studied herself critically, but not without some satisfaction.
"I had that sniffy cold in Gibraltar," she remembered. In-

consequentially her thought ran on, "I wonder if I'll see him

again. I suppose not."

But that, to revert to a word so familiar in the old Gibraltar days, was only camouflage. The next morning, when Bingham informed her that there was a gentleman, miss, as wished to speak to her on the 'phone, she with difficulty maintained a decorous pace to that instrument, and when she picked up the receiver her heart beat like mad.
"It's me!" announced a buoyant voice. "Pete Mulligan, you

know.

"Oh, yes," she said, as breathless as if she had indeed run. "I want awfully to talk to you. You're going to let me, aren't

"Go on," she managed.

"Oh, not over the telephone, but-well, anywhere you say. surely, should have given Dorothy pause. She should have taken thought and remembered that for well-bred girls there is a set formula for such occasions. And unquestionably she should have answered, "I'll ask mother if you may call." Ask Mrs. Baird, indeed!

"Where are you now?" demanded Dorothy, deplorably

enough.

"At the drug store round the corner."

Dorothy glanced at the time.

"I'll meet you on the Embankment back of the house in fifteen minutes," she promised.
"You," he breathed ecstatically, "are a darling!"

For that, surely he should have been instantly and thoroughly squelched. She should have hung up and refused to speak when he called again. But Dorothy had not, as her mother put it, been the same since she returned from Gibraltar, and just then she was less herself than ever. She hung up, to be sure, but it was only to fly to get ready. Fly, indeed, is particularly apt. It

was as if it were spring, and he was a young gentleman bird sit-

Pete let his tool-bag slip to the floor with a thump. "What," he demanded, "are you doing here?"

ting on a branch whistling to her, a little lady bird sitting on another.

Luckily for her, her mother had not yet risen. To Bingham, holding the outer door open for her with dignified obsequiousness,

"Please tell mother I've gone out but that I'll be back for lunch."

The message Dorothy left was transmitted to Mrs. Baird's maid, along with Bingham's suspicions. Mrs. Baird ringing at that instant, her maid ascended with a breakfast-tray and delivered the message—without the suspicions.

"Very well," acknowledged Mrs. Baird. "Put the tray by the window and hand me my négligée and draw the curtains back."

The sunlit Embankment, with the gleaming river beyond, was

pleasant to the eye-or would have been had not she seen that which blotted out all else. The girl, she knew, was Dorothy. She did not know, in the sense that she could have sworn to it under oath, who the man was, but such was the strength of her suspicion that she would have sworn to it, anyway. And she

"I've been looking for you for the last two years," the red-headed waiter was saying, exuberantly. "And now I've found you."

If one wondered what he meant by that, his glowing eyes would have told.

"I—I didn't know you were looking for me," said Dorothy confusedly. "You didn't come back for your ticket."

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"Remember Armistice day?" he demanded. She nodded and he went on, unabashedly: "A couple of gobs got into a scrap with a lot of Britishers and the rest of us went to their rescue. That's all I remember. One of our friendly allies hit me over the head with a belaying-pin that was a part of his celebration-kit, and when I woke up I was in the hospital."
"You were badly hurt?" she exclaimed, as if aghast at the

thought.
"I'll say so!" he announced blithely. "They told me that if I hadn't had one of the hardest skulls in Christendom, it would have been taps and a firing-squad for me. As it was, I was tied up by the heels for weeks. The minute I was able to get out, I hiked to the Y—but you were gone!"

The implication was inescapable, but, womanlike, she must obscure it.

"Your ticket didn't draw a prize, after all," she said quickly.

"I got it at ten-ten but-"You know very well You know very well that that wasn't what I went for," he said, his eyes meeting hers in a way that took her breath away. "Oh—you—you mustn't!" she gasped.

This was not because he was a waiter-she had already for-

gotten that

"I must!" he maintained. "I got your name—or thought I did. And as soon as I could get shipped home, I rushed clear out to California, and it was another girl. She was interested, though, and said she remembered you and that you lived in Texas—" He broke off abruntly and considered her shiring He broke off abruptly and considered her, shining-Texaseved. "But that's ancient history now that I've found you. Talk about your blamed luck. I'd probably spent the rest of my days annoying helpless females—the one in Texas when I finally located her was engaged to a chap who got jealous and acted nasty—if I hadn't happened to be in Boston and looked up Herrick—he used to come to the Y with me, you know." Dorothy nodded, although she had no memory of anybody else ever with him. "He and I were sort of

A close-mouthed chapnever said what he did. But yes-terday I discovered he was a waiter. He had a touch of grip when I popped in on him and was worrying about a dinner he

had been engaged for—"
"So that," Dorothy exclaimed,
"was how it happened!"

He grinned, in the same irre-stibly adorable way that had sistibly made such an enduring impression

"I subbed for him. And when I saw you there, talking to that chap"—he broke off there. "You aren't engaged to him, are

"Oh, no!" said Dorothy, as if

the idea was preposterous.
"Or to anybody else?" Dorothy shook her head. "Thank the Lord!" he piously proclaimed.
"Every now and then I've waked cold from an awful dream that I'd found you and you'd married somebody else."

Perhaps she should have demanded by what right he dreamed of her. But she did not dare. She who had never been afraid of anything was experiencing fearinexplicable, but new, strange, somehow delicious.

"I hadn't any right," he said. "But I planned to get a car and a lunch and go somewhere-and

have sort of a picnic."
"Where were you going?" she asked, as if that made any difference.

Eagerness shone anew in his eyes.

"Anywhere—I thought we could just drive until we came to a good place and stop there.

The breathlessness with which he waited her decision should

have warned her that there was something more than a picnic

in the air. Perhaps it did.
"I hadn't ought to," she temporized.
"But you will?" he pæaned victoriously.

Now, all this time they had been standing there where the eyes of Dorothy's mother—angry and anguished, appalled yet fas-cinated—could encompass them. When they turned back When they toward Beacon Street, Mrs. Baird roused herself, however, and rang for her maid.

'Send Miss Dorothy to me when she comes in," she com-

manded.

But it was almost six when Dorothy came in. She looked like a rosy angel who has been listening to celestial choirs. Half an hour later, however, when her father arrived home it was a defiant-eyed Dorothy who tapped at his door.
"Mother wants to see you," she told him, and then plunged

on: "I may as well tell you at once, daddy, that she is furious.

Pete and I are engaged-The shirt-stud he was fumbling with-he was adamant in his refusal to have a valet-slipped from his fingers, but he made no

effort to retrieve it.
"'Engaged!' To Pete? Pete who?"

Dorothy blushed, but her eyes did not falter.

"He's the one I told you about—the one that wanted me to buy him the lottery ticket at Gibraltar."

No one save his wife had ever accused Theodore Baird of denseness. But for an instant he could only stare his utter lack of comprehension. Then,

"But you said last night you hadn't seen him since."
"I know," admitted Dorothy, "but—but——"

She stopped and came toward him, tear-blinded. As her bright head found its accustomed place on his shoulder, he put his arms round her.
"There, there!" he soothed automatically, though his eyes

were aghast.

"I—I can't bear to be scolded about it any more," she sobbed.

"And I don't see what difference the beginning or what he is

at makes who he is or what he is or how many times I saw him. Either you love a person or you don't. And that's the end of it."

"And the beginning, too," he reminded her. He was feeling his

way. "It does make a difference who and what he is-and even how many times you've seen him. Take just the matter of personal

She lifted eyes in which the

tears glistened.

"He and I like exactly the same things," she assured him. "And he's as sweet as he can be. No one could help loving him. Why, he came here last night to wait on table just to help a man he knew in the navy-

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"Great Scott!" exclaimed her father. "I'd forgotten that. No wonder your mother—" He broke off abruptly, and swallowed. "Then, I understand he's not a

waiter by profession— "Of course not!" Dorothy's

voice was scornful.
"What is he, then?"
Dorothy hesitated.

'Why-I didn't ask him. There were so many other things to—to talk about!" She blushed deeply. Her father's apprehensions be-

came vocal then. "Look here, Dorothy; it seems

to me that I ought to talk to this young man before we go any further."

d bred Down Easterner can.

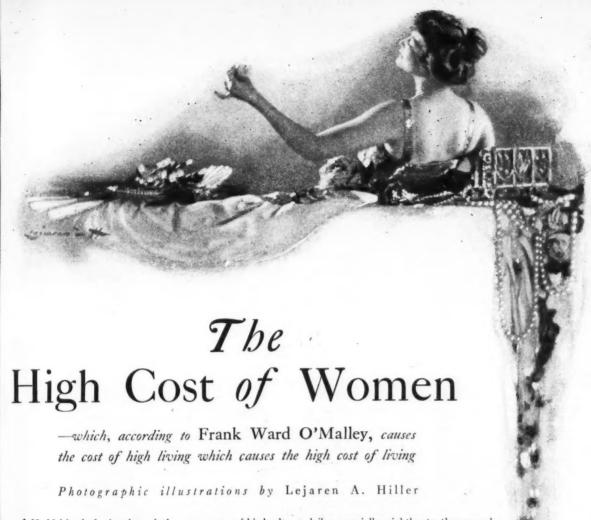
"I don't see any use in talking," she retorted, "unless you'll be reasonable. And I'm not going to have him insulted."

"I have no intention of insulting the im Tells."

'I have no intention of insulting him, Dolly. "No; but mother-mother said that she would give orders that he was not to be admitted and that (Continued on page 130)



Another story by ROYAL BROWN will appear in a forth-coming issue of COSMOPOLITAN. Watch for it—a present-day story of present-day Boston—which Mr. Brown understands as only a native born and bred Down Easterner can.



N old friend of mine through the many years of his bachelorhood at last had come rather to fancy himself as an anti-motorist. Eddie not only disliked but feared cars. He would not own one. He was emphatic about this. Then Eddie acquired a bride who was a shrinking, frightened volet in all ways except that she was absolutely undismayed by the biggest, wealthiest automobile ever made. The more horse-power, weight, potential homicidal tendencies, nickel-plated open plumbing, radiator statuettes and all-round oolala a car

sported, the less she shrank from it in terror.

Eddie's bride timidly refrained from mentioning cars and car buying while the wedding cake still was all in one piece, the lady having the delicacy to postpone the subject until a moment after the beaming Pullman porter had brushed up the last of

the rice.

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The day after Eddie and bride had returned from their honeymoon to their shiny new little fourteen thousand dollar nest with the gambrel roof and the three thousand dollar mortgage on it I noted that Eddie had compromised with his ingrown life principles. He had compromised to the extent of exchanging the last of the Liberty bonds for a twenty-four-hundred-dollar sedan.

Then there was another one-time bachelor friend of mine named George, who for life had continued not to own a car but was less prejudiced than Eddie. Shortly after the last of the voice that breathed o'er Eden had gasped and died away, George, making answer to a leading question put by his bride, told her he would gladly buy a car forthwith. An open car. Wouldn't own a hot, smelly closed car if the Messrs. Rollce and Roys personally drove one up to the old front stoop and left it abandoned on the doorstep like a foundling. No, sir!

Instantly George and bride had become transmogrified from

Instantly George and bride had become transmogrified from a mere husband and wife to a human debate, the subject under discussion being always; *Resolved*: That Motoring Is An Indoor

My friend George, speaking for the negative side, argued

daily, especially nightly, to the general effect that when the hills and valleys and fresh air called to his soul to motor forth to get some of the air into his lungs, why in time should he first climb into a hermetically sealed, glass-enclosed hall closet on wheels and then breathe the air only after it had been gassed before being finally filtered up to him super-heated'y across the grease pan?—Also, added George with finality, he

Also, added George with finality, he couldn't afford a limousine, not to mention the chauffeur that limousine would entail. Consequently—my friend George speaking

-that ended that!

And it did—except for the item that Mrs. George, again rising for the affirmative side, evenly came back to her original, unanswerable, incluctable, all-walloping argument: In any automobile order of architecture except a limousine her hair would "blow." And that—Mrs. George

would "blow." And that—Mrs. George now speaking—was a couple of thats!

Once again in the end—a quick end—George compromised a bit. He compromised to the extent of buying one limousine and one chauffeur.

Just at a time, too, when he had a heavenly chance to snatch up with any loose change in his jeans twelve cases of pinch-bottle Scotch—the real stuff—at only one hundred and twenty dollars a case! The owner of the Scotch, needless to say, had died, and his timid, home-body widow and her young débutante daughter had, of course, no use for it, both of them preferring rye.

When I say George bought a limousine I mean that he merely thought he had. If I had wanted to rub it in, I could have brought forth authoritative trade figures to show George that a

shade over ninety per cent. of all pleasure cars sold in the United States are sold, directly or next door to directly, to women and that only a shade under one hundred per cent. of all closed cars sold are also bought by women. The mere male provider may frequently pay the bill, often may nominally buy and own the car, but-and I am giving you a generalization of facts and figures supplied to me by motor selling experts-virtually always it is the American wife, daughter or other woman relative who first makes it plain to the alleged head of the family that he has his choice of buying a car or dying outside the house.

It is worthy of note that the matter of sufficient head-room to permit a woman to sit in a closed car without danger of bumping the tallest plumes of her evening war bonnet against the ceiling is an all-important item (again according to the experts) which automobile designers must treat with the same solemnity that they devote to the mechanics of the vulgar, messy old engine.

Understand me early: I'm not out to abolish woman. No; I'm for letting her live. Many of them, in fact, I've found to be most estimable creatures. But curtail her, I say. pose here to do is to show that the organic lesion called the high cost of living is really the high cost of women causing the cost

of high living which causes the high cost of living.

Man, in your wanderings along Fifth Avenue, New York, in maybe your only pair of eight-dollar brogans, did it dawn upon you that you passed two shoe shops—there may be more, but there are two I have personal knowledge of—dealing in woman's footwear wherein the lowest priced shoes on sale cost sixty-five dollars a pair? Mere street shoes at that. And these cheapest sixty-five-dollar shoes, remember, are not fashioned from the skins of unborn bulbuls snared along inaccessible reaches of the upper Nile. They are just plain leather shoes, with approximately as much leather in a pair as in merely one of your brogans. Both of those shops are extremely prosperous. Why? For the subtle reason that the shoes therein cost sixty-five dollars and more a pair!

Again, man, if you strolled Fifth Avenue last fall, did you happen to notice a pair of woman's stockings in the window of another Fifth Avenue shop in the block between Forty-second and Forty-third streets? Heaven help your nervous-system wiring if you had gone into the shop to buy the lacy little affairs on the supposition that the price ticket on the stockings The figures you saw were five hunwas marked five dollars.

dred dollars for the pair!

I don't say, mind you, that the average wealthy woman patronizes only the sixty-five-dollar-and-up shoe shop or that even the superwealthy woman has the five-hundred-dollar-stocking habit. I mention those shoes and stockings simply because the bare fact that that sort of shoe man does a prosperous business with women, not only from New York but from all over the country, and that five-hundred-dollar stockings are so much as offered for sale to women are illuminative psycho-economical phenomena.

Furthermore, you are not to take the appalling prices I've just mentioned to mean merely that wealthy women of sinfully extravagant tendencies are sinfully extravagant. I merely mean that the whole doggone kaboodle of 'em, from Bertha, the sewing machine girl, right up the line to Pansy Pretty, the five-thousandper-week movie queen, and beyond, are sinfully extravagant.

Take, for instance, a man I know—he is merely one of many

who sells women's hats.

The item that any man who gives his life to selling women's hats is entitled to a killing whenever he can get away with it is beside the question. This man's best straw hat, we'll say, costs beside the question. him five dollars. Whatever its condition it is bound to be his best because, unlike his wife or daughters, he has only one at a time. He hangs up his straw hat of a morning, turns to the first woman customer and hands across the counter to her a simple little straw sport hat that is intrinsically of no more value than his. Same material, same workmanship, same everything. He charges her anything from ten to forty dollars--twenty-five dollars is the average price-for the transcendentalized female His five-dollar hat is a plain little straw affair sporting a band of ribbon. Her twenty- or thirty-dollar sport hat is a plain little straw affair sporting a band of ribbon. The same manufacturer, the same laboring man, made both.

The sassiest—and probably only—fabricated headgear he owns for glad occasions may cost him as much as ten dollars, but when woman tears loose from her cell with a terrible yell and goes in for an ordinary, daily commonplace hat orgy she will shell out anything from an apologetic ten spot for only part of the tail of a rooster of worse than vulgar ancestry, all the way up to fifty, seventy, one hundred and fifty dollars and more per hat.

The price she pays for evening hats is predicated solely upon

the size of the wad she carries in the Right National Bank of Femininity or her tastes in ornithology, the milliner's location and rent, which side of the street the shop is on, the brand of limousine the milliner happened to see the customer alight from or (supposing the hat seller is also a woman), the expense the milliner was put to in changing her name from Mame Quinn to plain Marie Antoinette et Cie.

The five-dollar he-straw is worn on what is left of a head of hair which doesn't get as frequent attention as a poorly kept suburban back yard, and during man's hasty and rare and always hateful trips to his hair-cutter he couldn't spend a whole dollar on his hair even if he let the barber do all the things to it that even a

barber can think up to suggest.

But the missus! Zowie! She just dotes on sitting for hours in an alleged "permanent" wave grand salon while Mlle. Yvette, born Lizzie Hooper, froths her up and wrings her out and currycombs her down and finally wires her into direct touch with the municipal electric light, heat and power company by means of a series of "permanent" wave tubes and power house effectsand merely sets the lady back from thirty to forty dollars for the afternoon of ecstasy. Man may have been known to submit to the same head-wiring operation at least once in his life, but only because he was preceded by the armed warden, strapped to the chair by blue-clad guards and kept from collapse by the And he got at least a wave that was permaprison chaplain. nent. And once was enough.

The manicure girl in the hotel barber shop-who, incidentally, pays twice as much for her stockings as the owner of the hotel pays for his-fusses up the man patron's nails for fifty cents. Precisely the same manicure queen, moving herself and her job next day to Madame Yvonne Umpleby's Bandbox Beauty Parlor, does precisely the same work on the hands of social empress or stenographer and charges the woman patron about twice as

much for the operation.

"But we must wear hats and things and be manicured," shricks Woman. "If tradespeople double up prices on us, I suppose that's our fault!"

Yes, sister; I couldn't have put it more aptly myself. Your fault is right. It is your volatility, your insistence upon your eternal privilege to change your clothes and your mind between sunsets, your whims, your psycho-sartorial cussedness that fun-damentally caused the hat, shoe, fur or suit salesman long ago to double up on you. Now the shopkeeper has the habit.

When, a moment ago, you saved me the trouble of saying it is all your fault, you didn't say the half of it. He doesn't mere ly double up prices on you. It is no trade secret that virtually everything made and sold exclusively for even the fairly welldressed woman's use or wear is boosted by the dealer from four hundred to five hundred per cent. more than he would have the face to ask a man for the male brand of the same thing. shopkeeper is not robbing you, missus, either; merely following a common-sense business law of protecting himself from the losses that eternally threaten his profits because of over-night changes of female fashion fads. He must get his out of what to-day you permit to be the perfect fashion, or before you decide to-morrow to damn it as a perfect fright. And it was naturally, humanly to be expected that he long ago got the habit of boosting the prices also of your hair brushes, leather goods, handkerchiefs and similar articles that are comparatively free from fashion's fluctuations.

Please note that I am meticulous enough to say that common necessities like hair brushes are only comparatively free from the danger of being banned over night. recently calmly annihilate the last female human ear? Tomorrow she may decide not to brush her hair, although a fad like that, being inexpensive, has little likelihood of coming into existence; but let the word go out at ten o'clock next Monday morning that thereafter hair is to be brushed only with the starboard wings of the probably extinct passenger pigeon and there will be a starboard wing from a real passenger pigeon replacing the hair brush on every woman's dressing table before the shop close Wednesday night. The so-far fruitless search for a single specimen of the passenger pigeon will have ended. Where will she get them? Search me; but I do know that in a day dealer will have them the hundred of the present of the property of the prope will have them by the hundreds of thousands. Nevertheless the price per wing will remain precisely the same as the New York Zoological Society would be willing to pay to-day for a large old mammy passenger pigeon blessed with offspring.

It wasn't half an hour ago that, in the interest of companion.

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tive analysis, I yelled downstairs to ask Sweetie, the dareders spendthrift of the house, how much she pays nowadays for he

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comparadaredevil



It is no trade secret that virtually everything sold exclusively for the well-dressed woman's wear is boosted from 400 to 500 per cent. more than would be charged to a man for the same goods if they were made up for his own use.

"Not a cent," came up the somewhat cutting answer—and felt there was a catch in it somewhere. "I haven't bought a wir in three years." Now I knew there was a catch in it. "Women don't wear rubbers now. There isn't any such thing. They go everywhere in their cars or by taxi."

You see? Where did the overshoe dealer get off who fatuously stocked his shelves with women's rubbers and then prayed for stow? I know. On the morning of the first blizzard he stood in his shop window with nothing on hand except nothing to do and a big stock of intrinsically valuable but commercially worthless mbbers. The woman who wasn't passing his shop in limousine or tax was fearlessly sloshing through the slush, rubberless, foot-saked, perhaps beginning to sneeze but—hallelujah, sisters!—following fashion's fiat. And sadly, then savagely, the shopkeeper timed from his window to his shelves and soaked another seven dollars on every woman's shoe in his shop. And I'm for him.

Following that overshoe dialogue between the household demon disperser and me just now, I hesitated about yelling down to ask how much she pays these days for a parasol. Just in time I remembered that there are no parasols now or probably she would have cursed me. But—say you—parasols were a vanity or useful if at all merely to protect woman's chief pride, her complexion; therefore woman's total banishment of the parasol—which used to cost merely from a few hundred to a thousand or so per cent. more than father's umbrella—should really be lauded as an act of economical heroism. Oh, hush! The only answer to that sort of half-baked ratiocination is blah or a loud blooey.

Listen! Woman made the parasol extinct in a day because on the instant she had hit upon something more expensive. Honk! Honk! Hark, sisters! Whazzat? Sisters, I do believe that that Henry Ford and those other funny men who have been putting in their lunch hours and holidays inventing horseless carriages actually are getting the blessed things to go!

At nine o'clock on the morning of the original honk Woman was graciously presenting the last hundred-dollar lace parasol At nine-one Inga, sensing the new cosmic to Inga, the cook. urge, was indignantly chucking the parasol into the rubbish barrel. At nine-thirty Woman was pushing Hank Ford and the other inventive boys aside, was in personal charge of the whole works, was telling the inventors that the new contraption was all very well in its way, but that they seemed to have for-gotten the all-important oolala that would cause a humble

horseless carriage to become an automobile running into real money. Hank was a bit stubborn—just for that they've spurned his output ever since -but the other boys saw the point. Tapestry upholstery, cut-glass flower holders, slip covers, shiniest metals, polished woods from the tropics, finest leathers, a starting system that woman's muscles can manipulatefor mercy sake, boys, make it really

expensive!

Before noon that day Woman was back home. Feverishly she was ex-changing her homemade pompadour for a "simpler," more tightly bound and enormously more costly style of coiffure; reefing in her leg-o'-mutton sleeves to draw on arm-length gloves that used up a whole kid; rearrang-ing the architecture of her very anatomy; hysterically bundling off armies of cowering men to India anywhere to get her a mess of leop

ards or any other snappy skinned beasts that would make an eye filling, close fitting and thoroughly expensive motor coat; scrapping the contents of the carriage house; savagely strangling to death all trotters and high-geared cobs except just enough to make possible a hint of horsiness at several hundred thousand dollars' worth of cloak and suit expositions called horse shows; rearranging the stables to house new gas-eating steeds costing from two to twenty times as much as even the fancier brand of the now all but extinct coach horse. And dressed for speed she burst from her cell with a final yell of, "Step on 'er, Etienne! Give 'er the gas!" And man, who fatheadedly thinks he did it all, had nothing to do with the luxurious perfection except to attend to the unimaginative, even vulgar, detail of paying the shot.

Yes, rubberless, umbrellaless, Woman will stand half an hour, if necessary, in snow storm, hail or sleet, waiting for her car, her legs warmly clad in silken cobweb with a mesh too big to net a t.out; her car may not be a limousine but merely the less exclusive kind marked Route 5 Via North State and County Line Road. But whether the car she can afford is run by twelve cylinders or by Motorman Malachi McIlhenny, will she ever arrive at the day when she will damn to oblivion the things more costly than rubbers? Have you a little ten spot in your clothes that says that some day she will cry out in hysterical indignation, "Sir, how dare you offer me a Russian sable coat! Women don't wear sables now. No woman has bought sables in three years. There isn't any such thing."

Furs! Jewelry! Gowns! Even I am hesitant,

men, about so much as mentioning the eye blasting figures. In your shocked incredulity you'll call me out of my name, pass

Very well. Let's put it another way: You, I shall say, are the swagger physician of your home county seat, with a net income of, we'll say, twelve thousand dollars a year that the Government permits you to keep as your very own. is your habit, I suppose, nonchalantly to stroll into Friedmann's Busy Bee and remark casually to your old friend, the boss, "Ike, let me see something in overcoats running round three, four hundred bucks. How'd you and the missus like the movie



last night, Ike? Saw you there." You would cut off your beard first, and you know it.

But your wife? Not forgetting also your daughter Minnie? Don't they, Doctor, calmly take it for granted that they would be shamefaced pikers if they paid less than three or four hundred dollars for their overcoats of "seal"—which they know which the fur man himself unblushingly admits—haven't a single skin on them which in life ever was north of a Paducah muskrat trap, which ever so much as held hands with a seal in all its days of philandering frivolity or hot young passion?

And now, Doctor, let us move up a peg and consider the wife and daughters of your star patient—that patient, we shall say, who at the outbreak of the big war happened to be running in innocuous desuetude a one-story cap factory over in a patch of the shadow of Stegmeyer's towering brewery, but now occupies the brewery.

Bam! On to New York, girls! Under the Hudson zipps Mamma with her female young in full cry. They pause only to buy "some nice useful present from New York for Pa" at the

dollars and six hundred dollars, or a clear economy of four thousand, four hundred dollars.

Does the Queen of England sport fivethousand-dollar gowns? If she ever did, Queen Mary, judging by any photograph I ever saw in a Sunday supplement, was stung

four thousand, nine hundred and seventy bucks. Nevertheless, I have made it my business to learn recently that one American queen—not the wife of a millionaire New Yorker, either—bought the spangled gown, and no fair asking a cent off for cash, either.

A coat of Russian sable sold in Fifth Avenue early last fall for eighty thousand dollars. Less than ten days later—in Brooklyn—another woman paid eighty-six thousand dollars for one.

In the following November, in a shop

three thousand miles west of Fifth Avenue, the wife of a California importer bought one in Los Angeles for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. And almost simultaneously a woman from a middle western town numbering less than seventy-five thousand souls—Akron, Ohio, if you will drive me to naming names—on a single quick shopping trip to New York paid twenty-seven thousand, six hundred and forty dollars for a total of twenty-three evening gowns, and on the same trip bought a sable coat for sixty-two thousand dollars. Don't ask me how she worried through her twenty-fourth evening in Akron; probably back

in Manhattan by that time freshening up with something fit to wear. But if you doubt that these figures are even possible, the next time the Missus sends you over to the Farmers National to hack another chunk off the principal, drop into the Busy Bee and ask your friend Ike Friedmann.

As for jewelry and like gimcracks—well, I am stopped before I begin, what with pearl necklaces selling for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and more a necklace and the merely average selling price—the average begins struck for many a well-known jeweler.

merely average selling price—the average being struck for me by a well-known jeweler—being a paltry six thousand dollars per string of beads. The jewelry trade issued a hard-headed, unimaginative purely business report in January last showing that in the year just passed the trade in merely the Maiden Lane-John Street district of lower Manhattan had sold a bit more than one hundred million dollars' worth of precious stones to woman or to be worn by woman.

There you have a notion of the sort of record the hair-raisingest female spender hangs up for her sisters to shoot at. And every one of them, from magnate's wife down to Tillie, the scrub lady's elegant offspring, takes a shot at the record at the closest range that the contents of the lisle bulge in her particular Right National Bank will permit.

Does the female who spends a paltry twenty thousand dollars on a chinchilla dolman get so much as a mention even in those snappy trade personals on the last page of the Fur Trade Fireside Companion? But what did the great dailies do to poor old Coal Oil Johnny the day after he had chartered a theater and theatrical company for a performance at a total cost much less than your wife pays for a near-something coat, or for the bunch of gaudy metal doodads in the chamois case in her handbag?

Tried to make a monkey of him, that's what they did. Why? Because his name wasn't Coal Oil Jenny.
What adjective occurs oftenest in Miss Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters"? The word "costly."

How old was the child when she wrote the book?

I tell you it's born in 'em!

ALONG FIFTH AVENUE

Smart evening gown (popular price)

Ultra-smart evening gown \$7,000 \$1,200

Ultra-smart evening gown \$5,000

WOMEN'S COATS

Tailored sport coat \$75, to \$100

WOMEN'S COATS

Tailored sport coat \$75, to \$100

God chinchilar for evening \$12,000 to \$40,000

God chinchilar for evening \$12,000 to \$40,000 to \$40,000

wear \$40,000 Matched Russian sable \$62,000 to \$120,000

WOMEN'S JEWELRY Lip stick \$25 10 \$100 Vanity case (for rouge) \$36 10 \$200 Halbin \$100 to \$150 Cigarette holder \$125 10 \$350 Small check book, mounted \$150 \$175 to \$300 \$175 to \$350 Vanity box Cigarette case Gold mesh handbag \$425 10 \$2,200 Toilet set (18 pieces) \$650 to \$750 \$500 to \$1,000 Lorgnette Bar pin \$1.000 and ub Popular Aexible bracelet \$1,000 to \$2,000

Boy Scout penknife counter. Then heels over head they plunge into the clinking riot that is Fifth Avenue, the fountain pen gripped firmly in the right, or check signing, hand; in their eyes that ineffable beam of hellish beatification seen only in the orbs of woman on a buying debauch.

\$2,000 to \$6,000

\$6,000 to \$8,000

Better take a shot of your own strychnia, Doctor, before I tell you the standards, the up-set prices in certain items of sartorial scenery, that she sets for herself.

She sees in one shop an evening gown, spangled like the grand entrée of the Ringling-Barnum circus, price a miserable five thousand dollars. You don't believe it? I'm telling you what I saw in a New York gown shop with my own eyes within six weeks. If I, mere h,

saw it without half looking, she has sniffed it a block away, has raised one foot like a setter and has come to a rigid "point." Now she has her standard. She buys an evening gown for six hundred dollars with the virtuous consciousness that she has saved for Pa the difference between five thousand

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Pearl nechlace

Strings of pearl

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Lanyard heard a choking gasp, and followed her swaying figure with puzzled gaze.

# Alias THE LONE WOLF

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

### XXI

ITH characteristic abruptness Liane Delorme announced that she was sleepy. It had been for her a most fatiguing day. Captain Monk rang for the stewardess and gallantly escorted the lady to her door. Lanyard got up with Phinuit to bow her out, but instead of following her suit helped himself to a long whiskey and soda, with loving deliberation selected, trimmed and lighted a cigar, and settled down into his chair as one prepared to make a night of it.

'You never sleep, no?" Phinuit inquired in a spirit of civil

solicitude.

"Desolated if I discommode you, monsieur," Lanyard replied with entire amiability—"but not tonight, not at least until I know those jewels have no more chance to go ashore without me.

"He has no faith at all in our good intentions," Phinuit explained, eyeing Lanyard with mild reproach. "It's most discouraging.

"Monsieur suffers from insomnia?" Monk asked in his turn.

"Under certain circumstances.

"Ever take anything for it?"

"Tonight it would require nothing less than possession of the Montalais jewels to put me to sleep.

Well, if you manage to lay hands on them without our knowledge and consent," Phinuit promised genially, "you'll be put to sleep all right."

"But don't let me keep you up, messicurs."
Captain Monk consulted the chronometer. "It's no while turning in." he said: "we sail soon after daybreak.
"Far be it from me to play the giddy crab, then." "It's not worth

#### WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR-

AN attempt to steal the magnificent collection of family jewels from the French château of Madame Eve de Montalais, a young American whose husband had been killed in the war, was made by "Dupont", the new chauffeur, who proved to be an a packe.

Dupont's attack upon the family was frustrated, however, by the tirrely appearance of "André Duchemin," whose real name is Michael Lanyard, alias "The Lone Wolf," a reformed criminal who had just been discharged from the British Secret Service.

Lanyard was wounded by Dupont and was cared for in the château

An automobile party, seeking shelter from a storm at night, visited the château; the strange visitors made themselves known as Whitaker Monk and Phinuit, both Americans, and the Comte

busied himself with the decanter, glasses and siphon. "Let's make it a regular party; we'll have all tomorrow to sleep it off in. If I try to hop on your shoulder and sing, call a steward and have him lead me to my innocent little cot; but take a fool's advice, Lanyard, and don't try to drink the skipper under the table. On the word of one who's tried and repented, it can not be done.'

"But it is I who would go under the table," Lanyard said.
"I have a poor head for whiskey."

"Thanks for the tip.

"Pardon?"

"I mean to say," Phinuit explained. "I'm glad to have another weakness of yours to bear in mind."

"You are interested in the weaknesses of others, monsieur?" "They're my hobby."
"Knowledge," Monk quoted, sententious, "is power."

fa Si



The woman stood alone in the glow of the companionway. A cry broke from her lips, loud with terror, as she tottered and fell-

## A mystery story of romance and adventure in the underworld of two continents By Louis Joseph Vance

#### - AND TO WHOM:

and Comtesse de Lorgnes. The jewels mysteriously vanished at the same time. Lanyard, realizing that he would be suspected, re-vealed his identity to Eve, who assured him of her confidence. He set out to recover the gems for her.

The clues led him to the apartment of the beautiful and adventurous Liane Delorme, where he arrived just in time to save her from an attack by the apach: Dupont, who is discovered to be Popinot, son of a famous criminal. In gratitude, Liane undertest to such important the trial of the issues. took to put him on the trail of the jevrels.

Assuming the rôles of brother and sister, Liane conveyed Lanyard by motor to Cherbourg, where they boarded the yacht Sybarite. There Lanyard found Monk and Phinuit, under the orders of his protectress and apparently in possession of the missing gems.

"May I ask what other entries you have made in my dossier, Mr. Phinuit?"

You won't get shirty?"
But surely not!"

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"Well . . . can't be positive till I know you better .

people in general. It's either that, or . . . No: I don't believe you're intentionally hypocritical, or self-deceived, either." But I don't understand . . .

"Remember your promise. You seem to think it easy to put it over on us, mademoiselle, the skipper and me.

"But I assure you I have no such thought."

"Then why this funny story of yours—told with a straight face too!— about wanting to get hold of the Montalais loot simply to slip it back to its owner?"

Lanyard, with a spasm of anger, felt his throat contract;

and knew that the constraint he imposed upon his temper was betrayed in a reddened face. Nevertheless his courteous smile persisted, his polite conversational tone was unchanged.

"Now you remind me of something. I presume, Captain Monk, it's not too late to send a note ashore to be posted?"
"Oh!" Monk's eyel-rows protested violently. "A note!" "On plain paper, in a plain envelop—and I don't in the least mind your reading it."

The eyebrows appealed to Phi vit, and that worthy ruled: "Under those conditions, I don't see how we can possibly raise any objection."

Monk shrugged his brows back into place, found paper of the sort desired, even went so far as to dip the pen for Lanyard. "You will sit at my desk, monsieur?"

"Many thanks.

Under no more heading than the date, Lanyard wrote:

Dear Madame de Montalais:

I have not forgotten my promise, but my days have been full since I left the château. And even now I must be brief; within an hour I sail for America, within a fortnight I shall be able to advise you by telegraph that your jewels are in my possession, and when I hope to be able to restore them to you.

Believe me, dear madame,
Devotedly your servant,
MICHAEL LANYARD.

He handed the paper to Monk, who read and in silence passed

it over to Phinuit, while Lanyard addressed the envelop. "Quite in order," was Phinuit's verdict, accompanied by a yawn. Lanyard folded the note, sealed it in the envelop, and affixed a stamp supplied by Monk, who meanwhile rang for a steward. "Take this ashore and post it at once," he told the man who answered his summons.

"But seriously, Lanyard!" Phinuit protested with a pained opression. . . . "No; I don't get you at all. What's the use?" "I have not deceived you, then?" "Not so's you'd notice it." "Alas!"—Lanyard affected a sigh—"for misspent effort!" "Ob. "I'd fair outside the law. We don't blame you for trying." expression. .

"Oh, all's fair outside the law. We don't blame you for trying Only we value your respect too much to let you go on

thinking we have fallen for that stuff."

"You see, Monk expounded-solemn ass that he was beneath the thin veneer of his pretentiousness—"when we know how the British Government kicked you out of its Secret Service as soon as it had no further use for you, we can understand and sympathize with your natural reaction to such treatment at the hands of Society.

"But one didn't know you knew so much, monsieur le capi-

taine.

"And then," said Phinuit, "when we know you steered a direct yourself persona grata there— Oh, persona very much grata, if I'm any judge!—you can hardly ask us to believe you didn't mean to do it, it all just happened so." course from London for the Château de Montalais, and made

Monsieur sees much too clearly. . . ."

"Why, if it comes to that-what were you up to that night, pussyfooting about the château at two in the morning?"

"But this is positively uncanny! Monsieur knows everything!'

"Why shouldn't I know about that?" Vanity rang in Phinuit's lf-conscious chuckle. "Who did you think laid you out in self-conscious chuckle. the drawing-room that night?"

'Monsieur is not telling me-

"I guess I owe you an apology," said Phinuit. "But you'll admit that in our-situation there was nothing else for it. I'd have given anything if we'd been able to get by any other way; but you're such an unexpected customer. . . . Well! when I felt you catch hold of my shirt sleeve, that night, I thought we were done for and struck out blindly. It was a lucky blow, no credit to me. Hope I didn't jar you too much."

"No," said Lanyard, reflective—"no, I was quite all right in the morning. But I think I owe you one."

'Afraid you do; and it's going to be my duty and pleasure to

cheat you out of your revenge if fast footwork will do it."
"But where was Captain Monk all the while?"
"Right here," Monk answered for himself; "sitting tight and saying nothing, and duly grateful that the blue prints and specifications of the Great Architect didn't designate me for secondstory work."

Then it was Jules-

"No; Jules doesn't know enough. It was de Lorgnes, of ourse. I thought you'd guess that."
"How should I?"

"Didn't you know he was the premier cracksman of France? That is, going on Mademoiselle Delorme's account of him; she says there was never anybody like the poor devil for putting the comether on a safe-barring yourself. Monsieur le Loup Seul, in your palmy days. And she ought to know; those two have been working together since the Lord knows when. sound, conservative bird, de Lorgnes, very discreet, tight-mouthed even when drunk—which was too often."
"But—this is most interesting—how did you get separated,

you and de Lorgnes?"

"Bad luck, a black night, and-I guess there's no more ques tion about this-your friend, Popinot-Dupont. I'll say this for that blighter: he was always on the job.'

Phinuit gave his whiskey and soda a reminiscent grin.

"And we thought we were being especially bright, at that! We'd planned every move to the third decimal point. only uncertain factor in our calculations, as we thought, was you. But with you disposed of, dead to the world, and Madame de Montalais off in another part of the château calling the servants to help, leaving her rooms wide open to us-the job didn't take five minutes. The way de Lorgnes made that safe give up all its secrets, you'd have thought he had raised it by hand! We stuffed the loot into a valise I'd brought for the purpose, and beat it-slipped out through the drawing-room window one second before Madame de Montalais came back with that doddering manservant of hers. But they never even looked our I bet they never knew there had been a robbery till the next morning. Do I lose?"

"No, monsieur; you are quite right."
"Well, then: We had left our machinewe had driven over from Millau-just over the brow of the hill, standing on the down-grade, headed for Nant, with the gears meshed in third.

so it would start without a sound as soon as we released the emergency brake. But when we got there, it wasn't. frantic way we looked for it made me think of you pawing that table for your candle, after de Lorgnes had lifted it behind your And then of a sudden they jumped us, Popinot and his outfit; though we didn't know who in hell; it might have been

the château people. In fact, I thought it was. .

"I lost de Lorgnes in the shuffle immediately—never did know what had become of him till we got Liane's wire this morning. I was having all I could do to take care of myself, thank you. I happened to be carrying the valise, and that helped a bit. Somebody's head got in the way of its swings, and I guess the guy hasn't forgotten it yet. Then I slipped through their fingers —I'll never tell you how; it was black as pitch, that night—and beat it blind. I'd lost my electric torch and had no more idea of where I was heading than an owl at noon of a sunny day. they-the Popinot gang-seemed to be able to see in the dark all right; or else I was looney with fright. Every once in a while somebody or something would make a pass at me in the night, and I'd duck and double and run another way.

"After a while I found myself climbing a steep, rocky slope, and guessed it must be the cliff behind the château. It was a sort of zig-zag path, which I couldn't see, only guess at. I was scared stiff; but they were still after me, or I thought they were, so I floundered on. The path, if it was a path, was slimy with mud, and about every third step I'd slip and go sprawling. I can't tell you how many times I felt my legs shoot out into nothing, and dug my fingers into the muck, or broke my nails on rocks, and caught clumps of grass with my teeth, to keep from going over.... And all the while with that all-gone feeling in

the pit of my stomach. "However, I reached the top in the end, and crawled into a hollow and lay down behind some bushes, and panted as if my heart would break, and hoped I'd die and get over with it. nobody came to bother me, so I got up when the first streak of light showed in the sky-there'd been a minor cloudburst just before that, and I was soaked to my skin-and struck off across De Lorgnes and I had fixed the causse for God-knew-where. that, if anything did happen to separate us, we'd each strike for Lyons and the one who got there first would wait for the other at the Hotel Terminus. But before I could do that, I had to find a railroad, and I didn't dare go Millau-way, I thought; because the chances were the gendarmes would be waiting there to nab the first bird that blew in all covered with mud and carrying a bag full of diamonds.

I'd managed to hold onto the valise through it all, you see but before that day was done I wished I'd lost it. The damned thing got heavier and heavier till it must have weighed a gross It galled my hands and rubbed against my legs till they were sore. . . . I was sore all over, anyway, inside and out.

"Sometime during the morning I climbed one of those bum mounds they call couronnes to see if I could sight any place to get food and drink, chiefly drink. The sun had dried my clothes on my back and then gone on to make it a good job by soaking up all the moisture in my system. I figured I was losing eleven pounds an hour by evaporation alone, and expected to arrive wherever I did arrive, if I ever arrived anywhere, looking like an Early Egyptian prune.

"The view from the couronne didn't show me anything I wanted to see, only a number of men in the distance, spread out over the face of the causse and quartering it like beagles. I reckoned I knew what sort of game they were hunting, and slid down from that couronne and traveled. But they'd seen me, and somebody sounded the view-halloo. It was grand exercise for me and great sport for them. When I couldn't totter another yard I fell into a hole in the ground-one of those avens and crawled into a sort of little cave, and lay there listening to the suck and gurgle of millions of gallons of nice cool water running to waste under my feet, while I was dying the death of a

dog with thirst.
"After a while I couldn't stand it any longer. I crawled out, prepared to surrender, give up the plunder, and lick the boots of the man who offered me a cup of water. But for some reason of the man who offered me a cup of water. they'd given up the chase. I saw no more of them, whoever they were. And a little later I found a peasant's hut, and watered myself till I swelled up like a poisoned pup. They gave me a brush-down, there, and something to eat besides, and put me on my way to Millau. It seemed that I was a hundred miles from anywhere else, so it was Millau for mine if it meant the rest of

my life in a French prison.

I sneaked into the town after dark, and took the first train north. Nobody paid any attention to me. I couldn't see the

Captain Monk paused suspiciously near. Liane breathed so low that Lanyard barely caught the words. "You should know that I esteem you as something more than other men."

use of going all around Robin Hood's barn, as I'd have had to in

The that vour his been now ning. you. bit. the ngers -and ea of But k all while ight, lope, was was were. with g. I into ls on from ng in nto a f my But ak of just cross fixed trike r the I had ught; there arrysee: mned gross they bum ce to othes aking leven arrive ke an ing I pread agles. , and seen

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would have given up and gone on to Paris."

Monk lifted himself by sections from his chair.

"It was a good story the first time I heard it," he mused aboud.

"But now, I notice, even the Sybarite is getting restless."

In the course of Phinuit's narrative the black disks of night framed by the polished brass circles of the stern deadlights had faded out into dusky violet, then into a lighter lilac, finally into

a warm yet tender blue. Now the main deck overhead was the

sounding-board for thumps and rustle of many hurried feet.
"Pilot come aboard, you think?" Phinuit inquired; and added, as Monk nodded and cast about for the visored white cap of his

office: "Didn't know pilots were such early birds."

"They're not, as a rule. But if you treat 'em right, they'll listen to reason."

The captain graphically rubbed a thumb over two fingers, donned his cap, buttoned up his tunic, and strode forth with an impressive gait.

"Still wakeful?" Phinuit hinted hopefully. "And shall be till we drop the pilot, thanks."

"If I hadn't seen de Lorgnes make that safe sit up and speak and didn't know you were his master, I'd be tempted to bat an eye or two. However . . ." Phinuit sighed despondently. What can I do now to entertain you, dear sir?"

"You might have pity on my benighted curiosity. . . ."
"You might have pity on my benighted curiosity. . . ."
"Meaning this aggregation of talent?" Lanyard assented, and
"I don't know as I Phinuit deliberated over the question. ought in the absence of my esteemed associates. . . . But what's bothering you most?"

'I have seen something of the world, monsieur, and as you are aware, not a little of the underside of it; but never have I met with a combination of such peculiar elements as this possesses. Regard it, if you will, from my viewpoint, that of an outsider, for one moment."

"It must give you furiously to think-as Phinuit grinned.

you'd say.

"But assuredly! Take, for example, yourself, a man of unusual intelligence, such as one is not accustomed to find lending himself to the schemes of ordinary criminals.

But you've just admitted we're anything but ordinary."
Then Mademoiselle Delorme. One knows what the world knows of her, that she has for many years meddled with high affairs, that she had been for many years more a sort of queen of the *demi-monde* of Paris; but now you tell me she has stooped to profit by association with a professional bur-

"Profit? I'll say she did! According to my information, it was she who mapped out the campaigns for de Lorgnes; she was G. H. Q. and he merely the high private in the front line trenches with this difference, that in this instance G. H. Q. was perfectly willing to let the man at the front cop all the glory. . . . She took the cash and let the credit go, nor heeded rumblings of the distant drum.

"Then your picturesque confrère, Captain Monk; and the singular circumstance that he owns a wealthy cousin of the same name;

and this beautiful little yacht which you seem so free to utilize for the furtherance of your purposes! Is it strange, then, that one's curiosity is provoked, one's imagination al-

"No; I presume not," Phinuit conceded thoughtfully. "Still, it's far simpler than you'd think."

"One has found that true of most mysteries, monsieur.

"I don't mind telling you all I feel at liberty to. . . . You seem to have a pretty good line on made-moiselle, and I've told you what I knew about de Lorgnes. As for the skipper, he's the blacksheep of a good old New England family. Ran away to sea as a boy, and was disowned, and grew up in a rough school. It would take all night to name half the jobs he's had a hand in, mostly of a shady nature, in every quarter of the seven seas: gun running, pearl poaching, whatnot-even a little slaving, I suspect, in his early days. He's a pompous old bluff in repose, but

nobody's fool, and a bad actor when his mad is up. He tells me he fell in with the Delorme a long time ago, while acting as per sonal escort fer a fugitive South American potentate who had crossed the borders of his native land with the national treasury in one hand and his other in Monk's, and of course—they all do—made a bee-line for Paris. That's how we came to make her acquaintance, my revered employer, Mister Monk, and I-

through the skipper, I mean."

Phinuit paused to consider, and ended with a whimsical

grimace.

"I'm talking too much; but it doesn't matter, seein' it's you. Strictly between ourselves, the said revered employer is an anointed fraud. Publicly he's the pillar of the respectable house of Monk. Privately, he's not above profiteering, foreclosing the mortgage on the old homestead, and swearing to an And when he thinks he's far odoriferous income tax return. enough away from home-my land! how that little man do carry on

"The War made more money for Monk than he ever thought there was; so he bought this yacht ready-to-wear and started on the grand tour, but never



somebody was threatening to do him out of a few nickels sent him high-tailing back to put a stop to it. But before that happened, he wanted to see life with a large L; and Cousin Whitaker gave him a good start by introducing him to little ingénue Liane. And then she put the smuggling bee in his bonnet.

"Smuggling!" Lanyard began to experience glimpses. "Champagne. If ever all the truth comes out, I fancy it will transpire that Liane's getting a rake-off from some vintner. You see, Friend Employer was displaying a cultivated taste in vintage champagnes, but he'd been culpably negligent in not laying down a large stock for private consumption before the Great Drought set in. The Delorme found that out, then that his ancestral acres bordered on Long Island Sound, and finally that the Sybarite was loafing its head off. What could be more

simple, she suggested, than that monsieur should ballast his private yacht with champagne on the homeward voyage, make his landfall some night in the dark of the moon, and stuff ashore, on his own property, before morning? Did he fall for it? Well, I just guess he did!"

"This is all most interesting, monsieur, but . . ."

"Where do Monk and I come in? Oh, like mas-

ter, like man. Liane was too wise to crab her act by proposing anything really wicked to the Owner, and wise enough to know nothing could shock the And I was wise enough not to let him get away with anything unless I stood in on the deal.

"Mademoiselle played all her cards face upwards with us. She and de Lorgnes, she said, were losing money by disposing of their loot this side, especially with European currency at its present stage of depreciation. And so long as the owner was present stage of depreciation. doing a little shady work, why shouldn't we get together and do something for ourselves on the side? If champagne could be so easily smuggled into the States, why not diamonds? We formed a joint-stock company on the spot.

"And made your first coup at Château de Montalais!"
"Not the first, but the biggest. De Lorgnes' mouth had been watering for the Montalais stuff for a long time, it seems. My boss had private business of a nature we won't enter into, in London, and gave me a week off and the use of his car. made up the party, toured down the Rhone valley, and then back by way of the Cévennes, just to get the lay of the land. I don't think there can be much more you need to know."

"Monsieur is too modest."

"Monsieur is too modest."

"Oh, about me? Why, I guess I'm not an uncommon phenomenon of the times. I was a good citizen before the War, law-abiding and everything. If you'd told me then I'd be in this galley to-day, I'd probably have knocked you for a goal. I had a flourishing young business of my own and was engaged to be married. . . . When I came back from hell over here, I found my girl married to another man, my business wrecked, what was left of it crippled by extortionate taxation to support a government that was wasting money like a drunken sailor and too cynical to keep its solemn promises to the men who had fought for it. I had to take a job as secretary to a man I couldn't respect, and now. . . . Well, if I can get a bit of my own back by defrauding the government or classing myself with

the unorganized leeches on society, nothing I know is going to stop my doing it!" Phinuit knocked the ashes out of a cold pipe at

which he had been sucking for some time, rose, and stretched.

"The worst of it is," he said, in a serious turn—
"I mean, looking at the thing from my bourgeois viewpoint of 1914—the War, but more particularly the antics of the various governments after the War, turned

out several million of men in my frame of We went into the mind the world over. thing deluded by patriotic bunk and the promise that it was a war to end war; we came out to find the old men more firmly entrenched in the seats of the mighty than ever and stubbornly bent on perpetuating precisely the same rotten conditions that make wars inevi-

What Germany did to the treaty that guaranteed Belgium's neutrality was child's-play compared to what the governments of the warring nations have done to their covenants with their own people. And if anybody should ask you, you can safely promise them that several million soreheads like myself constitute what the politicians call 'a menace to the established social order'!"

Clear daylight filled the ports. The traffic on deck nearly deserved the name of din. Commands and calls were being bawled in English, French, and polyglot profanity. A donkeyengine was rumbling, a winch clattering, a capstan pawl clanking. Alongside, a tug was panting hoursely. The engine-room telegraph jangled, the fabric of the Sybarite shuddered and gathered way. "We're off,"

"We're off," yawned Phinuit. "Now will you be reasonable and go to bed?"
"You may, monsieur," said Lanyard, getting up. "For my

"I found a peasant's hut, and watered myself like a poisoned They gave me something to eat besides.

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the that ally nore part, I shall go on deck, if you don't mind, and stop there till

the pilot leaves us. "Fair enough!"

"But one moment more. You have been extraordinarily frank, but you have forgotten one element, to me of some importance: you have not told me what my part is in this insane

adventure.

"That's not my business to tell you," Phinuit replied "When anything as important as that comes out, it promptly. won't be through my indiscreet blabbing. Anyhow, Liane may have changed her mind since last reports. And so, as far as I'm concerned, your present status is simply that of her pet protégé. What it is to be hereafter you'll learn from her, I suppose, soon enough. . . . Let's go!"

#### OUT OF SOUNDINGS

WHEN finally Lanyard did consent to seek his stateroomwith the pilot dropped and the Sybarite footing it featly over Channel waters to airs piped by a freshening breeze-it was to sleep once round the clock and something more; for it was nearly six in the afternoon when he came on deck again.

The quarterdeck, a place of Epicurean ease for idle passengers, was deserted but for a couple of deckhands engaged in furling Lanyard lounged on the rail, reveling in a sense the awning. of perfect physical refreshment which was intensified by the gracious motion of the vessel, the friendly, rhythmic chant of her engines, the sweeping ocean air and the song it sang in the rigging, the vision of blue seas snow-plumed and mirroring in a myriad facets the red gold of the westering sun, and the lift and dip of a far horizon whose banks of purple mist were the fading shores of France.

In these circumstances of the sea he loved so well there was certain anodyne for those twinges of chagrin which he must suffer when reminded of the sorry figure he had cut overnight.

Still there were compensations—of a more material nature, too, than this delight which he had of being once again at sea. To have cheapened himself in the estimation of Liane Delorme and Phinuit and Monk was really to his advantage; for to persuade an adversary to underestimate one is to make him almost an ally. Also, Lanvard now had no more need to question the fate of the Montalais jewels, no more blank spaces remained to be filled in his hypothetical explanation of the intrigues which had enmeshed the Château de Montalais, its lady and his honor.

He knew now all he needed to know, he could put his hand on the jewels when he would; and he had a fair fortnight (the probable duration of their voyage, according to Monk) in which to revolve plans for making away with them at minimum cost

to himself in exertion and exposure to reprisals.

Plans? He had none as yet; he would begin to formulate and ponder them only when he had better acquaintance with the ship and her company and learned more about that ambiguous landfall which she was to make (as Phinuit had said) "in the dark of the moon."

Not that he made the mistake of despising those two social malcontents, Phinuit and Jules, that rogue adventurer Monk, that grasping courtezan Liane Delorme. Individually and collectively Lanyard accounted that quartet uncommonly clever, resourceful, audacious, unscrupulous, and potentially ruthless, utterly callous to compunctions when their interests were jeop But it was inconceivable that he should fail to outwit and frustrate them, who had the love and faith of Eve de Mon-

talais to honor, cherish, and requite.

Growing insight into the idiosyncrasies of the men left Lanyard undismayed. He perceived the steel of inflexible purpose beneath the windy egotism of Phinuit. The pompous purpose beneath the windy egotism of Phinuit. The pompous histrionism of Monk, he knew, was merely a shell for the cold, calculating, undeviating selfishness that too frequently comes with advancing years. Nevertheless these two were factors whose functionings might be predicted. It was Liane Delorme who provided the erratic equation. Her woman's mind was not only the directing intelligence, it was as eccentric as quicksilver, infinitely supple and corrupt, Oriental in its trickishness and impenetrability Already it had conceived some project involving him which he could by no means divine or even guess at without a sense of wasting time.

Trying to put himself in her place, Lanyard believed that he would never have neglected the opportunity that, so far as she knew, had been hers, to steal away from Paris while he slept and leave an enemy in his way quite as dangerous as "Dupont

to gnaw his nails in the mortification of defeat. Why she had not done so, why she had permitted Monk and Phinuit to play their comedy of offering him the jewels, passed understanding,

But of one thing Lanyard felt reasonably assured: now that she had him to all intents and purposes her foiled and harmless captive aboard the Sybarite, Liane would not keep him waiting

long for enlightenment as to her intentions.

He had to wait, however, that night and the three next before the woman showed herself. She was reported ill with malde-mer. Lanyard thought it quite likely that she was; before she was out of the Channel the *Sybarite* was contesting a moderate gale from the southwest. On the other hand, he imagined that Liane might sensibly be making seasickness an excuse to get thoroughly rested and settled in her mind as to her course with him.

So he schooled himself to be patient, and put in his time to good profit taking the measures of his shipmates and learning

his way about the ship.

The Sybarite seemed unnecessarily large for a pleasure boat. Captain Monk designated her as a ship of nine hundred tons. Certainly she had room and to spare on deck as well as below for the accommodation of many guests in addition to the crew of thirty required for her navigation and their comfort. A good all-weather boat, very steady in a seaway, her lines were never-theless fine, nothing in her appearance in the least suggested a vessel of commercial character—"All yacht," was what Monk called her.

The first mate, a Mr. Swain, was a sturdy Britisher with a very red face and cool, blue eyes, not easily impressed; if Lanyard were not in error, Mr. Swain entertained a private opinion of the lot of them, Captain Monk included, decidedly uncompli-But he was a civil sort, though deficient in sense of humor and inclined to be a bit abrupt in a preoccupied fashion.

Mr. Collison, the second mate, was another kind entirely, an American with the drawl of the South in his voice, a dark, slender man with quick, shrewd eyes. His manners were excellent and his reserve notable, though he seemed to derive considerable amusement from what he saw of the passengers, going on his habit of indulging quiet smiles as he listened to their communi-He talked very little and played an excellent game of cations. poker.

The chief engineer was a Mr. Mussey, stout, affable, and cynic, a heavy drinker, untidy about his person and exacting about his engine-room, a veteran of his trade and-it was said-an ancient crony of Monk's. There was, at all events, a complete understanding evident between these two, though now and again, especially at table, when Monk was putting on something more than his customary amount of side, Lanyard would observe Mussey's eyes fixed in contemplation upon his superior officer, with a look in them that wanted reading. He was nobody's fool, certainly not Monk's, and at such times Lanyard would have

given more than a penny for Mussey's thoughts.

Existing in daily contact, more or less close, with these gentlemen, observing them as they went to and fro upon their lawful occasions, Lanyard often speculated as to their attitude toward this lawless errand of the *Sybarite's*, of which they could hardly be unsuspicious even if they were not intimate with its true And remembering what penalties attach to apprehennature. sion in the act of smuggling, even though it be only a few cases of champagne, he thought it a wild risk for them to run for the

sake of their daily wage.

Something to this effect he intimated to Phinuit. "Don't worry about this lot," that one replied. "They're wise birds, as tough as they make 'em, ready for anything; hand-picked down to the last coal-passer. The skipper isn't a man to take foolish chances, and when he recruited this crew he took nobody he couldn't answer for. They're more than well paid, and they'll do as they're told and keep their traps as tight as clams.

"But, I take it, this crew were signed on before this especial voyage was thought of; while you seem to imply that Captain Monk anticipated having to depend upon these good fellows in

unlawful enterprises."

"Maybe he did, at that," Phinuit promptly surmised, with a nd eye. "I wouldn't put it past him. The skipper's deep, bland eye. and I'll never tell you what he had in the back of his mind when he let Friend Boss persuade him to take command of a pleasure Because I don't know. If it comes to that, the owner himself never confided in me just what the large idea was in buying this ark for a plaything. Yachting for fun is one thing; running a young floating hotel is something else again."

'Then you don't believe the grandiose (Continued on page 124)



"I'm going to pull out of this town," he said. Wallie shrank. She understood.

# The Loves Between

Don't you often wonder what your first sweetheart is like now? And the others back home, too—particularly the girl who snubbed you?

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Ida M. Evans

. Illustrations by

F. C. Yohn

Twas in the 'Nineties, when mutton-leg sleeves, the church's attitude toward the two-step, and free silver were matters of moment, that Fannie Hughes was divorced from Tom Hughes. David was eight years old that August—a dry August, when Nebraska corn indolently made sibilant a consciousness of its own yellow beauty, and Nebraska swamps were taked to gray, and the public squares of the towns stood stolid in dust-blown acquiescence to the sultry wane of the year.

Tom Hughes was dead five months later. In a railroad wreck, he and his four trunks of glass and china novelty samples were squashed almost beyond recognition. Or he might have been a factor, divorce notwithstanding, in David's life.

The man on whose account Fannie Hughes saw her bonds of matrimony loosened (with common-sense consideration for David, Tom Hughes allowed her to take the plaintiff rôle) immediately afterward asked his wholesale dry-goods firm, as a great favor, to transfer him to another state.

"And I guess I'll have to step carefuller after this," he confided to a drugs-and-sundries friend over chips and whisky in a Pullman. "Third time in two years a small-town dame has picked me for her second-term meal-ticket. But—nothing doing, nothing doing! Lordy, the danger"—sigh—"we sampleluggers are driven into by the bum Sunday suppers of some Middle-West hotels. Kind? Oh, she's a usual kind—runs to cotton-silk shirt-waists, face-powder, and telling how dull is life with hubby. I know Tom Hughes a little, too. Decent

enough chap. I felt pretty cheap the night he opened his front door and walked in on us." A prodigious sigh. Then: "Well—yeh! I drew a queen to keep company with these other two. Raise?"

The drugs-and-sundries friend shrugged stodgy shoulders over Fannie, squinted stoically at a pair of treys and jack, nine and king of clubs and forebore to raise.

Fannie never knew of this Pullman confidence. But presently she knew that the evening seven-twenty deposited one traveling salesman in Anderstown no more.

In after-years, David retained a faint impression that after his father ceased to be a part of his and Fannie's life his mother expected to marry again soon.

But Fannie did not marry. She presently put out a "Plain Sewing" sign, which is a sign of arid and tedious living for many women. And presently lines of peevishness added themselves to the fadedness that thirty puts upon some women who are pretty enough at twenty.

But she supported herself and David well enough. Solely by the plain sewing? Well—it is best to sheer off from too detailed narration.

If, in time, Mrs. Fannie Hughes came to sit in her back pew at the white-stone Methodist church with an air that at once was furtively defiant and furtively apologetic; if, in time, people came to turn knowing heads and exchange looks when certain Anderstown men passed her on Main street—Ed Lybell, of the Lybell livery-stable, for one, and elderly retired Benjamin Stary, of the bank, whose thick, silver mustache covered an unwholesome upper lip; we will say at this point that Fannie was no Montespan, or Pompadour, or Cleopatra, openly to flaunt a lack of virtue at a disdained world.

In time, Anderstown dropped Fannie's title, "Mrs." She ecame merely "Fannie Hughes." The distinction marked became merely descent for her. As it has marked it for many women—plain

sewers and others.

There must have been other tokens of lowered status. Once, David was puzzled to overhear his mother say angrily to Grace

"People make me tired. I may not be a saint. But I guess" with toss of head-"I'm as good as a lot right in this town." David paid little attention to this talk. It was a spring day The marbles were ready and so were the sidewalks. He had plenty of marbles. Ed Lybell had bought him twenty-five cents' worth. He did not care greatly for Ed, who, at times on Main Street, assumed toward him a half-proprietory manner which once or twice had caused bystanders to snigger. But one does not look a marble-giver in the mouth.

David may have caught, in those early, careless years, unmistakable words of insinuation against his own mother. But if so,

such slipped idly through his heedless ears.

Many of Anderstown's young had elders at whom criticism or insinuation, open and covert, could be directed. And often was. Even Freddy and Mildred Markers, socially most elect, once in a while on school-ground had to endure a taunt over a banker father's unchristian ways with Anderstown mortgagees, and the same ways of their granduncle, Benjamin Stary, nicknamed old "Stingy Stary. While Wallie Shaw had no parents but a most disreputable old uncle, Eben Shaw, who was darkly

and Wallie called home. Parents were parents; to be taken with their failings. Not that David Hughes, at the age of twelve, ever reasoned the matter out thus wordily. He was quite fond of his Inclined secretly—one hides mother. feelings at twelve—to feel that he had a little the best of his fellows in the matter of a mother. Barring a certain peevishness-which to David's observation seemed to be common to mothers -she was better than any he knew. She was generous with the cooky-jar

and could be prevailed upon to make taffy at least three times month. And David thought she was awfully pretty when her front hair was curled and she had on a lightcolored waist.

David was twelve when life slapped him rudeusing Frank Fretty as agent. He was not invited to the lat-ter's birthdayparty which had been talked about for several weeks at school. It was known that Mrs.

Fretty had sent to Beatrice for favors and frosted cakes for it. It was quite a blow to David. At school Frank had always seemed a friend of his. And he had a present all ready for him -Ed Lybell had given him twenty-five cents to buy three initialed lawn handkerchiefs.

Do keep still wondering why you're not invited," said Fannie,

at last, more peevishly than the matter seemed to warrant.

Not long afterward, Mildred Markers had a party. D never expected an invitation to Mildred's. That spoiled grand-niece of old Benjamin Stary, blue-eyed leader of the fourth grade, below his, was not on his list of intimates. He was surprised when his mother flew the red cheek flags of a furious anger.

"As if you weren't as good as her! I've a good notion to tell that old tightwad-

Fannie did not finish. She rocked hard a while, staring with set look out the window at the yard. Presently, she began to cry peevishly, fretfully. David never knew what she had a good notion to tell some old person—he mildly wondered what person. But he spent the afternoon well enough playing ball with the Hagertys on the vacant lot next the Shaw hog-pen. From the top of his leaning fence old Eben chewed tobacco and encouraged the game. Wallie, whose fat legs were thinning that year, her eleventh, watched too.

Another year or two and David's face wore rather a precocious look. Pimply, too. But nearly all of his age and sex in Anders-

town had pimples; fried cakes were a favorite Anderstown food. Wallie Shaw, whose housekeeping efforts in Eben's threeroom shack failed lamentably at fried cakes, was an exception. She and old Eben leaned to fruit and vegetables as the easiest prepared, and her skin was a clear white. She did not recognize her good fortune and was deeply hurt once when, having fried her best for hospitality's sake, the Hagerty boys and David spat out her offering in ingratitude.
"Heavy as iron," said Ben Hagerty.

by the pound if his eyes was shut, Wallie."

"I bet pa'd pay you
"Are they?" she seked Deviation.

"Are they?" she asked David weakly. "Well—yes."

He liked Wallie, though that year she was beginning to be a bore. She forlornly could not understand the limitations of sex in regard to spit-balls. Along with pimples and a certain furtive precocity. David had acquired an ill temper, which evinced



itself sullenly upon occasion; a younger, kindlier nature had gone and he flatly refused to bother teaching Wallie or any one how to smear spit properly on a palm.

Two years in the teens may be two generations of a kind. At fifteen, David was graduated from grammar-school and refused to go to school longer. He went to work, acquired a pay-envelop, a new suit and spending money in plenty—for Anders-Fannie bragged to Grace Hemple.

"I aint ever had much trouble with David, like some women." Socially his life was never empty. With regular earnings, the pool-room and cigar store took on new and genial aspect for him and the Hagerty boys, who also were working. Then there were the Hemple, Shaw, and other homes. Noisy, quarrelsome places, some of them. But if Fannie had not died that second year of his working, David Hughes might have settled down into a careless, commonplace but not altogether unhappy rut. But she died.

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But she died.
A portion of Anderstown showered noisy sympathy on a boy left alone—the Hemples, the Hagertys, Ed Lybell, who blubbered hard now that Fannie's cold, which had developed into bronchitis, had unloosed a tie which had begun to be faded and ailing. Untactfully, and pretty drunk (some people bring flowers to funerals and some bring bottles), he assured David that he'd "meant to marry her some time. Honest!"

"You've saved my life-I must telegraph my father so." Ethel sobbed so hard that she swayed, and David put his arms around her.

David refused offers well enough meant and chose to live on alone in the five-room cottage, working at the box factory and taking his meals at lunch-rooms. He was too young to plan how to live differently. Though he smiled faintly without ingratitude when Wallie Shaw besought him to board with her and old Eben. "Uncle Eben says I'm the cleanest housekeeper

he ever knew," she urged anxiously. "And I practise cooking every day.

Had Fannie lived only a year or so longer, enabling the girl to grow a little older, David might have made no disappointing attempt to scale the fine, thin impassable wall which lay between him and certain pretty misses of his town, might have drifted carelessly enough into marriage with Wallie. But she was young for her years and had begun to show a sober nature oddly at variance with the red ribbon which was always tied about her tight little black curls.

Perhaps it was just as well that Fannie was dead. The judgment of youth is cold; the disappointments of youth are embittering. David Hughes presently wore a disagreeably sullen expression as he lounged evenings and Sunday afternoons on his own solitary porch and watched pairs saunter past to other porches or down-town to ice-cream parlors.

It is true that he need not have been actually solitary—as

far as girls were concerned. There

far as girls were concerned. There were those in Anderstown who were more than willing to console him. Grace Hemple's niece, who now waited at the lunch-room, made overtures. Madge Smith, Fatty's sister, a young milliner from Omaha, lifted stubby eyelashes at his approach, walked past the box factory noons; an irate wife later demanded that the young mil-liner return to Omaha. Madge later owned a child that no man in Anderstown would own. Sullen and bitter, David may have acted more wisely than he knew when he refused the half-loaf because he could not have the whole.

Life, however, ran on idly enough for him and most of the town. Then came a diversion bigger than young love-making and sullen exemption from it. Henry Markers of the bank, richest man in town, bought one of the new and amazing horseless carriages just then self-consciously rolling

into general knowledge.

Mildred was home for Easter vacation from boarding-school. Three months later, for the summer vacation, a boarding-school friend, daughter of another state banker, accompanied her-a pretty friend.

Ethel Ballard, at sixteen, had been marked, it seemed, by nature for one purpose-that of causing every man who beheld her to wish that he had shaved that morning. Or, if he had, that he had done a better job of it. Young Miss Ballard allowed her

eyes, which were the blue of a pretty summer sky at its Juniest, and whose blond lashes and brows caused darker ones to seem ostentatious, to linger perceptibly on meeting David Hughes' glance, as she

tripped down Main Street, with her hostess the first Saturday afternoon of her arrival. It may be that, to a sixteen-year-old stranger,

David was not an unattractive person with his slender build, a little under height, dark tossedback soft hair and sullen but good-looking gray eyes.

Ethel Ballard turned her blond head—toward Mildred under a blue parasol at her side. David read the movements of the pretty, careful lips. "Who is he?"

pretty, careful lips. "Who is he?"
Mildred Markers turned her head, saw him—put up a whitesilk gloved hand so that her lips' movements could not be read. But he saw the interest in the other's eyes replaced by a cool denial of any interest. "Oh!" murmured Mildred Markers'

guest with disapproval. His face flamed. And in the succeeding days no one noticed that David's face twisted disagreeably at mention of her. All notice went to the mention of her, which was rapid and frequent. She was discussed indeed by Anderstown young men-and by some of the old—as town boards discuss taxes, as states discuss franchises, as counties discuss roads, as nations discuss another lovely lady, Gold.

The box factory was having a slack spell. More or less at leisure. David met her face to face several times again. No flame might have leaped except for the spark created by that first eye-meeting. With a sullen pertinacity, with his mouth twisted insolently, he deliberately tried often to catch her eye again. More than once he knew that he succeeded. He gat as much satisfaction as is usually obtained from a futile sort of

All male Anderstown presently divided itself into two parts, those who were eagerly choosing new neckties for the annual Commercial Club dance at the opera-house the Friday evening of Ethel Ballard's second week in town; and those who, for reasons of age, social position or physical disability, knew that there would be no dance for them with her and therefore no

need to buy a tie.

David Hughes sullenly told Wallie, when she asked, two days before, that he wasn't going to the dance. He didn't especially

care for dances.

"Anyone can go," said Wallie wistfully. "They like to sell all the tickets they can." There was betrayal of much in the girl's unconscious acceptance of the ticket privilege as a boon to herself and to others. But David was occupied only with his sullen self.

While he and Wallie stood at the edge of the sidewalk, the Markers automobile happened to pass, holding only the two girls, Mildred very concentrated but important at the wheel. It was curious that of a boy and a girl rooted in soils none the best, the girl's soul should now suggest the healthier growth.

David stared sullenly at the girls in the car and ignored it, with all its potent hint of inventions not yet mastered by man, ignored it with an unnatural listless lack of interest. after a brief, natural glance of pure envy at two girls better circumstanced than her slender, brown-eyed self, eyed the car with a mighty and inquisitive respect in no wise diminished by frequent sights of it.

I bet" -severely-"that Henry Markers don't know, either, that Mildred has that horseless carriage out by herself."

David was not interested in whether he knew or not. though he liked Wallie well enough, he was in no humor for any David at this time was acquiring that dangerous habit, solitude. He now swung away, with a curt good-by, got fishing-tackle, and made his way to a stream beyond the swamp which was just east of town.

A three-pound catfish can wipe away even a deep sullenness of soul—temporarily, at least. Two hours later, David was in a better mood and a little contrite over the way he had snubbed Wallie Shaw, who, herself did not know how to snub any one. He decided to make amends by letting her fry the fish for himself and old Eben. He was almost sure that Wallie would eagerly

hold that to be full amends.

Cheerfully enough he made his way toward town, skirting the swamp which sprawled in his road. He had rounded the last big clump of hazel brush when he heard a small moan. first, he saw the canvas top, at a strange leering angle toward him who was advancing. Two wheels, oddly spinless in the air, were the ominous vision next, then one with hub driven into the ground and beyond the misplaced hub a muddy and unpleasant

flutter of flounce. Ethel Ballard was moaning, her pretty face streaked with white and with clayey ooze, her blue eyes terrified. They looked up at David from the ground where she was pinned down with one of the first horseless carriages of the era heavy on her soft, young chest, ooze and muck sucking up about her and wheels. And if a heavy, broad clump of hazel bush, not so high as its sister clumps, had not received and was now withstanding the hub of a rear wheel, no moan at all could have issued from that pretty organdy-covered chest.

As it was, her breath was so nearly gone that she could hardly choke out to David that Mildred tipped the car over, couldn't pull her out, but had gone for help. And if that bush flattened,

David tore at the car to lift it with his bare hands. But that he realized at once was impossible. He took only a moment to consider, seeing that help must be quick to be in time. a big dead branch, but it broke when he tried to use it for lever. He got one after another while she chokingly begged him to hurry. Finally he found one not too brittle, got another, smaller, to lever it in turn, and raised the car. A little-enough matter in the telling, but, to do it, the slightly built David was compelled to strain to more strength than he really possessed, using that will-power instead of strength as it can be used at times. His face had contorted into actual pain at last with the effort and

his right shoulder, straining, twisting, seemed to jerk out painfully as the tonneau finally yielded and went up a high inch under the hastily applied leverage.

The girl was actually almost crushed. She had difficulty in crawling forth even while David strainingly held that tonneau an inch aloft. And when she was actually safe, she choked

forth fright and past terror and gratitude.

'You've saved my life!"

"Oh"—according to Anderstown standards, David, red-faced, arms almost wrenched from sockets, made polite haste to disclaim that—"nothing much—

She moaned with past terror, and hid her face in David's arm as he was helping her up from the oozy ground. Bashfully he began to wipe clay off her blond hair and arms, and then, as she

mutely held it up, her pretty face.

"Mildred would never have got help here in time! Mildred"-Ethel hysterically lapsed into confidence critical of an absent "can't drive this thing as well as she said she could! I asked her to wait for a ride till her father got back from Beatrice. You've saved my life—I must telegraph my father so! You know I'm an only child and—" She sobbed so hard that she swayed, and David had to put both arms around her for the support which she needed.

A pleasant enough armful. David was flushed queerly, but not sullenly, when the Markers' phaeton tore up with help ten minutes later. Mildred was not in it—she had collapsed at

home with her own bruises.

Plenty of other help came in the phaeton's wake-buggies and wagons and men running on foot. His pulses beating with an odd lightness, David stayed to help the men put the car upright. But afterward, when he went home, he forgot the car and a three-pound catfish lying under a hazel bush. He forgot supper. He went over his wardrobe—as critically as a girl over hers. That Commercial Club dance two nights hence! Oh, it bore a different complexion now. That armful of girl! Now he would have a right to approach her. Undoubtedly she would save him a lot of dances.

For two days, David Hughes' excited vision held little except the bunting which was being hung thickly about the Anderstown opera house. The two girls concerned in the accident were kept in bed and did not appear on the street. David had only one fear—that Ethel would not be able to attend the dance. At the Hemple lunch-room, he ate meals which he did not look at, and he caused Grace Hemple for one to resent heatedly his monosyllabic account of an incident which interested the entire town. He avoided Wallie-afraid that she would ask to go along with him to the dance. He was rather ashamed of this selfishness of his, but he could not help it. He liked Wallie well enough but not this Friday evening.

At eight o'clock he had presented his ticket to Freddy Markers at the opera house door. At nine o'clock, she came, a vision in pale pink with Mr. and Mrs. Markers and Mildred. There was a great crowd by then. It was twenty minutes before he could get within twenty feet of her. At ten o'clock he had not managed to speak to her. There had been several times, in the hour, when he was almost sure that she saw him. There was once when he fancied Mildred Markers saw him before she impatiently whispered something in the other girl's pink ear.

When, at last, he stood directly in front of Ethel, he was startled to fancy that there was a faint hint of impatience in her He asked eagerly, excitedly, for a dance. Just one blue eyes.

dance

Frank Fretty was near. And Freddy Markers. And several others whom David did not trouble to recognize. Had he not been quite so excited, he might have noticed that all who were near waited with a sort of unkind patience for Ethel Ballard to answer him.

And, after an imperceptible delay, Ethel answered him. Answered courteously, but with none of that lovely friendliness which might have followed her position in his arms two days before. And it is true that Ethel's blue eyes wavered a little before the ardent expectation of his, that she looked a little ashamed, colored, raised a pink silk-and-tulle shoulder a little rebelliously toward Mrs. Markers, who may have been a silent mentor behind her. But Ethel spoke distinctly, very, when she said that she was sorry but all her dances were taken. And she added, with perfect courtesy but with a slight hauteur which carried its own lesson:

"I have been wanting to see you, though. Papa is mailing you a check, Mr. Hughes. I telegraphed him to. And if you

feel it isn't large enough-

David turned and saw a circle of attentive hearers. He got

0

"Why did you tear it up?" There was something professional in her laugh, something professional in the movement of a white hand toward the torn check.

Jut of the great room somehow—got out blindly. He thought some one behind him tittered and then smothered a mouth. He heard some one else asking Ethel Ballard for the next dance.

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He got out, got down a length of street, walked up another street blindly. His hands were clenched; he was passionate, speechless. He hated Ethel Ballard, he hated the Markers, he hated the town, he hated life itself. And if tears presently welled up in his eyes, they were tears of an utter misery, not of pride alone.

He did not know that on the deserted streets—nearly every one in town was at the dance—his hard passionate steps rang. And so he never knew that it was not by accident that Wallie Shaw was out at the ramshackle Shaw gate, her face turned apprehensively toward him as he came along.

But he did know, in his misery, that she would be pretty sure to be a friend at the moment. If he did not see that her head of little tight black curls lifted itself at his approach, like a colt's at a call, he not unwillingly found his heart beating against hers

a moment later, and never stopped to think whether his arms or hers had been open first. Against her heart, his angry one found a certain soothing. And her lips were as soft as one petal of a flower, as red as another petal, while her cheeks were like satin to a boy's mouth. David Hughes kissed her hungrily, eagerly, even tearfully, as though bitter necessity demanded solace for a

But presently he wriggled away from her arms, flushing and

sullen with resolve.

"I'm going to pull out of this town."

"Oh, David!" "For good.

No! No!" "'No?'" He derided her cry. fellow here?" "What is there to hold a

Wallie shrank. She understood. His hot tone expressed all that he would not put into plain words. And the niece of old Eben Shaw would add nothing to the importance of Fannie They would be two people of no importance, of Hughes' son.

indeed almost a despicability in the eyes of many.

The next day he sold the house to which Tom Hughes had brought his wife Fannie, pocketed the six hundred dollars which Sam Hemple willingly gave him, and packed his clothes in two suitcases. His train left at twelve. On the eleven o'clock mail he got a check from Harvey H. Ballard for one hundred dollars. David read it grimly. Debated a while. Should be send it

back? Or— Finally he tore it up in very small pieces, which he put inside his inner coat pocket. He had heard that it annoyed bankers when checks were not cashed promptly—that it made awkward columning for their cashiers.

Wallie was at the train to see him off. Her face held a forlorn hope until the last minute. Then she asked him, as he swung

aboard:

"David, won't you ever come back? Ever?"

"When I make sixty million dollars, I'll come back. Or send for you, Wallie," he answered with forced jocularity, his eyes hard.

In the smoker to Chicago David got acquainted with a dapper young man whose old-gold scarf-pin harmonized nicely with brown-cotton socks. Charlie Merrill was a talkative and friendly He and David soon had put out antenna for friendship.

Charlie was returning after a visit home to the city where he was drawing twenty-two dollars a week as salesman. And he had saved three hundred dollars, which he was going to invest in the Chicago Rolling Stock Company, a newly formed manufac-turing firm which needed capital at present and was giving away shares of stock. And anyone, lucky enough to have a few

hundreds to invest would make a barrel of money in the future.

"I've got six hundred dollars," said David diffidently.

"Six hundred! Gee, you lucky stiff! But maybe"—the dapper Charlie Merrill grew politely hesitant-"you wouldn't like to risk it? It's some invention, this new one, and a few of

us think it's a lot bigger than most people realize. But—"
"If you're willing to risk your savings I'll take a chance." David spoke listlessly, but with an evident desire to be complaisant to a friendly person met in a world of unfriendliness. "Shake," said Charlie Merrill with feeling.

They shook.

п

At first David Hughes watched his six hundred dollars as a child watches a balloon sail up into a clear sky. After hugging the ground a few short years, it sailed up and up, fast and faster. It grew, it swelled. It bloated. It took on the color of the blue sky, of the purple sunset, of the pink dawn. It was unreal. It was fairies' work.

Presently, though, he traded bits of the unreality for personal -a neat black check-book, a bachelor suite, a limousine, and the best of such good food and fine linen as America can furnish a rising rich young man. Having made several can furnish a rising rich young man. Having made several trades, he didn't believe in fairies. He believed that fairies would be superfluous in this stockholding world.

It was an educative process for David as for other folks-this

money-getting.

In 1904, he could hardly tell a twenty-five-cent necktie from its thirty-five-cent superior, didn't quite know the difference between sedans and sad irons, felt uneasy over a twenty-six-cent laundry bill, and was careful to count his change before a fortycent table d'hôte. Thirteen years later, he yawned over his own factories' sedan output, counted twenty-eight dollars a day a minimum hotel charge, held a directorate meeting a bore and its

gold piece a triviality, and preferred Italian silk underwear to domestic manufacture.

But by the women whom a man has or has not loved may his memoirs be most tersely written.

In the chronological order of their utterance:

Anna, stodgy Slav coffee-pourer of short-arm lunch-room, where, in 1904, coffee and doughnuts were five cents: "Sulky little rube."

Lil Berkstein, black-haired checker in the Chicago box factory of the years David's balloon was hugging the ground: "Listen; His manners are all right, what there is of 'em. But there ain't much of 'em'"

much of 'em.

Marie Keber, pretty-eyed, ready to step with any congenial young man from her glove counter to woman's best sphere of our rooms and wedding presents: "Get married? He says nor on his tintype! I said then: 'Fade away, Davy. I like your gray eyes but not your intentions.' In some pique. And then he faded."

Stella Sordberg, Art Institute student, met while two young crowds were investigating life and liquor in cabarets: "Nerve? He's got it. Says he isn't out to coax a girl-he likes the easy

Maisie Boutell, of the "Buzzard of Box" chorus: "Cold-blooded? That Hughes is a fish. A deep-sea fish. Threatened to have me arrested for takin' his pin—a cheap twenty-dollar cat's eye! From the fuss he made, I guess it was the first he ever owned worth over a half-dollar. I had to give it back. I'll say he isn't my style."

Mrs. Charlie Merrill: "Charlie, I know he is one of your oldest friends. But I wish you'd get some other companion for your fishing-trips. I simply detest that little black push-button of a mustache of his. Why doesn't he get married to some

Mrs. George Winthrop, president of Association of Women's Clubs: "My dear, the younger business men of our times are

certainly a self-sufficient set. He gave me a check for the working girls' gymnasium—but the offhand way he gave it to me!"

Helen Cootey, of the Chicago Sunday Ocean-Herald: "Does David love David? Heaps, I guess. Interview him? Dearie, it was like taking candy from the baby. He assumed the bored pose—they all do who've come up from a dollarless childhood! but, believe me, like the rest, David didn't hold back any present good-for-publicity facts about his wealthy self. Plenty of photographs of himself and his new specially built terra cotta-colored racing car and his fourteen-baths apartment on the lake front and his old-oak highboy said to have once belonged in a Papal palace, and even snap-shot views of his Jap valet laying out his evening clothes and putting away his pipes. The city editor said I should have called a truck. He didn't know how I got such a load back to the office."

Lina Lindon, of the Chicago banking Lindons, who had known gray stone for residential purposes for three generations: "He was worth thirty millions, they say, before we went into the war. Must be sixty now. They say he said he was glad of the excess-profits tax—it saved him work. H'm."

Nevertheless, when Ethel Ballard's blue eyes again rested upon David Hughes, they knew him; after a minute or two of memory had trailed a familiar name back through the years.

His nose had broadened somewhat. His dark hair was sleeked back like a rodent's fur from his valeted forehead, not tossed back. He had a little black mustache. He was older obviously.

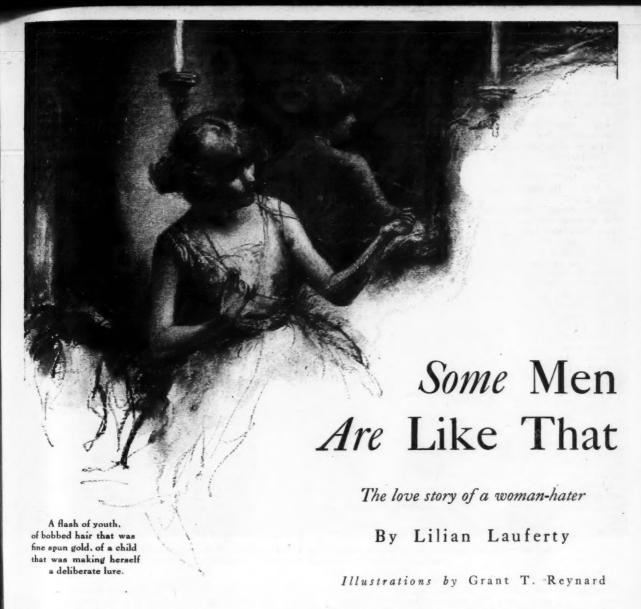
That was all.

It was at the annual banquet of the National Motor Men's Association—a gorgeous and important affair, of glittering horseshoe table, orchid decorations, and speeches which the daily papers and the monthly trade journals would report in full. Ethel was there on the mezzanine balcony where the wives and women friends of the banqueters were permitted to look down upon the menu and festivity in which they might not participate. She was there by courtesy and presence of Mrs. Genevieve Howe, an acquaintance made in an apartment hotel. Genevieve, a divorcée, was a "woman friend" of one of the numerous vicepresidents on the banquet floor below.

It cannot be said whether or not David Hughes immediately

recognized Ethel Ballard and recalled the past in detail. It cannot be said whether or not Ethel's own memory served her perfectly on her full share in incidents of long back. Pretty women's memories are uncertain. Coolly using Genevieve and her vice-president as unwitting social convoy, she had made assured way to David.

At the time she could not tell whether (Continued on page 136)



'ALTER loves Genevieve." The announcement was made in blue chalk letters, sprawling amorously against each other and the gray stone front wall of the Midvale Grammar School. At recess, Kitty Meredith, beckoning mysteriously, led Genevieve Lingard out to Union Street where Genevieve's affairs basked in the light of publicity and the noonday sun.

"Lookie what some one's wrote about you and Wally Blake,

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she giggled.
"Written," murmured Genevieve, cocking her head at the blue scrawl.

"Cept Wally Blake and Lonnie Dawson and maybe Rudy Shultz on tiptoes, nobody's tall enough to reach," prompted Kitty, eyeing Genevieve's own frustrate tiptoes and stretching finger-tips. And you dassent let Wally see. Or anybody. They'd too the work of the work Shultz on tiptoes, nobody's tall enough to reach," They'd tease you—"
"Come on!" Genevieve cried, maintaining her own counsel.

Then racing in advance of a breathless Kitty, she led the way in turn. She darted into the playground and straight toward the corner where such masculine activities as marbles, mumbly-

peg and Indian war-dances were in session.

"Walter! Walter Blake," called Genevieve. "Come here."

"Walter—I want you," jeered a voice, mimicking Genevieve in thin tremolo.

Other voices took up the refrain. It became a chant weaving in and out of the boy's corner. A phalanx of boys surged forward, laughing, mocking the little silly who imagined their leader would come when a girl called him. Walter was the biggest boy in Grade 8-A. He was as tall as lots of the high school fellers. He'd licked two Freshies a week ago when they tried to put him off the field where the second nine was out for practise. As if he'd go when a girl called!

But he had gone. He was at Genevieve's side, towering protectingly between her and the jeering school. His gray eyes were bright and the jutting of his sturdy jaw and the flare of his nostrils suggested something more than a temporary belligerency. His head was tossed high, though his cheeks carried burning crimson banners.

"Here I am, Genevieve," he announced valiantly

Here were all the other boys too, trailing along in diminuendo. Genevieve pranced and then looked demure as she continued to give Wally Blake the orders it was clear he'd obey with all the

school watching and wondering.
"Go out in front, Walter, and erase what's on the wall for my
mamma and my sister Mabel and everyone to see," she suggested delicately.
"Aw—I can't! Aw—leave it be. 'Tain't doin' any hurt."

Thus Walter, the school applauding its leader's independence. No girl was going to make Wally Blake stand 'round.

Lonnie Dawson produced a piece of red chalk and with many flourishes printed slyly on the wall behind Walter and Genevieve: Walter loves Gennivive.

"Look what Lonnie's doing!" shrilled Kitty. "He wrote it out front too.'

"Wal-ter, make him stop," simpered Genevieve. "He's making fun of me-and it looks worse red than blue."



"Oh, Jinny-it's you that counts! I hate having you there-identified with all the cheapness that seems to have caught folks. I don't want it to get you, dearest."

"Lonnie, please go out front and do what she says," mumbled Walter, his eyes on the trench his copper-toed shoe was digging. "Don't haveta. Won't! vaunted Lonnie. Who's gonna

make me?" 'Gwan," mouthed Walter gently. "I'll do somethin' for you

some time." "Who's gonna make me?" repeated Lonnie, plucking heart of

courage from Walter's pacifism.

"Oh, Walter!" shrilled Genevieve, her curls bobbing about a puckering face. "I never thought you'd be a fraidy."

Walter gulped. The muscles across his jaw tightened. He took a step before which Lonnie retreated two. Then he said politely:

'Lonnie, will you please do like Genevieve says?" Lonnie threw back his shoulders and cried mincingly,

You mind Genevieve yourself, Walter. I didn't write nothing You do it." to erase.

Walter didn't hit him. It was the school-bell which punctuated Lonnie's words. Recess was over. The children surged automatically toward the school-door. A jeer arose.

matically toward the school-door. A jeer arose.
"Walter's 'fraid of Lonnie. Wally dassent touch Lonnie.
Wally's a 'fraidcat."

Out of the volume came Lonnie's taunt:

"Wally's scairt of me. I can punch his face. He's 'fraid to fight. He don't think enough of Genevieve to take a licking for

"Oh, Walter," pleaded Genevieve, "If my mamma sees that out front, she'll think I'm such a silly! And Mabel'll tease so—" Walter turned and plunged toward the playground gate.

When he came into the assembly room five minutes late and was summoned up front to the "mourners' bench" where evildoers must sit missing classes and staying in after school to make up their work, little giggles popped up all about and were stifled before teacher could trace them. It was a joke though how Walter was afraid to fight Lonnie when he'd licked those High Anyway Lonnie was leader now and Wally School Freshies. hadn't even fought for it. It was funny how you couldn't tell a boy was a cowardy-cat till something showed him up like that.

But Genevieve, eyes modestly and cryptically veiled, sat studying a note which had fallen to her desk as Walter went marching by to the mourner's bench.

"I couldn't hit Lonnie for what was on the front wall," she read. "I'll lick him good tomorow for other things. But if for Walter loves Genevieve. I rote that myself and its so.

When Walter was seventeen, he went East to Harvard. There he made friends, the team and the crew. Also an engagement with Genevieve to come to Cambridge for his Class Day. And one with himself to marry Genevieve as soon as he got out of law school and got one client. Genevieve knew about this, but she laughed and said Class Day was far enough off but law school

and the client were A-a-ages away.
"Walter loves Genevieve," the boy would reply sturdily. "He "Walter loves Genevieve, always has. He can wait."

Walter's father died during his junior year. That left him with no one to love but Genevieve and his feeling became so poignant that he was sometimes afraid it might frighten her. But she went on laughing out of wide blue eyes that had a way of twinkling at the corners, and she tossed her yellow curls in mock-

ery of anything big enough to frighten her.
"We could be married right after Class Day," suggested
Walter. "I want you so much, dear. Walter loves Genevieve,

u know. ttle that' aw Schoo "You're nd plan ke to was ot ready ngs all But yo it seems "Oh, I'l nging to I'll come Kitty N ston M ew rowe topped of my Mer years. The cre nerset. rediths

> to tell She m rythin New Lo ut Jerry n't resis alter.

tching !



He was holding himself in leash against his own fury when voices floated up to him mistily, scarcely intruding on his mind with any meaning.

ou know. There's enough money for a tiny home and you're so ttle that's the kind would be right for you. Lots of fellows in aw School are married. At least—some are."

"You're always so—precise about everything, what you say nd plan and every teeniest thing," laughed Genevieve. "I ke to wait and see what comes without being so—precise. I'm of ready to be married for A-a-ages yet. I don't like to planhings all out."

"But you will come to Commencement. I've counted on that, oit seems part of Harvard and part of my life."

"Oh, I'll come. If I didn't you wouldn't have any folks bebaging to you. That would be dreadful," conceded Genevieve. I'll come to Class Day."

Kitty Meredith came with her, and they stayed with the osten Merediths, kinsfolk of Kitty's. On the day when the work to winning race at New London, Genevieve Lingard topped off at Providence on the way to see Walter stroke the ight, and became Mrs. Gerald Meredith. In three days Merry erry Meredith won the reality of which Walter had dreamed wears.

The crew broke training that night at a bang-up dinner at the merset. But Walter wasn't there. He'd gone straight to the mediths to tell Genevieve how much knowing that she was withing had helped him row a good race. But Kitty was waiting to tell him that Genevieve had not seen the race.

"She meant to go," Kitty explained, as if that would have set rerything straight. "She meant to go right on from Providence New London. And she planned to wait and tell you to-night. It Jerry just would start for the White Mountains. And she ha't resist anything he says to do. He just sweeps her along, Valter. She can't help it."

"Does she love him so much?" asked Walter, his white lips merciless as they formed the words that burned them.

"She's mad about him," gushed Kitty. "He's just swept her off her feet. Merry Jerry's fascinating—so dark and slim and dashing. But lots of girls like big, slow men, Walter. Oh, Walter, I think she was a pig. And I'd do anything to make it easier for you. Maybe it would help you get through the evening if you took me to the Pops. Do you feel like doing that, Walter?"

"I couldn't stand being with any girl," Walter gave back curtly.

That was still true at the end of eighteen

Having made friends, the team and the crew, Walter also made good at Law School and kept his friends and the prestige of his athletics. His career later in the law was a credit to himself and a pride and joy to a big group of Harvard men. When an offer of magnificent proportions to act as special counsel for Oil Amalgamated, offices on lower Broadway, came along, the bunch at the club felt that this was precisely what

you'd have expected of Walt.

The President of Oil Amalgamated was old Bruce Parmenter, a Harvard man of another decade. Young Bruce, a this year's 'grad,' had made the crew and the team which Walter coached. No matter what the demands of the law and a growing practise, Walter had time for every year's teams and crews. Young Bruce adored him. Old Bruce admired his work. And even the fellows who'd forgotten the story of why Walt's hair was iron-gray before he was twenty-five got a lot of satisfaction out of the idea that a large sized piece of good fortune was coming along to crown his honest plugging.

The tradition that Walter wasn't a lady's man traveled to New York ahead of him. Still he was so well set up and so handsome in a stern iron-gray fashion that the crowd at the Harvard Club decided with royal good will he was much too fine to waste. He'd make some woman darn happy. And the right woman would know

happy. And the right woman would know how to smooth the lines that ran harshly from his nose to the corners of his mouth.

So Walter found himself besieged with numerous invitations to week-ends and plenty of off hand insistences to come along up to the house for dinner. There were generally sisters and nieces "at the house." Also daughters. So Walter developed a fondness for working evenings at the Law library.

fondness for working evenings at the Law library.

By the beginning of the summer he was looking so fagged that old Bruce fairly ordered him off to Wilamette for a weekend with young Bruce. Walter started to stammer, but ceased when young Bruce assured him that there wasn't a sister or a cousin or an aunt in the offing. And they motored out to Wilamette in young Bruce's maroon racer and had a round of golf at the club before dinner.

Walter made the strange links in two over bogey and Bruce insisted that they must stay for dinner and boast about it to the

boys.

"We'll sit in the bachelor's corner over at the end of the diningroom. There's jazz all through supper every night, but if any
fresh female comes to our refectory table to invite you to dance,
there's a balcony you can make in one stride and a terrace you
can dash down to safety," laughed young Bruce.

Bruce had plenty of cause to be proud at dinner. For by the time they got to the roast, five men had insisted on seconding Walter when Bruce put him up for the club and on speaking to the membership committee about railroading him in ahead of the waiting list. Then, leaving Walter in the hands of friends, young Bruce made for an adjacent table and dragging out a girl with the abruptness he might have shown in plucking an apple from a low-hung bough, he whirled out into the swaying mass of dancers. Walter was watching idly when one of his new friends cried:

"Turn your chair, old man, so you can watch the band. The club fool is at it again, mixing it up with the smokes and their

jazz

Walter turned toward the raised platform where the grinning negroes sat playing with a barbaric joy akin to the rhythmic abandon out on the floor. A white man was playing the banjo. Flamboyantly white under his sleek dark hafr, he was groomed to a formal immaculateness that stood out like a blot. On his thin lips there was a complacent and fixed smile. His wavering eyes demanded attention. He seemed puzzled because everyone went on dancing instead of paying tribute to his prowess with the banic. banjo.
"Damn silly clown!" snorted Walter's neighbor. "You

won't care to meet him."

But Walter knew the man who had just been called a clown. It was Merry Jerry Meredith, the man who had taken Genevieve from him. Walter found himself growing cold. The years swept back, and his shame and fury and helplessness were raw and new

again.

Merry Jerry dropped his banjo and swaggered to the front of the platform. He held up his hand. But his gesture did not arrest traffic. The dancing went on with a count and arrest traffic. arrest traffic. The dancing went on with a casual and accustomed indifference to his bag of tricks. . . . He tried a few buck and wing steps. They won him fleeting glances. Merry Jerry turned and whispered something in the ear of the negro pianist. The negro grinned, and shook his head. Then the white man settled things in the immemorial way. He slipped his hand into his pocket and cupped a bill into the palm of the pianist, who wavered no more but broke off the dance and slowed down to an insidious and writhing prelude.

Reluctantly the dancers left the floor. Merry Jerry had cap-

tured it. His fatuous smile broadening, he stepped to the front of the platform and began droning out the words of a cheaply daring song. It dripped innuendo. It challenged muffled and

knowing laughter.

Walter felt himself choking with futile rage. His brain stam-ered protests. What had been decently tragic was suddenly mered protests. a burlesque. Walter hated himself, resented the years he'd spent mourning a woman who had chosen to spend those years with a slavering little pup like Meredith. In all the years Walter had never hated Genevieve-never blamed her. He had to despise

Choked by the atmosphere of the room that had been so fragrant and friendly a few moments before, Walter flung to his feet and strode out to the balcony. He vaulted down to the black velvet of the grassy terrace. He bathed in the spaciousness of the evening. Outdoors was a decent, quiet place where one tree toad didn't try to outdo all the others in raucousness.

He was holding himself in leash against his own fury and nau-sea and the futility of the feelings he'd wasted on a woman who could put up with such a drunken clown, when voices floated up to him mistily, scarcely intruding on his mind with any actuality or

meaning.

"You didn't have to rush me away like this, Momsie. worse than sticking things out to cut and run. Besides, why all this holier-than-thou stuff? I liked it-

"Let's put it that I'm tired and thought you'd be-too chival-

rous to let me go home alone.

The second voice fluted. After all the years, her voice was

unmistakable. It was Genevieve who spoke.

Walter stood shamelessly still and listened. He flattened his lips to hold back his breath. If he had needed any excuse, he would have told himself that he hated Genevieve so much that he had a right to anything now. The younger voice, the first he had heard, cut in flippantly.

"Call it manners to crab Merry Jerry's act by walking out on him?"

"He—doesn't know," cried Genevieve, picking her words slowly in contrast to the gay assurance of the girl's voice in response.

Like fun he doesn't. He's not so tight he can't see. And he's fun. But if we act as if he had smallpox what do you think the

bunch will think?'

"Oh, Jinny-it's you that counts! I hate having you thereidentified with all the-cheapness that seems to have caught

folks. I don't want it to get you, dearest. It's time you were in bed. And I'm tired. Your father won't—mind."

Genevieve's voice made a brave showing. It seemed to be fighting a great weariness. Walter remembered suddenly that Kitty Meredith had called Merry Jerry slim and dark and dashing. That was eighteen years ago. He picked up the thread of conversation below on a sharp cry from Genevieve:

"You bet he won't. He's a good fellow. He has all the fun that's coming. I want some of it too. What's the sense of missing the mix-up he's starting? The party was dead 'till Merry Jerry put some life into it. I'm going back—" A tall, slim figure rushed by Walter and vaulted the balcony The party was dead 'till Merry

railing as easily as he had made it a minute or two before. And Walter went down the terrace to Genevieve. hate her any more. He pitied her too much for that.

She saw him coming toward her in the moonlight that silvered down like a giant search-light. And she started back from the path with a strange, cringing motion that merged her with a tall bush of rank, sweet syringa.
"Genevieve," cried Walter, "are you running away?"

She stepped out from the bush, her hands on her heart, her head

flung up to the alert.
"Walter!" she whispered. "Walter Blake. You've come

"Yes, Genevieve, I've come back," he said quietly.
Genevieve held out both her hands. He took them and they stood in a silence that seemed to be clamoring for words Walter knew he could never speak. At last Genevieve said, "It's eighteen years! Have you been happy?"
"No, not till now."

"And I thought you'd hate me!"

"I thought so too. But—Walter always loved Genevieve." He contrived a laugh—but Genevieve broke in on it. "Oh, you shouldn't say that. But I want you to-

after all. Oh, Walter, you always knew what was right. I'm all at sea now. Help me. Perhaps I've—hurt—your life. And still I'm asking you to help me. Isn't that just like me?"

"What do you want me to do?" asked Walter quietly. "I will. You know that."

There was a moment which lay between them like a tangible It seemed to hold everything that Walter's life had lacked for eighteen years. It seemed to demand something in terms of the tawdry five minutes when Merry Jerry Meredith had driven him out of the club—to Genevieve. Walter tightened his hold on the fragile hands that lay in his. Perhaps he drew them closer. For a moment he had the illusion that something very precious lay within his grasp. Then Geneview dragged her hands away and hid her face in them for a moment. Then Genevieve When she took them down, her eyes were wide and darkly still, but her voice fluted clearly.

Could you get Jinny out of that place? She's so like meas I was-that you're sure to know her. But she's tall and boyish. She'd be such a sweet little thing—so fearless and honest and fine—if it weren't for—things I can't help. I want her to come home with me."

"I'll bring her," promised Walter. "If that's what you want."
"It's what I want," she answered as if he had asked a ques-

So Walter flung back again to the heavy-raftered, smoky room that seemed so garish after the coolness of the air lifting gently from the impalpable silver sheen of water below the terrace where he'd left Genevieve.

Jinny was by no means elusive. He found her at once,—at the bachelor's table he had so lately deserted. She was leaning toward young Bruce Parmenter and trolling out the refrain of

the song her father was giving—presumably as an encore. A cigarette trailed from the corner of her mouth.

Walter had a camera flash of youth, pink and clear-skinned, of boyish bobbed hair that was fine-spun gold like Genevieve's, of soft lips taking on a challenging looseness, of eyes narrowing to The child was making of herself a deliberate capphire chasms. lure. And young Bruce was yielding with an insolent bravado that dared her to dance out to any precipice she chose if only she took him by the hand for her flitting. The boy's eyes were slipping smoothly over the girl's face. They had touched her palpitating throat with all the warmth of a forbidden caress when Walter strode to the table.

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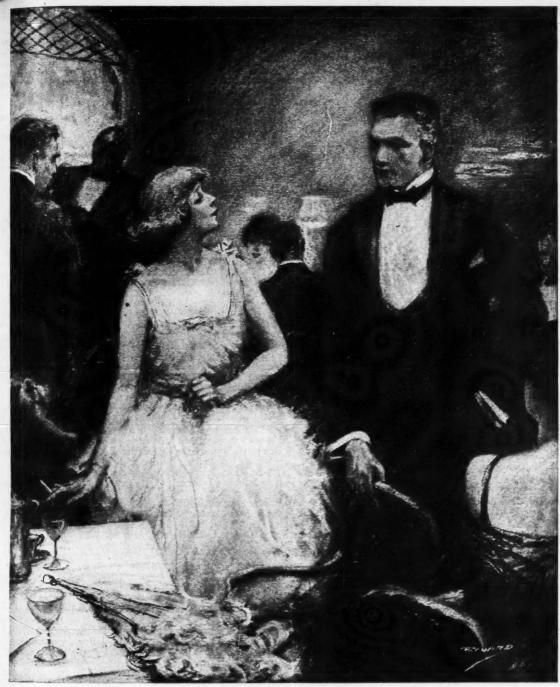
"Come along, Jinny," he said so tersely that it fairly crashed into the throbbing silence between the two youngsters. "I'm taking you and your mother home in Bruce's roadster. I'm borrowing it without a by-your-leave, young feilow.'

Bruce caught his eyes away from Jinny's white throat and folded his brows to scowl. But he smiled instead. It was a man-to-man, worldly-wise smile. It said he remembered the H T-

vard classic of Genevieve's elopement and the race she didn't see.

"They all fall for you, kid," he said aloud with cacual impertinence. "Here's the world's best woman-hater stealing you from me. Take her, Walt, old top."

As Bruce marched away, with complete poise, Walter put his



She jerked to her feet and cried challengingly, "Who are you, anyway-to come spoiling things like this?"

hand on Jinny's shoulder. She jerked to her feet and, blue eyes

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almost on a level with his, cried challengingly:
"Who are you anyway—to come spoiling things like this?"
"I'm Walter Blake," said the man, ready to wince, knowing

he must be a tradition to the Merediths.

Jinny's eyes widened. She was very much Genevieve's daughter as she said on a cello note deeper than Genevieve's fluting: "You don't need introducing. Did you ask for this dance? If you did, I can forgive you for sending Bruce away—" Then Merry Jerry twinkled from her eyes and voice as she concluded: "When I had him darn near vamped."

"I'm taking you to Genevieve," announced Walter. "We're taking you home."

taking you home."

You win," replied Jinny, suddenly jerking her head away for a second to watch young Bruce Parmenter who had no glance for her in return. "I know when I'm beaten. And you're going to be the hit of the piece. Only when all the debs and

the divorcées start trailing, remember you saw little Jinny first.

"Come on, child," laughed Walter. "You're adopted."

But when the red car arrived at Meredith Towers, it appeared that it was he who was adopted, for young Jinny's pouting acceptance of the fact that he couldn't come in to call on account of having to call back for young Bruce was followed by an insistence that the two of them must come to dinner on Sunday. Strangely enough—or perhaps naturally enough, since Walter couldn't sort out his impressions and find how much of all this was inevitable—Genevieve was as insistent as her daughter. And the Sunday dinner invitation, which was about the last thing Walter would have expected to receive or accept, became a pact, with Jinny clamorously reminding him as he turned the maroon racer back toward the club that Bruce Parmenter must come along if only to see her vamp his friend "Waldo."

And that was how Genevieve came back into Walter's life after

eighteen years, and how he came to dine at Merry Jerry Meredith's table.

Every impression Walter got from that strange and unexpected party made him wince. Merry Jerry had a jovial and overaccented cordiality which took on a we-understand-each-otherold-man quality toward Walter and a let's-understand-each-other-young-fellow tone where Bruce was concerned. Walter felt that he was balancing on the brink of the moment when Merry Jerry would become garrulous about the part they had played in each other's lives. But even that might have been better than the coarse paternalism with which Jerry flung an all

too willing Jinny at young Bruce.

And Genevieve. There was an agonized quietude about her. Walter had a sketchy impression that she was making a passionate effort to play fair in a game she didn't want to play at all. She seemed anxious to be out of the picture her husband and daughter splashed upon the canvas of the moment. Yet she was patiently eager that it should be painted vividly even while she winced at its garishness. It was as if she wanted to get everything clear, so that she might carry out some plan of her own.

What this was Walter discovered the next day. Genevieve telephoned his office to ask if he had an hour for her. Walter smiled grimly. Having dedicated eighteen years or more of his life to her, the hour was ready to strike. But

he didn't say that. He merely suggested the Plaza for tea.

He arrived a minute or two ahead of the appointed hour. But

Genevieve was waiting. Waiting for him. It accordingly Genevieve was waiting. Waiting for him. It seemed signifi-cant. Walter felt like a conqueror as he led Genevieve to the terrace and took his place across from her and let his eyes rest on her face under the pleasant shadow of a soft orchid hat. His eyes were possessive. He knew it. He felt they had every right to be. Every encouragement from circumstance and from Gene-

She smiled at him. Her eyes were troubled. Her throat pulsed jerkily and in spite of the soft five o'clock light and the orchid hat, she looked suddenly haggard and worn. She had orangeade and Walter drank White Rock. They sat in a silence that Walter felt there was no need of words between them. throbbed. Suddenly Genevieve seemed to feel that there was.

"And we call it tea," she fluted in the well-remembered voice.

"That's like everything in the whole world today-shams and make-believe.

"Except love and friendship," Walter managed quietly. "They stand."

"They stand!" Genevieve repeated gravely. "I'm taking advantage of the old friendship, Walter, as I always did, as I "I'm taking did Saturday night when I sent you for Jinny--to get her out. It's about Jinny I came today.

Her blue eyes fastened on him with a quality he found himself calling breathless. They seemed to be suspending everything but the business of looking down into his soul.

knew suddenly just what it was they mustn't find there.

"About Jinny," he said. "All right, Genevieve,—go ahead."

"First about friendship," she managed with a wistfulness she seemed trying to make brisk and somehow final. "I did ours a terrible wrong once. I got—swept—into something different. I left Kitty to tell you and you to face the hurt alone. I don't deserve much-

Walter gathered that the end of the sentence would not have indicated it was merely from him she deserved little. He was awkwardly conscious that she couldn't say she'd paid, but that

she wanted him to know it.

"It could never make me happy to think an old friend wasn't happy," he replied to the unspoken.' Then because he feared smashing through a barrier of reserve Genevieve might still want to maintain, he added lamely: "If you're worrying about Jinny and I can help. I'll want to." and I can help, I'll want to.

"She likes you. "Yes, I felt that."

"And respects you. Oh, Walter, what has my daughter to Not the country club life she understands so well. Not the thing called love she sees being batted about like a tennis ball. Not the thing she arouses in a boy like Bruce Par-

menter, or gives him in return."

"She has you," said Walter reverently and meaning it with all his soul. It was his apology for what he had expected, had even thought he had a right to claim when Genevieve asked him for an hour.

"What good am I for an ideal?" Genevieve swept herself and her reserves aside lavishly. "She knows about me. She'd excuse herself for being like me. Her heritage from me is to be headstrong and arrogant and selfish and thoughtless as I was.

"You were not!"

"And if that weren't enough to excuse her to herself foranything, she knows how emotional I-was. I let myself be swept into Jerry's life. I've never been right for him. I've never known how to fill his life—perhaps I've never even wanted to-not from the first. So he had to fill it—with what he could find. I failed him, you see. Jinny sees. Do you think she has any reason to find a beautiful ideal in her mother?"
"Genevieve!" cried Walter. "You're blaming yourself too Cosm

much."

It was inadequate. Genevieve smiled wistfully, but there was a grimness in the decision with which she went on:

"Perhaps if I were blaming myself enough, I couldn't ask Walter, I have to say terrible things—indelicate, disloyal things. If it can help Jinny, I owe it to her. If it can't—"
"Perhaps you owe it to me," suggested Walter quietly. "Put

"Perhaps you owe it to me," suggested waiter quicuy. Fut it like that and don't be afraid of the truth, Genevieve. Let an old friend face facts with you. You can't say anything I didn't—glimpse yesterday and Saturday night."

"All right," said Genevieve, laying her hands in front of her on the table and studying them intently. "You see what

Jinny's going to be if she's not stopped. Like us. That means we can't stop her. And Jerry doesn't even want to. He doesn't we can't stop her. And jerry doesn't even want to. He doesn't realize that Bruce Parmenter's very glances—toy with her. He doesn't dream how the club sneers at his daughter—and mine." Walter let that stand. It was the one service he could co Genevieve at the moment. She forged ahead, doggedly tighten-

ing her hands to steady herself.

She's lovely-to look at-and lovely deep down inside. She would respond to fine, big things if she saw them. You're strong enough to impress her. She'd be proud of her conquest at first. Then you'd get your chance to mold her. If she were splendid enough, our world might respect her and forget her heritage. And I think it would respect her a little if a man like you sort of adopted her-took a-

"Took a grandfatherly interest," smiled Walter easily, taking

up the words over which Genevieve's lips fumbled vainly.
"This has been shameless of me!" cried Genevieve. I'm so desperate about her wildness and so frightened over that Parmenter boy and the high spirits that may wreck her. I was—restless too, and eager. She might get swept anywhere."
"Oh, we can't permit that," protested Walter, trying to make

it endurable for Genevieve, trying to let her say enough and

not too much.
"Then you will help!" she cried, lighting up suddenly as if she'd stopped questioning.
"Jinny's the Genevieve I was. I'm asking you to mold her as you might have molded me."
"She might have been my daughter," Walter replied reverent-

"I'll adopt her and be proud of your faith."

Within a week Walter took a house at Wilamette, discreetly distant from Meredith Towers, discreetly near Brucedale. Young Bruce Parmenter strutted in pride of the friendship so openly expressed. Old Bruce sent half his servants to help get the place in order.

Then for two years, the Wilamette crowd marveled to see Walter Blake at the beck and call of that pert little sub-deb, Jinny Meredith. She preened herself on the friendship. Perhaps she even flaunted it in the face of Bruce Parmenter, who went on tolerating her and taking it for granted he could kiss her in dark corners.

But Jinny had less and less time for dark corners. out in the light reading the books Walter gave her and racing to art exhibits and concerts with him. She won the string of tiny oriental pearls he promised her if she'd graduate at the head of her class. And, passing over the lure of the movies, stenography, society, millinery designing and a course of dancing at Denishawn—each of which she had considered vividly if briefly as her chosen career-she announced at her graduation from Miss Hanson's that she was going in for interior decorating. And did, marching off with a new purpose in her buoyant stride.

Merry Jerry laughed at her nonsense. Wilamette disapproved. Moreover, it considered Jinny's career direct evidence that her father's was about done for. As if to prove it, Merry Jerry resigned from two clubs and three directorships within a few His exploits were public property.

Jinny's absorption in her work and her friendship with Walter

became more and more intense. Wilamette' smiled, lifted its eyebrows and lowered its voice. Merry Jerry Meredith's daughter would have a heritage of debts, bad blood, and habits to match. Genevieve had managed cleverly by beginning to discount the future in the girl's childhood.

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You don't catch me getting in late,
For this is my inning, and Campbell's is winning—
You'll never beat me to the plate.





## Right for the home plate

It's good to get home when you know that right there waiting for you is a plate of delicious hot soup, to take the tiredness out of your hunger and start you naturally on the quiet enjoyment of your meal.

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

Gets its wonderful flavor and tonic properties from vine-ripened tomatoes of a selected variety, and from the way they are blended with creamery butter, pure granulated sugar and other appetizing ingredients. Serve it regularly and often. Keep a supply always on hand.

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## Which incense pleases you most?

#### Sandalwood? Wistaria? Violet? Pine? Rose?

HOSTESSES of the Western World have awakened to what the little hostesses of the East have known so long—that there is no more subtle charm than that which comes from fragrant wisps of incense.

But while some like the rich oriental fullness of Sandalwood, other hostesses are partial to the sweetness of Wistaria or to the flowery delicacy of the Rose or Violet; and still others prefer the balmy fragrance of the pine.

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Whichever you prefer, you may have it from your druggist or your gift shop. Practically every department store, too, carries it, so swift has been its spread throughout America.

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Sandalwood, Wistaria, Violet, Rose, Pine

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Not often do such eligibles as the right hand man of Old Bruce Parmenter come sailing across maternal horizons. And no one who'd been managed a bit less perfectly than Genevieve had handled Walter Blake would ever have considered Meredith's girl.

Meredith's girl had to be reckoned with, however. She'd been going around the links alone one summer afternoon and came into the club at the slack hour when everyone has finished tea and gone to dress for dinner. And there on the bul-letin board was Gerald Meredith's name posted for non-payment of dues. years' roystering was calculated in red figures branding the name of Meredith.

Jinny swept to the board and lifted her furious young hand to tear down the insult. Young Bruce Parmenter slouched out of the writing-room just then. He was on the House Committee. Jinny ripped the degrading notice from the board and held it out to him.

"You could have stopped this. But you let them post it for everyone to see. Suppose I hadn't come-

"I'll fix it, Jinny," murmured Bruce pityingly.

She blazed out at that.

"I don't need you. You're only doing this because you're ashamed. You could have stopped it. There's nothing for you to do now.

Bruce tried for the paper. Jinny laughed. It sounded scornful, when it was only hurt.
"I'll take it to Waldo," she cried in a

voice that was just this side of a sob.
"Oh, Walter!" stormed the boy, utterly primitive at the touch of the cool wrist he managed to seize.

He dragged Jinny close, flung his arms about her and set demanding lips on hers. And she, fighting for the reverence Walter had taught her to want, struck him a straight clean box on the ear just as old Bruce Parmenter came out of the writingroom where his son had left him and for-

gotten him a few moments before.

Jinny whirled out of the club. Merry Jerry's dues were paid in full the next day and his resignation accompanied the check. But Jinny didn't wear her string of tiny Oriental pearls again.

Within the week young Bruce Parmenter went down to the Argentine for Oil Amalgamated. Old Bruce said it was a good thing. Young Bruce was listless about it. And Walter guessed some of the turmoil Young Bruce was listless about it. from the boy's studied failure to find time for a farewell lunch with him.

Jinny had filled the nooks and crannies of Walter's life so completely for two years, that Genevieve came to take her place in the dim background. He became suddenly aware in the weeks following Jerry's resignation from the club, that Genevieve had changed her relation to her household. She was no longer a mere part of it like the crisp curtains and as unobtrusive as they. He got the impression that, having taken Jinny from Jerry, she was offering him herself instead. Meredith Towers and all it contained

became suddenly Jerry's. Blatantly, almost terribly the place catered to him and built itself as a wall around him, a wall between him and the world from . which he had been thrust out for nonpayment of dues. Genevieve seemed trying to make it up to Jerry for all the things he had cherished lightly and lost. If there

were things Genevieve could still lose, she seemed to forget them all.

But Jerry found a way to remind her of them.

In June, at the hour dedicated to the snail on the thorn and the dew-pearled sweetness of the clean young day, a milkman, returning from his suburban round. discovered a mangled car twisted into the débris of a bridge he had crossed two hours before. Down on the rocky ledges of the tiny stream below lay a dead man.

It was Jerry Meredith. The bridge he took along in his drunken dip of death, splintered into eternity with more havoc than Jerry had made of him-self and his car. There was a girl, too. She lay flung miraculously on a grassy slope high above the rocks. She was preserved for the life which she was persuaded to pursue somewhere else.

Walter attended to that. He attended also to the settling of the estate which could not by any stretching be made to cover the living expenses of Genevieve and her daughter. But Jinny had her pro-Her trade as she called it. She fession. had packed two years' knowledge furiously into one year's time.

Walter gave her a commission at once. His house needed doing over. bachelor diggings had sufficed all along. He felt the sudden need of sunshine

Naturally Walter and Jinny did not discuss the young woman who had played her part in Merry Jerry's ungraceful exit from Wilamette and life. Jinny was now so little of Wilamette's social life that she seemed to escape the sinister curiosity which masked itself under innumerable condolence calls on Genevieve. Besides, Jinny was always away from Meredith Towers—either over at Walter's measuring and planning and talking over ways of letting in the sunshine, or up in the city looking at wickers and chintzes and silver birches that suggested it.

Walter saw a great deal of Jinny and nothing of Genevieve. This was natural. He accepted it. And then of a Sunday morning Genevieve came to call on Walter.

"Young Bruce Parmenter is back," she announced with seeming inconsequence. "He's coming to dinner. I left Jinny making the dessert and salad. I leave things to her all the time now-

"The responsibility's good for her," said Walter heartily, pulling down a French blind so the light of his sun-room would not glare into Genevieve's face.

So he did not see her eyes brighten as

she said,
"That's how I feel. You built well,
"That's how I feel. You built well, She's fine-and stable. letting her take care of me and try to keep up the Towers. It's the finishing touch—all I can do. She may despise me a little-for the ineffectual I am. Still it makes her strong to meet my need."

"She's a wonderful girl. You're right to make sure of her good points-to clinch them.

"You were wonderful about her-from the beginning. Now you've given her this sweet old place to decorate. And I'm going to live off that. But there's one thing, Walter-

Genevieve stammered, holding out a certified check which represented the price of all her jewels-every bauble-every trinet—every gem.
"I hope it's enough to cover what you

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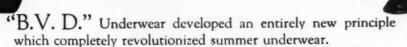
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You understand no one paid that-girl. but—Jerry's wife has a right to—take care of that girl. You see that?"

"Yes, I see that."

"Then you won't make me talk about it. That's one thing I can't thank you for. It's one thing I don't want Jinny indebted to you for.

"You're a wonderful mother, Gene-

vieve.'

"I ought to be a wonderful-some-

She left after that, protesting that she wanted to walk down the back road and return by trolley as she'd come. let her go. He felt awkward and ineffectual. Her poise demanded nothing of him but acquiescence. That was all he could

give. He went over to the club for some golf, but found himself badly off his He wondered why Jinny hadn't game. asked him over to dinner. Genevieve wouldn't, of course. But with young Bruce there, Jinny might have been expected to. Walter gave it up and had another round of golf after dinner. He played better but wasn't in top form. He decided that he was fool enough to be miffed because young Bruce hadn't raced

over to see him the minute he returned. Conscious that he wasn't thinking straight, Walter became aware of the amaz ing truth that he didn't even want to think straight. He preferred not to face facts.

Late in the afternoon, young Bruce came tearing into the club and dragged Walter off with him. He was bursting with some discovery he must share with old Walt. He whirled Walter to Brucedale and flung himself amazingly into the middle of things:

When I heard about Merry Jerry, I came straight back. Does that surprise you? Of course I knew you'd take care you? of things-but I had to come. Can you

guess why?"

Walter found himself facing facts sturdily and with a suddenness that showed how near he'd been to the truth all along. "You found you wanted to stand by

Jinny," he said quietly.
"Great guns! That's it, oid Walt. How did you know? I was a miserable snob all along. I didn't want to like Merry Jerry's daughter. She knew! Even when she was a kid, she knew that I'd fight it to the last ditch.

"You didn't tell her that to-day?"

"Sure I did. I had to get things straight between us. I had to take my chance with her knowing just what a rotter I'd been. Don't you see that, you old brick-who always stood by?"

"It might have spoiled your chances,

Bruce."

"Well-at least, we start from scratch," said Bruce slowly, with a stern stress on each word. "I may have to hurt you, Walter. But I won't refuse to have her see me as the miserable thing I am. If you hadn't molded her-so lovingly, I'd never have seen her.

'And she always-liked you, didn't

she?" asked Walter curtly.

"She says so. That should have told everything. But it was muttered in a tone of dejection which implied there was more to be said.

"What's the obstacle?"

"Mrs. Meredith. She says she has other plans. She's firm. And Jinny refuses to go against her. It's a mess."

Walter smiled warmly. He seemed to crystallize suddenly back into his usual firmness and strength.

"It's not a mess," he said. "All you have to do is to drive me over to the Towers-and get Jinny out of the way." "This-isn't hurting you too much, is it,

Walt?" "Not-too much," he replied grimly.

"It's merely waking me up.

Genevieve had the first word. flung it at him curtly like a challenge. "You shouldn't let her go."

This, amazingly, was precisely what he had expected.

"But if she loves Bruce?" Walter demanded. "Youth must be served. We

both know that."

"Yes. There's that. But I'm trying to think of you this time. I never have before. Not even when I gave Jinny to you-virtually for you to build up into the wonderful woman you've made. knew all about Pygmalion when I did it."

Walter smiled. But his voice was

stern as he asked:

"You thought of her. Wasn't that right? She's your daughter. You were trying to make her fine then. Don't you want her happy now?"

"I do-desperately. But I want you happy too! She would have loved you if

that boy hadn't made his magnificent gesture rushing back from another continent—confessing how hard he's fought against it all. Don't you see the drama of it? He couldn't accept Merry Jerry's daughter when there was still some illusion-about things. When we stand stripped for everyone to jeer at he comes to her. It's magnificent. How can she resist?"

"You've expressed it perfectly, Gene-How can she resist?"

"It isn't right, Walter. I've done this to you. I'm hurting you—again."
She whispered the last word, acknowl-

edging all that lay revealed between them now because she had ripped open the grass grown grave. Walter stared at her, his eyes went slowly over her face, and new understanding of her tenderness came to

"Why isn't it right, Genevieve? You didn't love me when I wanted you to. Jinny doesn't when you want her to. And

"And you, Walter?"
"I'm glad." He cried with clear cerinty. "It would be terrible if I'd messed things up so she-loved me the wrong way any way but the right way.'

"The right way? Walter-this pleases You aren't hurt again? I can let my child be happy without-hurting you?"

Walter got to his feet and stood smiling down on Genevieve, listening to the last note of the voice that fluted once more and then hid behind a mist of tears.

"Genevieve, don't you know the right way for Jinny to love me?"
"How can she love you—loving Bruce

as she says she always has?"

Genevieve rose to face him and her face was so wistful, so tender and gentle that he caught her in his arms without asking for the right or explaining what was so clear to him now.

"Walter-what does this mean?" she

"It means," he laughed triumphantly, "that Jinny loves me as she should-like a daughter. Don't you know, dear-Walter loves Genevieve! He always has. He has a right to again. Walter loves Genevieve!

It rang out so that she put her fingers against his lips. And he kissed them, knowing that was why she had put them there.

### Big Game in the Wine Forests

(Concluded from page 67)

race between the slow pace of the game, the rapidly failing light and the power of the rifle. Everything depended on a prompt conjunction of three circumstances-distance, light and the chance for a shot

Cass had in his lap his favorite rifle, a double-barreled .350 Rigby magnum. At a murmured warning that the shooting light was fast waning he made a signal with one hand and Magudogudo immediately slipped the long telescope-sight from its It took but an instant to adjust and lock it home and scarcely was the operation completed when Madada emitted a low explosive grunt. Simultaneously the long tension to which Cass had been subjected suddenly crystallized in response to a change in the relative position of the cow which had been in the way. Dropping his field-glasses, he seized his rifle, searched out the bull in the limited field of the telescope, picked him up and then steadied himself for the long shot.

The cow had only half turned toward us, revealing little more than the shoulder of the lord and master she had been uncon-sciously protecting. We were terrified lest sciously protecting. We were terrified lest at her first move with the herd she should

resume her former position, consequently it seemed an eternity before the sharp crack of the cordite powder came to relieve the aching suspension of all our facul-

Immediately the herd of sable broke in every direction as though a bomb had exploded in its midst, gathered again into a compact thundering mass and swept swiftly away toward the horizon. But over two hundred paces away, black, shining and final as the period at the end of a long paragraph, lay the great bull, felled in his tracks by the single bullet.



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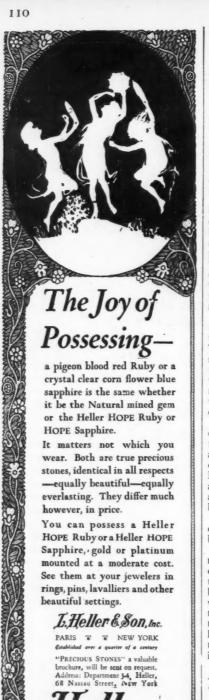
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July's Birthstone-The Ruby

Heller Hope Ruby-The Ideal Birthday Gift

### Miles Brewster and the Super-Sex

(Continued from page 39)

would nonchalantly push her over the cliff by jilting her for some one else. The story of Miles Brewster's good for-

The story of Miles Brewster's good fortune leaked out. It was much more effective having it come from the bank than if he had told it himself.

The very next day the agent for the Samnac Twin Six automobile called to take him for a ride in their snappy roadster. Later he almost insisted that Miles keep it and pay whenever it was convenient. Miles reluctantly consented.

Miles found other and most unexpectedly liberal lines of credit extended to him all over the town. The village had never before been the setting for a fairy story and it did itself proud. The local newspaper ran his picture over the caption "Our Napoleon of Finance," and half the eligible ladies in town clipped it and wondered how they could ditch their current swains if Miles showed any signs of noticing their presence upon the planet.

But Miles preserved a carefully studied indifference to the super-sex. He treated them with impartial but distant courtesy. This included Irene, whom he allowed to smile at him from time to time along with the rest of her world. That her smile was wistful, inviting, he pretended not to notice. Inside of his armor, of course, he was quivering whenever he even thought of her.

One evening he was dressed in his dinner clothes, an imported straw hat, and a light top coat, prepared to step into his roadster and drop in at the club for a couple of dances when his father detained him. Heretofore he had said nothing to Miles about the matter of the visit to the bank, although it had occurred several days before.

"Mr. Haynes told me about your generous offer to take up my notes," the father began, "and I'm much obliged."

Miles had not intended generosity any more than does the villainous squire in the down-east melodramas when he buys up the mortgages of the widows and orphans, but as he was not yet ready to tell all the world where it got off he let that supposition stand and acknowledged his father's thanks with a princely inclination of the head. His dad wanted to spank him for that but decided it would be out of keeping with his gratitude.

ing with his gratitude.
"I'd like to have you come back to the office," Mr. Higgins finally managed to

This was one of the moments Miles Brewster had been waiting for. "In what capacity?" he inquired innocently. "Why—" His father sensed the trap

"Why—" His father sensed the trap in the question and decided to side-step it for the moment. "Of course you would want to continue to learn the business."

"Of course I shall want my money in some business," Miles conceded, "but I should prefer that it was something in which I had the control."

Mr. Higgins let it go at that. He knew that if Miles took up those notes of his he would have the control of the Higgins Lumber Company just as surely as if he had bought it outright. It was an exasperating position for the father to be in. He could scarcely refuse to let the bank get out from under on what looked like

a bad loan nor could he betray to an outsider what an impossible predicament he was in.

Miles Brewster, seeing that there was nothing to be gained by twisting the knii which he had just inserted between hi dad's ribs, went his way, not exactly re joicing but a trifle overawed by the powe which money had placed in his hands.

Still stepping a trifle high Miles arrive at the club. The dance was in progresshe was late. Diffidently he asked one or two of the girls for a place on their programs. Names were erased so quickly to make room for his that it startled him somewhat. What was this talisman which he possessed?

Determined to test it out, under a breaking strain he approached Miriam Sheldon and asked for a place in the sun.

He got it.

Miriam was the most popular person in seven counties. A radiant beauty, a graduate of an eastern university, she had recently returned from a year abroad. She was several months older than Miles and he had always considered himself as a mere kid, out of her class.

To be welcomed into the circle of her admirers, to be welcomed conspicuously even as he was, raised Miles at once to the perage, conferred upon him instantly the privileges and responsibilities of many estate. He could no longer be considered a puppy lover—he was now an eligible bachelor.

Secure in his new rank he could afford to smile at Irene when the latter smiled diffidently at him from within the circle of another man's arm as they toddled past each other in the dance.

But he did not write his name on Irene's program, although he heard later that she had held open several numbers for him. It cost him a pang to pretend not to understand, but a man of his position could not afford to be at the beck and call of a mere flapper like Miss Haynes.

Miles had no control, though, over the fate which decreed that Irene and the young man who had brought her should quarrel before the evening was over and that at the break-up of the party Irene would be left flat with no escort. Fate had, perhaps, less to do with this awkward situation than had Irene herself, but no body knows that for sure.

Miles finally heard of the perilous plight she was in and grudgingly offered her the extra seat in his roadster. She agreed to accept his kindness, provided, of course, that it would not put him out too much, or if he was not planning to take some one else home.

"I've never been in a more beautiful automobile," Irene sighed. "Does it go pretty fast?"

"Does it?" The fifty-mile-an-hour clip to which he advanced the motor carried them past Irene's home in ten seconds "Would you care to see what she really can do?"

"Yes." The sigh with which Iree said this was that of a general who hears that the opening skirmish of a great battle has been won and that with care the entire campaign will go through as planned.

An hour later Irene was forty miles from

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me with not much chance of getting back ome with not interictivate or getting back fore her mother would be calling out the olice reserves—but she was engaged to the "Napoleon of Finance"—again!

The engagement had been part of Miles's heme, too, although he had not expected to happen so soon. Of course, he was aly going through the form of it in order obreak her heart later. Let her plan for a test or so and then throw her cold, was his to or a test or so and then throw her cold, was his test or at least he thought that was what lea. Or at least he thought that was what was. He steeled his resolution by a ental reconstruction of the scene in which he had been kissed by Claude, the aviator. es, he'd go through with her punishment ight.

Several times during the week that fol-wed he saw an excellent opportunity to rush the fair fiend who was flaunting so curely the extravagant engagement ring hich he had bought-on credit. r a break hich he had bought—on credit. But ways he decided to wait a little longer. That he thought was the reason was so hat the fall would be all the greater when sauty, a, she had abroad an Miles and Miles imself as the same one that cost Antony the attle of Actium. How could a man ban-horever a soft arm that almost always cept around his neck when they were simself as the reto do his hating.

So he nibbled the lotus until the day.

So he nibbled the lotus until the day f her adousin Roy's letter came. It was in no small an envelope to contain the stock crificate but he was doubtless merely nnouncing that the official documents ere coming under separate cover. It bean in a friendly style:

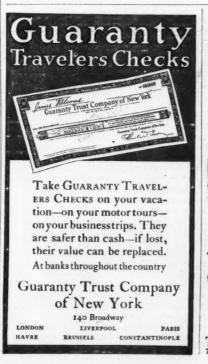
"Dear Cousin Miles Brewster:

The ne'er do well of the family has guessed wrong again. As you doubtless suspected that I would this may not be much of a surprise to you. After I left you I got to thinking it over and decided that Baby Blue stock was not a sufficiently good investment for one who had shown his confidence in me when all the world good investment for one who had shown his confidence in me when all the world mistrusted. So I kept your hundred in hand waiting for a better buy. The Saper Syndicate looks like the best thing in the market today. You can get that at fifteen cents per share. Unfortunately I have had to use up some of the hundred for expanses connected with investigation. have had to use up some of the hundred for expenses connected with investigating this company and so forth so that I cannot buy this stock for you unless you send some more cash—about fifty will do. I will, of course, return your original hundred out of my share of the profits. I am naturally sorty that we did not set in on. naturally sorry that we did not get in on the Baby Blue boom, but we are young yet and disappointment is one of the things we gamblers with destiny have to accept as our occasional portion. Besides Sapper Syndicate looks better.

Yours faithfully COUSIN ROY."

There was nothing to do but tear up the tter and think. Good lord, what a mess fdébris the wreck of a Castle in Spain can uke! Every way he turned mentally he as confronted with an aspect of life that as all shot to bits by the disaster. The sumphal return to his father's office as manphal return to his father's office as carried intual owner of the company was a farce. Why, he didn't even have a job as clerk ay more. After the attitude he had taken ewould be ashamed to face his dad. The would be ashamed to face his dad. The awas no longer his, he might even be iminally liable for having obtained and sed it under false pretenses. His clothing, the's engagement ring, and worst of all the herself, were his as the result of a gantic swindle, which, when it came out,







### The Motor for Your Bicycle

T'S the new ROLLAWAY motor attachment.

Fits any bicycle. A wonder for speed, simplicity and service. Gives that safe, scientific front-wheel drive. Operates day in and day out at less than one-fifth cent a mile. It's new—different—better than any similar device. Direct belt drive from motor to wheel. No cum-

motor to wheel. No cum-bersome accessories demand-ing attention. Just a com-pact, powerful motor balanced perfectly over FRONT wheel.

ROLLAWAY is economical—runs for no to 150 miles on gallon of gasoline. Speed ranges from 6 to 26 miles an hour. Weighs less than 25 pounds. Quickly and easily attached. Price \$98.50 includes motor, magneto, carburetor, scamless gasoline tank, front wheel, reinforced fork, and high grade tire—complete ready to attach and operate. Forget pedals—ride in comfort—take hills "in high"—arrive at destination refreshed and invigorated. Send for fillustrated circular, Some territory open for dealers or rider salesmen. Write today for our splendid proposition. Address

Rollaway Motor Company

would make him the laughing stock as well as the outcast of his community.

It was the thought that everyone would be laughing at him as soon as his fiasco was known that hurt the worst. He could stand everything but that. How the public would enjoy the spectacle of "The Napoleon of Finance" flat broke, out of a

job and up to his neck in debt.

The idea was too much for Miles Brewster's sensitive imagination. He took a few clothes in a paper parcel, not his grip. because that would be missed and would start inquiries too soon, and started out in the car ostensibly for an afternoon's drive with Irene. That was what he had been doing every afternoon since their engagement and she was expecting him. stopped at the garage and had his gasoline and oil tanks filled to their limit and at the local restaurant had half a dozen sandwiches and some assorted pies put up for a

Then he headed south. Brazil, Bolivia, Chile, Uruguay were in that direction.

His plans went no further than the two hundred miles he had fuel and provision for. Just anything to get away, was his idea. He knew it would not be safe to sell the car or to stop going. His defalcation would be discovered in two or three days at the most and the police would be on his trail by gas, steam, and telegraph.

At sunset he ate his last pie, -a huckle-He had only had three pies and six sandwiches since lunch, which is not enough for "a man around twenty-one," as anyone that age, or his mother, can testify.

So perhaps it was hunger, perhaps indigestion, or even remorse, which made him unhappy after dark. He had never felt so lonely before in all his life, and along about nine o'clock the craving for human companionship, food and entertainment proved too much for him and at the next small town he stopped, borrowed a dollar from the local druggist on his watch, had two sodas and a malted milk at the same place and dropped in for the second show at the motion picture theater.

The title of the feature was "Mother Love" and it was written by an elderly spinster who had lived on mush since infancy. The lugubrious effect of the play was enhanced by the local pianist who played "His Lullaby" as loud as possible for the theme motive accompanied by the local trap drummer who had no "rests" in his part and didn't need any because he

It was no film for an escaping criminal to witness, at least not a susceptible one who was already tortured by the visions and regrets which pass current with most of us for the stings of conscience. One scene wrung Miles's heart and hung it on the line to dry. It was the one where the old mother, blind and weary from watching for her scapegrace son to come back, is comforted in her final hours by a harmless deceit played upon her by Nellie, the neighbor's daughter, who has also true to the absent one for twenty-odd years. The trick consisted of getting the handsome stranger from the city, who had recently come to town, to impersonate the son in a last interview. The mother is so pathetically pleased that she gets well and Nellie is up against it to make an explanation without causing dear old mother to relapse and dint the bucket in a final goal. No fair guessing the answer,-the stranger really was the prodigal calf incognito and the reason he was in town in the first place was to marry Nellie and take her and his mother to a life of ease in his sixty dollar New York apartment with meals at a cafeteria,-"The End.'

Miles Brewster slept in the car that night, or rather tried to sleep because it wasn't comfortable and because he was haunted unaccountably by a remembrance of the fact that his mother always kissed him good-night no matter what time he came in. It was a deplorable and most annoying custom from a young masculine point of view but right now it did not make

for slumber or even rest.

The first twenty-four hours in the life of a criminal are the hardest and Miles Brewster failed to qualify. Attribute it to what you will, heredity (that would have been Grandma Brewster's explanation-"blood will tell, you know,") inherent squareness, love of his mother, hunger, cold in the head or lack of nerve-anyway Miles abandoned the life of crime at daybreak the next morning and sent a telegram, collect, to his father stating that he was safe and would be home by night and added cryptically "will give myself up to the police." That was the swell phrase conventionally used by the reporter and the novelist.

As soon as the garage was open he left his spare wire wheel and cord tire in pawn for a tankful of gasoline and the price of a breakfast and, fortified with sausage, wheat cakes, coffee, bananas, oatmeal, boiled eggs, toast and marmalade, he prepared to spend his last day of freedom as cheerfully as possible by retracing his route of the day before. He felt very noble in thus sacrificing his entire life to his mother. He knew she would bless him all the time that he was languishing in jail. She might even send him an occasional tasty pie or cake to vary the rude prison fare of bread and water.

Miles arrived at the old home town about dusk. Things looked much as they had when he had left it. The same motorman ran the one street car up and down Broadway, the silent policeman at Main and State Streets still bore the marks of several historic collisions with "The Tinker's Damn," the newsboys, as of old, shouted "Evening Chronicle" as if it were the wail of a lost soul and the Home Bak-ery and Delicatessen yet retained a heavenly aroma of freshly baked cinnamon rolls. Miles sighed. One never knew what a good world it was until one came to give it up.

He stopped at the Samnac Twin Six Agency and left his car. There was no one but a service repair man in the shop, so Miles made no explanations. He thought that they would understand when they read the headlines in the morning paper. (Surely they would give him headlines.)

He walked home thoughtfully. It was dark now and he mercifully escaped ob-servation. The hard part was coming and needed mental preparation for ordeal. His speech to the police had to be composed and his final words to his mother -he cried a little as he rehearsed that.

He opened the door of his ancestral home. This was his dramatic moment. He wondered if his mother would be well enough to be about.

The hall was dark and he stood there a minute. From somewhere above a voice was singing. It was his mother and the melody was "Whose Baby Are You?" Ye gods—ragtime! With her son standing on the threshold of the penitentiary! He went into the parlor. Colline was

there, studying.

She saw him. "Gee, you're going to catch it, Miles Brewster." Then she shouted, "Mother, Miles is here."
"That's good," said the voice up-stairs

which had paused to receive the message. 'I'm dressing and can't come down now, but tell him to eat his supper before it gets stone cold. It's on the table." Then she picked up the musical query about the identity of the infant.

"What's mother dressing up for?"

Miles queried idly.

"Mr. and Mrs. Haynes are coming over to play cards," Colline replied with a giggle. "The families are getting awful chummy since you and Irene got engaged this last time.

Words cannot express the depression of soul which cramped the noble resolutions with which Miles had hitherto been imbued. If that was the way they treated a fellow who was trying to do right there was no use. He might as well be a crook. After supper however.

Destiny took a hand again before he could revert to his state of sin-destiny and his father and grandmother.

The last named stopped in at the diningroom door on her way to the library for her customary jest. "Going courting this customary jest. "Going courting this evening, Miles?"

Before Miles could answer Mr. Higgins

followed her through the door which he held open suggestively. "I want a word with Miles alone," he said. "Colline!"

Colline obediently got down from her chair where she had seated herself to watch Miles eat and incidentally to bait him a little, and left the room.

Mr. Higgins still held the door open. I'm not going, thank you," stated the lady firmly. "I've got something to old lady firmly. say to Miles myself and as it's about the same thing we might as well all be present.'

Mr. Higgins scowled but accepted his defeat with as good grace as possible. He knew from previous experience that there was not much use to protest when Mrs. Brewster wished to take a hand in the

affairs of his family.
"You need not bother to tell me what happened," his father told Miles kindly. "I guessed almost immediately and then I found this letter from Cousin Roy which you tore up but did not throw away." He placed on the table a sheet of paper on which were pasted the fragments of the letter which had banished him from

Arcadia.
"Well, did you notify the police?" Miles asked in as steady a voice as he could command.

Grandma Brewster did not hear that question. She was busy reading the letter which she had taken from her son-in-law's hand.

Miles's father smiled. "No, I didn't say anything to the police or anybody. thought you and I could settle this matter between us."

"You haven't thought about the money

I owe and can't pay," reminded Miles.
"Yes, I have," his father continued as matter-of-factly as if he were discussing a question of building specifications with a customer. "I can put one more loan against the lumber company for enough to

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pull you out clean. I haven't forgotten how, when you thought you had the money you were going to pay up all that I owed."

Miles looked at his father quizzically. The next thing that he did indicated that

he had grown older since the moment before—that he was gradually attaining to man's estate and that by the time the law gave him the ballot next month he would be worthy to wield it.

"The reason I was going to take up your notes," he confessed, "was simply for revenge because you had fired me. I was acting like a kid and I didn't know what kind of a dad I had. So I can't let you save me at the expense of ruining the

"You won't have to," interposed Grand-ma Brewster. "I've been intending to set you up in business all along as soon as you were twenty-one and you might as well have the money now as a month later. I'll give you enough so that you can still take up your father's notes and take control of the company."

Miles didn't even look at her as she was speaking. Instead he watched his father's face and read the hurt which slowly printed

itself thereon.

"Thanks, Grandmother," Miles said finally, "but I've changed my mind. Dad, I'll take you up if you'll let me give you my note for the amount it takes to bail me out and if I can have my old job back to work

and it can have my old job back to work out the account. Is it a go?"

"You know it, son," his father agreed, bouncing back to the headship of the family like a rubber ball.

"You think I'm out of this, don't you?" said Grandma Brewster truculently. "But I refuse to be shoved aside like this. That boy is a Brewster-or" she corrected herself hastily at a scowl from both of them, or as much Brewster as he is Higgins, and I'm going to be allowed to help. You can call your old company Higgins and Higgins if you want to, but there's going to be some Brewster money in it if I have to go and take up all the up all the property of the sound take up all the property of the prop National Bank. Maybe you didn't know that I own about half the stock of that concern anyhow. Put that in your pipe and smoke it." She left the room still triumphant.

The two men looked at each other and grinned. Thereafter a strained silence fell upon them. Father and son are like that when they discover each other for the first time and find that they can be friends.

The door hell caved them. Colling

The door-bell saved them. Colline answered it immediately and the sound of voices came from the hall. It was Mr. and Mrs. Haynes and, ye gods, Irene! Why had she come?

Miles closed the door which led to the

rest of the house.

"I can't see I rene just now," he told his father simply. "She is only engaged to me because she thinks I've got all that money and I've got to explain it to her and let her off easy someway, but I can't do it to-night. Tell her I'm not home or that I'm sick abod any ald thing will you. I'm sick abed, any old thing, will you,

"Sure, I'll fix it." Mr. Higgins was suddenly becoming the best pal a fellow could

Miles Brewster went through the kitchen

into the back-yard.

"The Tinker's Damn" was there just as it had been evicted from the garage to

## **Not Only Legal But Better for Driving**

Many anti-glare devices provide light which is strictly legal, but too dim for driving comfort.

The Patterson-Lenz, however (legal everywhere) not only does not dim the driver's view of the road, but actually improves it amazingly; throwing a broad, low, clear, evenly-distributed beam of light far ahead.

It sends no glare into the eyes of approaching drivers, but it gives you a much greater area of useful illumination than you can get even without special lenses.

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Angle view of Patterson-Lenz (legal everywhere) showing prismatic construction.



### Patterson-Lenz Light at 100 Feet

This unretouched photograph shows exactly the effect of the Patterson-Lenz. The black mark across the screen is 42 inches from the ground—waist high. Note how practically all the light is concentrated and evenly distributed below the line—so that even a pedestrian standing in the middle of the road would not be blinded by the beam—yet all the road is clearly shown.



### "We Pay Him \$100 a Week!"

"I decided six months ago that we needed a new manager. At that time Gordon, there, was one of the youngest men in the office and was pegging away

men in the office and was pegging away at a small job.

"I brought him into the office one day and started to draw him out. What do you suppose I discovered? For more than two years he had been studying with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton. In actual knowledge and training he was years shead of any man in the office.

"So I gave him the job. We pay him \$100 a week, and it has already proved the best investment the house ever made."

Me at the house ever made."

How do you stand when your employer checks up his men for promotion? Is there any reason why he should select you?

Ask yourself these questions fairly. You must face them if you expect advancement and more money. For now, more than ever, the big jobs are going to men with special training.

You can get the training you need right at home in spare time. For thirty years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win advancement, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting shead in business and in life.

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make room for the Twin Six. One tire was flat but it always was before you started out and there was a little gas in the tank, not much but there never was much, and the engine snorted affectionately when he twisted her tail

He was pumping up the weak tire when he became subconsciously aware that some one was behind him, aware even who

it was. "Well?" he asked without ceasing his exercise.

"If you're going for a ride," Irene sug-"I thought maybe you wouldn't gested.

mind if I went along." He did not answer. He was turning the situation over in his mind and wondering how to deal with it. If she were not so desirable, if she were not so radiatingly lovely even when you could not see her, as

now, it would have been much easier. Your father told me about what happened," Irene offered at length.

The old The traitor! thought Miles. peach of a traitor, trying to make things easier for him.

"I care more for you than I did before it happened," added Irene, "if that makes difference."

If that made any difference! The world suddenly jumped into roseate colors as if some one had turned on all the gigantic spot lights in the universe and were making rainbows right in that immediate neighborhood. Then it suddenly went Miles had thought of someblack again. thing, something he had to get off his chest if he were to start honest and square with the world.

He told her, haltingly, how he had planned to make her care for him and then throw her over as a revenge for the way she treated him with Claude St. John, the parlor aviator.

Irene laughed, the throaty contented cluck of a woman who is beginning to understand the greatest joke which men play upon themselves. She leaned her cheek against his coat and her arm went back to its resting place.

When the time came to throw me down and step on me," she whispered slowly, would you have done it?"

"I couldn't have." His arm tightened and then loosened again. "But I planned it just the same."

And I deserved it," she admitted. "But I would have won you back so we might as well consider the incident closed."

She was climbing in as she spoke and arranging her skirts upon the floor. Miles cranked the motor. For a wonder it started without any trouble and he climbed in beside aer.

He said something to her but she did not hear it on account of the noise of the engine and she replied to him but he did not catch it for the same reason. Still they seemed to get the general drift of the conversation someway, because she leaned over and kissed him as he let in the clutch and grazed the side of the house, as he always did, making a wide circle around the yard in order to hit the opening of the front gate square in the middle as he went out. "The Tinker's Damn" knew the maneuver just as well as Miles did or they might never have made it that time.

### The Woman Who Ate Up a Man

(Continued from page 62)

Good-bye now, mother. know the minute we hear anything. Lovingly, Constance.

Homewood, Tuesday. MOTHER: They found Bob this afternoon! Tom Holden has just telephoned to me, and said they might be able to bring him home to-night. He's very ill. They found him in a little furnished room in Perry Street. He'd been there, all by himself, for three days. He still has the two thousand, except about a hundred and fifty he'd spent. Tom says he looks terribly, and is

out of his head-doesn't know anyone at all, and keeps saying over and over to himself, "I haven't the right—I haven't the right." Isn't it terrible. I wonder what

he means. Oh, mother, I'm so glad nothing has happened to him. I don't know what we would have done, if he had gone away. Bob is nothing but a child—he needs me to look after him. I've had Martha fix up his room all ready for him, and I'm waiting now for him to come, although from what they said I don't suppose he'll know me. There wasn't anything wrong between Bob and that girl-I'm sure of that, or I wouldn't feel so happy. I had another talk with her, the day after I wrote you. She was really very nice-said Bob told her he'd been trying to go away for days that every night he'd make up his mind to start the next morning, but that when he tried to do it, some strange weakness

I'll let you held him back. She has the queerest ideas -I couldn't make head or tail of some of them. When I asked her why she felt so sure Bob would never go, she said that only the other day she read in the paper about a man who broke out of jail after being in for ten years, and at the end of a week begged to be taken back. I suppose, of course, that she meant to compare married life to being in jail, but naturally she would, for those people down there are free lovers, and don't believe in marriage. And of course Bob had been drinking, and worked on her sympathies with his usual complaints about how abused he's been.

Well, I mustn't talk that way about the poor dear now. He'll be glad enough to get home and be nursed and taken care of.
I'll wire you about coming on, after I see how sick he is.

Affectionately. Constance.

Wednesday. DEAR MOTHER: I was horribly shocked when I saw Bob last night. They brought him home in an ambulance about eight. He's a wreck, mother—a perfect wreck-I'd hardly have known him. His face is the color of putty, and all sunken in, and his hair is almost gray. He was unconscious when he got here, of course—they'd given him a hypodermic, Tom Holden told me. He and Alice have been wonderful. We got him to bed, and Dr. Hopper sent in a trained nurse, and they tell me I'm in for a long siege.

About t became del to give hin raved abo talk-and over, "Too "dead—de hildrenbegged the once but s called up coming to muld stan again, sinc good-bye

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DEAR N that it's b was taker went back you before do, gettin And I've didn't hav Bob see physically o differe more, and such a te rould be have got I don't l hair is a restless r gone. H evenings, window, or cross a but alwa smile. I of it, and there's se me-afra I feel cre

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About three this morning, when the effects of the hypodermic had worn off, he became delirious, and the nurse finally had to give him another. For half an hour he naved about his troubles—the wildest talk—and then began to say, over and over, "Too late—too late—too late," and "dead—dead—dead" until I thought I'd go mad. Never a word about me and the children—just thinking about himself. I begged the nurse to put him to sleep at once but she wouldn't do it until she had called up the doctor. I'm so glad you're oming to help me out. I don't think I could stand much more. I sha'n't write again, since you are leaving to-morrow, so good-bye until I see you.

Constance.

Homewood, June 6.

DEAR MOTHER: I can scarcely realize that it's been over two months since Bob was taken ill, and three weeks since you went back home. I meant to have written you before, but there has been so much to do, getting Bobbie off to camp, and all. And I've had Mrs. Leonard in, sewing. I

didn't have a rag to put on. Bob seems to be quite himself againphysically, that is, but—mother—he seems so different. I scarcely know him any more, and I'm worried. Of course, after such a terrible illness, I suppose nobody could be quite the same, but he seems to have gotten so strangely quiet, and old. I don't know what to make of it. His hair is almost white, now, and all that restless nervousness he used to have is gone. He doesn't want to go anywhere, evenings, just sits and looks out of the window, or reads. And he's never irritable or cross any more, the way he used to be, but always meets me with a queer, dull smile. I suppose I ought to be very glad of it, and so I am, in a way, but actually, there's something about him that makes me-afraid. I can't explain it, but at times I feel creepy all over.

His appetite is good—better than it ever was—and he sleeps wonderfully. I often find him nodding over his paper, after dinner, and he goes to bed so early. He seems like a different man. Dr. Hopper says it's just weakness, but I don't know. I think I'll have another talk with

that awful Dr. Mills.

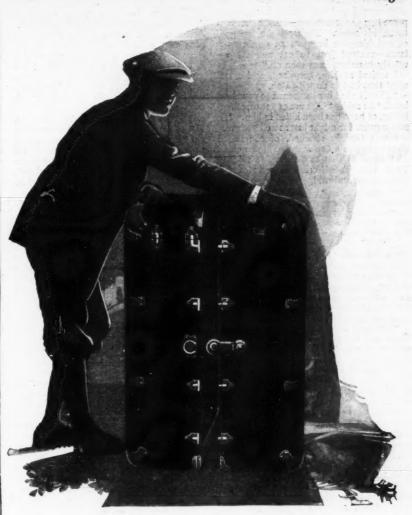
We're going to stay right on here this summer—business isn't very good, but Bob seems quite satisfied. He doesn't worry about anything, the way he used to, and no matter what I do, it seems to satisfy him. I've let the nurse go, and am taking care of the baby myself. It's hard, of course, but I feel we ought to economize. I take her out every day in the car, so she's getting plenty of fresh air.

The wash dresses you sent for Connie were sweet. Thanks, mother dear. I'll write later and tell you what Dr. Mills has to sav.

Lovingly, Constance.

MOTHER DEAR: I finally managed to see Dr. Mills to-day. He's been out of town. Oh, mother—how can I ever tell you the dreadful things that horrid old man said. I told him all about Bob—the whole story. He listened without a word. Then he lit a cigar.

"Madam," he said, "when they take a



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wild animal and put him in a cage-deprive him of his freedom-they sometimes break his spirit. Then all the fire goes out of him—he becomes as docile as a lamb-content just to eat and sleeputterly harmless from then on.

I looked at him, surprised, and asked

what that had to do with Bob.

That is what has happened to your husband." he said. "The fire of youth, of ambition, of hope has been killed in him. His soul is gone. He might just as well be dead."

I was terribly shocked, of course. didn't suppose a two months' illness could do things like that to a man, and said so. Then that awful creature pointed his finger at me and said,

"Madam, there is a certain species of spider that lives in the tropic forests of the Amazon. The female spider, at the end of a very brief honeymoon, eats up the male, devours him, bit by bit, until nothing is left but an empty shell. There are women like that, madam, many women. I would suggest that you study the habits of that spider." Then he rang for his secretary.

I don't know how I got out of his office. My mind has been in a daze ever since. Do you suppose he could have meant that I am in any way responsible for Bob's condition? You know what a devoted wife I've been to him. And yet, sometimes, I have the strangest thoughts.

It's ten o'clock. I've been sitting here writing for nearly an hour. Bob has gone to bed, and is sleeping as quietly as a child He must be all right. And yet, when he said good night to me, I looked at his eyes. Mother, you've never seen anything like them. Just like the eyes of a dead rerson. Do you suppose there could be anything in what Dr. Mills said about his soul being gone? It seems absurd, I know, but—mother—something has happened to him something terrible, that I don't understand at all. I wish you would come on as soon as you can. I'm

Your broken-hearted daughter,

### Acquitted

(Continued from page 57)

to Paris together this afternoon. You can easily put me under surveillance there for a few days while we arrange for passports and ocean passage. I'll put the documentary evidence against Graw and Loman

into your hands—give you all the clews to it so you can use it in court.
"We land in America. You can take Graw and Loman by surprise-raid their offices, seize their papers, and so on. That usually helps. I surrender myself to the police-say I've come back to make a clean breast of it. I turn state's evidence against Graw and Loman. With me on the stand, and the documents I've got, they'll have no more show than a rat in a trap. I was only a pawn in the game, Bodet. They're the real 'system.' Getting them is infinitely more important than getting me. They can find plenty of pawns like me. If you can get them, you win a Waterloo. I can make that sure for you.

"Certainly, what I'm after is plain enough to you. If I surrender myself and turn state's evidence against the men higher up, I'll get the benefit of it. I don't expect to get off altogether; but I stand a chance of getting off with a light sentencetwo or three years, maybe. If you'll help me a bit I can keep my wife in the dark for that long—write that business is detaining me; that I'm involved in a lawsuit, and so He made a crooked little smile and added, "She is very innocent and fond and trusting-any one she likes can easily

fool her.

"Probably the banks will demand my money. But that, also, can be arranged. I can say the lawsuit consumed it. If I get a light sentence I can come back-to her-and the child-and begin again. 'And if I don't get off with a light sentence, she can be informed that I am dead-drowned from a lake boat or something like that.

"That is the trade I propose to you, Bodet. For you it means that you get Graw and Loman certainly. Perhaps it means, too, that you don't crush the heart out of an innocent wife who is about to become a mother. Even in a strict matter of business one may take that into ac-Having finished, he drew a hand count." across his brow and waited with a com-

But he had not long to wait. Soberly, Bodet said, "I'll trade with you."

Very gravely Nixon replied, "I thank you.

Then for a long moment they sat quite

still in the pleasant garden—and in a mellow mid-afternoon air of early October, some of the trees already showing rich autumnal colors. Nixon looked at his watch and remarked, "My wife went for a little drive after luncheon. When she returns we shall probably see the car go to the garage." He nodded toward the drive at the further side of the grounds. "About this evidence against Graw and Loman.'

He then described the documents and their significance—a small account book in which a record of forged securities was kept, several memoranda in Graw's hand, six receipts signed with Graw's initials. Describing these documents, he explained the methods of turning spurious or stolen paper over to Graw and Loman, how they realized upon it and divided with the pawns. The explanation covered much ground, with many technical details, and Bodet gave it the closest attention.
"There is the car," said Nixon, interrupting his explanation.

Bodet also saw the shiny machine glide across the further end of the grounds. For a few minutes Nixon continued his narrative, and the detective candidly admired Little signs—a slight wrinkling and smoothing of his brow, an uneasy stirring of his body on the bench, a hand up to his beard, some loss of color-showed how his nerves were straining under the ordeal; yet he kept on, coolly, collectedly, with his narrative. Pausing, he stared into the trees for an instant, and then, rising, said:
"We will go to the house. I will intro-

duce you to her as Mr. Smith of Chicago.

You speak French?"

"After a fashion," said Bodet. supposed to be of French extraction."

She doesn't understand English," said Nixon. "It will be simple; you follow my lead." And from his tone no one could have told that this was not the most ordinary introduction of an old acquaintance to one's wife. They walked silently toward the house; but when they had gone halfway Nixon paused and put a hand on Bodet's arm.

"Give me a few minutes to prepare her," he said. "Of course, my going away will be a shock to her. . . . I wouldn't have her faint. She will bear it bravely if she is prepared. Let me talk to her a few minutes." He nodded toward the second story of the villa where a large French window stood open upon a balcony. "That window is in my room. I will

bring her there and stand in the window where you can see me all the while until I beckon you to come into the house. I will be out of your sight hardly a minute and a half." He gave a dry little smile. "One can't get far in a minute and a half."

"Very well," said Bodet. "I'll wait here."

Nixon hurried into the house. On the ground floor a hall ran through the middle, with a spiral staircase leading to the second The dining-room lay on the story. right, and in front of that a smaller apartment which might be called a music-room, as it contained a grand piano. The livingroom was on the left. Walking swiftly, Nixon glanced into the music-room and the living-room, both of which were empty. He then ran up-stairs and, without knocking, opened a door on the left, toward the front of the upper hall. Two women, who sat in the room chatting and laughing, glanced up at that intrusion; and at the first sight of his face an arrested look, half-startled, half-questioning, came into their eyes, as happens when one receives a premonition of bad news.

"Come into my room, Chris," said ixon. "You sit here, Marie." He Nixon. turned from the door even as he spoke and in the hall he said over his shoulder to the woman who was following him, "Keep out

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of sight of the window.

Within the prescribed minute and a half Bodet saw his captive standing in plain view in the open French window. The captive was looking down at the woman who had followed him into the room and taken the chair which a slight motion of his hand indicated-a slender, vigorous-looking young woman; handsome, except that some critics might say her dark eyebrows were too heavy and point out that the tip of her nose was slightly blunted. Her gray eyes were fixed on the man, waiting. A competent critic would have guessed that any emergency would find her ready and competent.

"Ben Bodet is here—out in the garden looking at me," Nixon began, speaking more hurriedly than when he was in the garden. "I don't know how he found me. It doesn't matter. I'm going to get away. It knocked me silly for a minute. Then Marie popped into my head. It's my luck that she happened to be here now. I always have luck when it comes to the scratch. I'm going to have luck now. I'm

going to get away . . .

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### Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends upon the Care You Give It

THE heauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shamponing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

you can make your hair look, just

#### Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

### Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

WO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the While your hair must have frequent hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

HIS is very important. After the

If you want to see how really beautiful should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly. and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

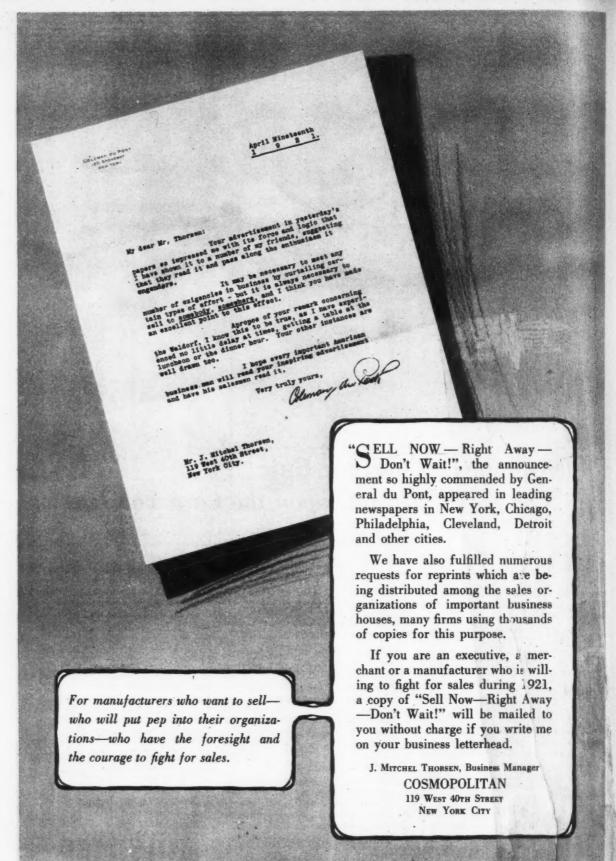
This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the

hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage. and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.
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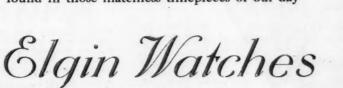
Mudge and his invention
—"the best of all escapements," Britten calls it—
the device which gives
to the balance wheel the
impulse that keeps it in
wibration \* \* \* \* \*

UEEN Charlotte of England, historians say, "was fonder of watches and jewelry than the queen of France—and of snuff than the king of Prussia!" To this royal jewel-lover, Thomas Mudge presented the first Lever Escapement watch.

This was in 1765, when George III, almost as deeply impressed with the value of Time as Alfred the Great before him, was dating all his letters with the hour and minute of writing.

In Mudge's master hands, watch movements took on more modern form, though the advantages of his Lever Escapement were long overlooked. Mudge himself used it in but two of his watches. Yet it was the direct ancestor of the double-roller escapement found in those matchless timepieces of our day—

The Corsican \* \$225 in green and white gold \* Double-roller Escapement \* Three-quarters; actual size—an unretouched photograph \* \*



The World annual of the second second



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"I told him I married Marie last spring. I'm crazy about her. We're expecting a child in January. Keep all the points in mind. It would be like Bodet to play a lone hand—do it all himself to get all the credit. I'm banking on that. I've offered to turn Graw and Loman over to himgive him all the documents and turn state's evidence. That's strong bait for him.

"It plays into my hands. You must keep out of sight and get on the boat with I'll have to go to Paris with him to wait for the boat and passports. Marie can come up to Paris while we're waiting

and keep you informed.

"My luck will hold; I shall get away gain," said the man with conviction. Beneath his beard the muscles of his jaw stiffened; his eyes seemed to drive into the woman's head; his voice dropped and with even greater conviction he added, "They'll never get me in prison! I made up my mind to that long ago. Never!" Only his back was visible to the detective in the garden. He put his hand to the breast pocket of his coat and drew up a fine leather cigar-case so the woman could see it. "If it comes to the last ditch, I'll escape this way. . . . Dress Marie for the part, tell her what to do, and send her down to us. I'm going to call Bodet now." He turned and beckoned to the waiting figure and walked away from the window.

When they were near the door the woman touched his arm and spoke quickly, "Don't take him into the music-room. My

photograph's on the piano there."
"Good," said Nixon, in commendation of the forethought, and went down-stairs to welcome his guest at the back door.

Bodet, of course, had been in the house before-while the maid went to tell the master that a man had come to inquire about the motor-and already had a general impression of the arrangements and appearance of the first floor; for, seeing no one, he had utilized the two minutes of the maid's absence to take a swift look around.

One of the details of the hall again attracted his attention-namely, a large engraving such as one can pick up at numberless shops in Paris; a portrait of Frederick the Great under the inevitable three-cornered hat. The engraving was in a gilt frame that seemed to overdress it.

"An admirer of Frederick?" the detec-

tive asked, good-naturedly, as his eye again lighted on the portrait.

For an instant Nixon's eyes rested on the thin, eagle-beaked face under the threecornered hat with a touch of reverence, and he replied gravely, "He was the real superman.

Finally Bodet heard a light footfall at the door and stood up as a young woman entered—fairly a girl, one would have said; a very pretty and charming girl, too, in a loose, dark dress. A tiny handkerchief was held tight in her left hand; there were traces of redness and mois-ture in her fine, dark eyes. In spite of feminine subterfuges of the toilet-table, it was evident that she had been weeping. But she smiled graciously, holding out her hand to this "Mr. Smith," an old business acquaintance of her husband's from Chicago-very amiable and charming to Mr. Smith, although he had come to take her husband away so unexpectedly on a long sea journey. She spoke no English, but her French was as pretty as herself.

Bodet and Nixon went up to Paris in Nixon's shiny new motor, and Nixon proved himself a model captive—offering to submit himself and his baggage to a thorough searching if Bodet wished. But the detective waived that. The charming young wife—so appealing in her prospec-tive motherhood—came up to see her husband once more while he was at the hotel, waiting for the passports and the steamer tickets. They were fortunate in getting passage on the Colossus, and had to wait only four days.

At midnight, as the huge vessel glided out of Cherbourg harbor, its bow to the west, Bodet and Nixon stood together at the rail. Thereafter, until they reached New York, there could be no possible escape from that great steel hull unless one chose the desperate expedient of escaping into the Atlantic. Bodet did not fear that his captive would do that, so no fur-

ther watching was necessary.

Going down to his bedroom, he examined the door carefully-a good, solid arti-As usual on a boat, there was no way of fastening it from the outside. But there was a strong bolt inside. Evidently, once one was inside, with the bolt shot, it would be impossible for anybody to enter without attracting attention. Satisfied on that point, Bodet went to bed and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

At noon the next day he was standing at the rail watching a deck hand haul up an odd-shaped canvas bucket by a long rope. A pleasant voice at his shoulder asked: "What's he doing?"

Turning his head, Bodet saw a slim, vigorous-looking young woman; hand-some, although a critical person might have said that her dark eyebrows were too thick and pointed out that her nose was slightly blunted at the end. But a critical person would have said that her close cloth hat and gray coat were smart. Bodet was positive he had never seen her before, and replied, "Taking the temperature of the sea-water."

She wanted to That interested her. She wanted to know why they took the temperature of the water and why they used that odd bucket instead of just lowering a thermometer into the sea. She wanted to know many things—ranging discursively over the field of navigation. Merely to look at her, one would know that having her wants of this nature satisfied by any male person who happened to be near her was her inalienable prerogative. Almost anybody would have said that she was obviously a handsome, healthy, alert young woman who took a friendly sociability with one's chance acquaintances as a matter of course.

That evening as Bodet and Nixon were going in to dinner they passed the table at which this young woman sat—handsomer than before in a dinner gown. She smiled

and nodded to Bodet.
"Found a friend?" Nixon asked, smil-

Evidently Bodet had found a friend. Like many men who prefer reading or thinking to aimless conversation, he was little given to picking up chance acquaintances. And Nixon was keeping very much to himself-although, as though it were a point of honor not to give his captor any uneasiness, he kept within Bodet's sight or at his side much of the time. But this slender, handsome young woman, with the heavily marked dark eyebrows, quite frankly sought out the detective when she saw him on deck or elsewhere about the boat—frankly seeking or summoning any male person who interested or amused her being her inalienable prerogative.

Nixon was quite aloof from this. only on the morning of the third day out, Bodet and Nixon pacing the deck and meeting her face to face, that Nixon came She stopped in their path, smiling, evidently ready for some conversation with her baggy acquaintance and his companion with the pointed beard. In that way Nixon came into it-but always, so to speak, as a sort of appendage, on the principle of the tail going with the hide.

On the fifth night out the Colossus was livelier than common, for only thirty-six mortal hours separated it from the arid shores of the United States, where stewards openly conveying refreshments in such glasses and bottles would be but a mem-It was a lovely night, also, with a full moon making a glittering track on the gently swelling sea over which the huge ship glided. Half an hour past midnight Bodet, Nixon, and Miss Meredith were seated at a small table on which a steward was placing a bottle and three slimstemmed glasses.

Miss Meredith was in high spirits that evening, openly flirting with Bodet and laughing at him. She bantered him on his abstemiousness, taking a sip from his full glass and declaring it much too strong for So she drew the glass over to her side of the table, pretending that he must order ginger ale for himself instead. They seemed a merry party, even Nixon joining in the fun. When she let Bodet have his glass again, he emptied it at a draught,

and that amused her.

A minute later she glanced at her watch and exclaimed, in a humorously-shocked tone. "Oh! Ten minutes to one! mised a dance, without fail." She arose lithely, smiling, and with a nod slipped away.

A minute after that Bodet dropped his cigar, drew a hand across his forehead and remarked, "Getting late for a workman. I'll take a turn round the deck and go to bed. See you in the morning.

Nixon smiled, nodded at him and sat

sipping his wine.

Twenty-five minutes later, Bodet entered his room and turned on the light. It was an inside room on D deck-he and Nixon taking whatever they could get in the boat. It contained a single bed, a wardrobe, a bureau, a lavatory. He slipped the stout bolt into place as usual; and with that bolt in place it would be impossible for anybody to enter from the outside without making a noise that would attract attention or without having to work so long at the door that a passing steward, inspector, or passenger would be sure to see what was going on.

The detective then undressed, yawning

in the process, put on his pajamas, got into bed, drew the sheet partly over him, reached up, and turned off the light. minutes later his deep, regular breathing

was audible.

Thirty minutes later, if he had been awake, he would have heard a slight sound beneath him; and if there had been light he would have seen his small black trunk, or exaggerated bag, move slowly out from beneath the bed. His brown handbag followed it. Then he would have seen a



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slim, handsome young woman in a dark blue dinner gown roll cautiously out from under the bed.

For a minute or two she lay perfectly still on the floor, listening intently. She heard only the sleeper's deep breathing. Her hand moved up, found the edge of the bed. Noiselessly she got to her feet in the dark. Again she waited, and in the dark gently bit a corner of her lip. Her hand groped to the wall, found the switch, and turned on the light.

Bodet lay beneath her, the sheet drawn up to his waist, a bare, muscular arm at his side, the other arm crossed on his stomach. his mouth open a little, breathing so deeply that he snored a bit, his face impassive in sleep. She looked intently down at him, turned out the light, and found her cautious

way to the door.

There, her supple fingers on the bolt, she paused a moment, leaning against the door frame, her lips parted, her bosom flutter-ing with quick inhalations. She bit the corner of her lip again, slipped the bolt, opened the door, thrust out her head. The cross corridor was empty. She slid out quickly, noiselessly, shutting the door behind her. At the intersection of the longitudinal corridor she peered out again. Nobody in sight down there. She sped along the corridor to an inside forward stairway and raced up that, then glided down a corridor on the C deck, and around the corner to where a stateroom door stood half open, a light showing within.

She pushed the door further open and looked in. Nixon, sitting on the edge of the bed, saw that beneath and beyond the touch of rouge on her cheeks she was pale, and breathing quickly; her eyes were

too bright.

"All right," she said, in a gasp, under her breath.

Having noted the signs of disorder in her face and breathing, he said sharply, but low, "Go to bed."

She nodded, but in spite of his rebuke whispered, "For God's sake, be quick!" And it seemed that the entreaty was less out of consideration for him than because some grotesquely merciful intention toward the man on the deck below.

Meanwhile Nixon, in a dinner coat, his left hand thrust into the pocket of it, was gliding down the long corridor on D deck. turning the corner to Bodet's room, with a backward glance over his shoulder, slipping into the room. He shut the door and shot the bolt before turning on the light. Fortunately, ventilation was through the door and from the ceiling. There was no window to show light outside.

Bodet lay as before, immobile, a bare, muscular arm beside him, the other arm crossed on his stomach. Nixon stepped to the bedside, peering down at the sleep-locked face. His left hand came out of the pocket of his dinner coat and transferred to the right hand a slim hypodermic

syringe.

He stooped. The strong thumb and forefinger of his left hand touched the flesh of Bodet's bare arm—touched it softly, almost caressingly, lightly as a mother might touch a sleeping babe. He thought there was no need for this caution; yet he would be cautious to the utmost. Thumb and forefinger tightened on the warm flesh, pinching up a small fold of it. The thumb of his right hand was against the plunger of the hypodermic

syringe. That hand moved forward to make the injection.

LEANING against the wall in the office of Inspector McCabe of the Chicago Police Department, his hands in his pockets, Bodet was saying half absently:

"Ned Finley was more than a friend of mine. He sort of brought me up-gave me the first boosts I ever got in this line, I learned more from him than from anybody else. I was mighty fond of his wife and children, too. But, of course, you knew Ned as well as I did."

The grizzled inspector nodded.

"Ned had done very well, you know. He was fifty-two and always talking about retiring to his two farms up in Michigan. But I got him to go with me after Nixon. We got Nixon in El Paso. Then I had a fool notion in my head. I wanted to go over into Mexico-a fool story about some copper. I felt sneaking about it at the timeleaving Ned, for it's no fun sitting up twenty-four hours to New Orleans in a hot, dusty train, keeping watch of a crook. knew it was a dog's trick, after I'd dragged Ned down there.

'But Ned just laughed and said, 'Of course, go ahead. I sha'n't mind it at all: Go ahead.' He insisted on it—and I was pup enough to let him, for I was all excited about that fool copper story. So I left him and Nixon at the railroad station and slid over into Mexico myself. searched Nixon right down to the buff; I'd have taken my oath he didn't have

a pin on him, or in his bag. "I went off into Mexico. Ned had been dead ten days when I heard of it. Naturally I thought of poison. But somebody else had thought of that, too. I found they had held a post mortem and discovered no trace of poison. The body showed no mark that wouldn't have been caused by such a fall from a moving train. Ned Finley would never have fallen asleep on the job. He would never have let Nixon catch him at a fatal disadvantage. It was incredible that he had just wandered out on the platform, opened the door, and fallen off. There was no explana-

"Finally I did what I ought to have done before—went down to Texas and looked into that post mortem. I found it hadn't been thoroughly done; they'd really examined only his stomach. I had a second post mortem then-a thorough one. found enough strychnin sulfate to kill three men, and I knew beyond doubt that Nixon

had killed him.
"But how? There was nothing in his stomach. Strychnin sulfate in a drink is so bitter anyone would taste it. I concluded that Nixon had in some way slipped a knockout drop into his drink-enough to stupefy him for an hour—and then used a hypodermic needle, and finally pushed his body out of the car window. Cunning, you see; by no means so easy to find as poison given in drink.

"When I got my hand on Nixon again there was only one thing in my mind that counted. I'd left Ned to handle him aloneselfishly-imposing on Ned's good nature. He'd killed Ned and got clean away with it. I proposed to find out exactly how he killed Ned Finley, so I could pin it to him in court, or else that he'd kill me, too.

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try it again, and I gave him all the rope he asked for. Incidentally, I found he admired Frederick the Great. Everybody knows that during the Seven Years' War Frederick carried a vial of prussic acid in his pocket, meaning to swallow it if he was finally defeated. I thought that would be rather like Nixon, only he wouldn't swallow the acid if there was anybody he oould give it to and get away. We'd searched him down to the buff, you know, and found nothing on him. If I accused him of poisoning Ned he could bring that point up. I was going to find out how he did it. . ."

"I believe, on my soul, he stood a fair chance to win the match with me, too. It was devilishly ingenious—the story he told me and the bait he held out about getting Graw and Loman, and above all, the charming, girlish wife with her figure showing she was to be a mother. . . . Yes, sir, that was really a marvelous piece of work. I don't know who she was, and it doesn't matter; she played the rôle letter-periect. . . . He might have won the match with me. All he needed was to get me to swallow a glass of wine, or any other drink. The other woman deserved credit. . . . "I was alone in Nixon's house two or

"I was alone in Nixon's house two or three minutes while the maid went into the garden to tell him a man was there to see about the motor for sale. Naturally I looked around as much as the time permitted. On the piano in the music-room I noticed a large, silver-framed photograph of a woman. I had only one good glance at it, but a good detective must

be a good glancer. . . .

"The young woman came up to me at the rail and asked what the man was doing with the bucket. In a minute I knew there was something about her heavy eyebrows and blunted nose. In two minutes I knew it was her photograph I'd seen on Nixon's piano. That opened the plot to me. Maybe it was just that point that saved me. A man who deals with Nixon and overlooks a solitary point is gone. I knew what to expect from her then, and

gave them rope.

"I didn't believe Nixon would poison me in wine, except maybe as a last desperate resort. That would be too raw and clumsy for him. Naturally, I didn't feel any too happy when I swallowed their wine every might—especially that last night, for I knew she'd doped it then. It's true I took an emetic as soon afterward as possible and raced round the deck till I was in a good sweat, before going to my room. Still I wasn't any too happy when I went to bed that night. I was pretty sure she was under the bed, to slip the bolt and let him in. I knew well enough if the soporific took hold of me and I fell asleep I'd never

His unhandsome face grew more grave and he added simply: "All the same, I was willing to play it out with him. He was going to answer to me for killing Ned Finley, or he was going to get me, too. So I lay there trying to determine whether I was getting drowsy until she slid out; and then he came in with the hypodermic in his hand, and I knew I had him. I'd kept my right arm across my stomach. When he was bent over I gave him a jolt that knocked the wind out of him, and the rest was easy. I smelled of his hypodermic syringe and then understood why Ned and



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I hadn't found it when we searched him. It smelled of tobacco. He'd carried it in a There were some morphin powders cigar. in another cigar. I've got his cigars; I've got his syringe; I've got my story; I've got the evidence of the second post-mortem.

Inspector McCabe twisted a strand of his beard and considered judicially; then

gave his opinion:

"I believe, Ben, that when you tell that story on the witness-stand-the scene in your room, his creeping in, and all thatyou can convict him of the murder of Ned."
"I'm going to try," said Bodet. "Any-

way, I feel that I can acquit myself before Ned's widow and children—and before myself. Finally Nixon couldn't get clean away with it. I feel better. And if he should get off the murder charge, we've got enough else to keep him accounted for for the next twenty years. I feel better. Ned's dead: twenty years. I feel better. Ned's dead; but he fell before the deadliest weapon in the world" the world."
"A hypodermic syringe?" the inspector

inquired with surprise.
"No," said Bodet, "a rascal's cunning brain.

### Alias the Lone Wolf

(Continued from page 92)

illusions due to sudden wealth alone responsible?"

"I don't know. That little man has a mind of his own, and even if I do figure on his payroll as confidential secretary he doesn't tell me everything he knows."
"Still," said Lanyard drily, "one cannot

think you can complain that he has hesitated to repose trust in you.'

To this Phinuit made no reply other than a non-committal grunt; and presently Lanyard added:

"It is hardly possible—eh?—that the officers and crew know nothing of what is intended with all the champagne you have recently taken aboard."

"What are you getting at?"

"One is wondering what these 'wise birds, as tough as they make them,' would do if they thought you were—as you say getting away with something at their expense as well as the owner's."

What have you seen or heard-"Positively nothing. This is merely

idle speculation."

"Well!" Phinuit sighed sibilantly and "Let's hope they don't find out." relaxed.

By dawn of the fourth day the gale had spent its greatest strength; what was left subsided steadily, until, as the seafaring phrase runs, the wind went downwith the sun. Calm ensued.

At luncheon Liane Delorme appeared in a summery toilet that would have made itself noticed on the beach at Deauville.

Voluntary or enforced, Liane's period of retreat had done her good. She was as gay as any schoolgirl-though any schoolgirl guilty, or even capable, of a scintilla of the amusing impropriety of her badinage would have merited and won instant expulsion.

She inaugurated without any delay a campaign of conquest extremely diverting to observe. To Lanyard it seemed that her methods were crude and obvious enough; but it did something toward mitigating the long-drawn boredom of the cruise to watch them work out, as they seemed to invariably, with entire success; and then remark the insouciance with which, another raw scalp dangling from her belt, Liane would address herself to the next victim.

Mr. Swain was the first to fall, mainly because he happened to be present at luncheon, it being Mr. Collison's watch on the bridge. Under the warmth of violet eyes which sought him constantly, drawn by what one was left to infer was an irresistible attraction, his reserve melted rapidly, his remote blue stare grew infinitely less distant; and though he blushed furiously at some of the more audacious of Liane's sallies, he was quick to take his cue when she expressed curiosity concerning the duties of the officer of the watch. And

coming up at about two bells for a turn round the deck and a few breaths of fresh air before dressing for dinner, Lanyard saw them on the bridge, their heads together over the binnacle-to the open disgust of the man at the wheel.

Liane hailed him and with vivacious gestures commanded his attendance. Obligingly, Mr. Swain repeated his lecture, and Lanyard, learning for himself with considerable surprise what a highly complicated instrument of precision is the modern compass, and that the binnacle has essential functions entirely aside from supporting the compass and housing it from the weather, could hardly blame his sister for being so confused.

Indeed, he grew so interested in Swain's exposition of deviation and variation and magnetic attraction and the various devices employed to counteract these influences, the Flinders bars, the soft iron spheres, and the system of adjustable magnets located in the pedestal of the binnacle that he had to be reminded by a mild exhibition of sisterly temper that Liane hadn't summoned him to the bridge for his private edification.

"So then!" he said after due show of contrition—"it is like this: the magnetic needle is susceptible to many attractions aside from that of the pole; it is influenced by juxtaposition to other pieces or masses of magnetized metal. The iron ship itself, for example, is one great magnet. Then there are dissociated masses of iron within the ship, each possessing an individual

power of magnetism sufficient to drag the needle far from its normal fidelity to the So the scientific mariner, when he installs a compass on board his ship, measures these several forces, their influence upon the needle, and installs others to correct them-on the principle of like cures like."

"Do you know, monsieur, it happens often to me to wonder how I should have so clever a brother?" obser ed Liane.

On the seventh day the course pricked on the chart placed the Sybarite's position as approximately in mid-Atlantic at noon. Contemplating a prospect of seven days more of such emptiness, Lanyard's very soul vawned.

Nothing could induce Captain Monk to hasten the passage. Mr. Mussey asserted that his engines could at a pinch deliver twenty knots an hour; yet day in and day out the Sybarite poked along at little better than half that speed. It was no secret that Liane Delorme's panic flight from Popinot had hurried the yacht out of Cherbourg harbor four days earlier than her proposed sailing date, whereas the Sybarite had a rendezvous to keep with her owner at a certain hour of a certain night, an appointment carefully calculated with considera-

tion for the phase of the moon and the height of the tide, therefore not readily to be altered.

After dinner on that seventh day, a meal much too long drawn out for Lanyard's liking, and marked to boot by the consumption of much too much champagne, he left the main saloon the arena of an impromptu poker party, repaired to the quarterdeck, and finding a wicker lounge chair by the taffrail subsided into it with a sigh of gratitude for this fragrant solitude of night, so soothing and serene.

The Sybarite, making easy way through a slight sea, with what wind there was not much-on the port bow, rolled but slightly, and her deliberate and graceful fore-and-aft motion, as she swung between crest and crest of the endless head-on swells, caused the stars to stream above her mast-heads, a boundless river of broken From the saloon companionway drifted intermittently a confusion of voices, Liane's light laughter, muted clatter of chips, now and then the sound of a popping cork. Forward the ship's bell sounded two double strokes, then a single, followed by a wail in minor key: "Five bells and all's well!" . . .

The pressure of a hand upon his own roused him to discover that Liane Delorme had seated herself beside him, in a chair that looked the other way, so that her face was not far from his, and he could scarcely be unaware of its hinted beauty, now wan and glimmering in starlight, enigmatic with

soft, close shadows.
"I must have been dreaming," he said, "You startled me. apologetic. "One could see that, my friend."

The woman spoke in quiet accents and let her hand linger upon his with its insistent reminder of the warm, living presence whose rich coloring was disguised by the gloom that encompassed both.

Four strokes in duplicate on the ship's bell, then the call: "Eight bells and a-a-all's well!'

Lanyard muttered: "No idea it was so

A slender white shape, Mr. Collison emerged from his quarters in the deck house beneath the bridge and ran up the ladder to relieve Mr. Swain. At the same time a seaman came from forward and ascended by the other ladder. Later Mr. Swain and the man whose trick at the wheel was ended left the bridge, the latter to go forward to his rest, Mr. Swain to turn into his room in the deck-house.

"It is that one grows bored, eh, cher

"Perhaps, Liane."

"Or perhaps that one's thoughts are constantly with one's heart, elsewhere?" "You think so?"

"At Château de Montalais?"

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ts are here?"

"It amuses you, then, to shoot arrows into the air?"

"One hardly questions that."
"You judge harshly . . . Michael."
Lanyard spent a look of astonishment on the darkness. He could not remember that Liane had ever before called him by

that name.
"Do 1? Sorry . . . " His tone was listless. "But does it matter?"

"You know that to me nothing else matters!"

"Why, if you really want to know what I think, Liane: it seems to me that all men in your sight are much the same, good for one thing only, to be used to meet your ends. And who am I that you should hold me in higher esteem than any other man?" Captain Monk, strolling about

man: Captain Monk, strolling about the deck, paused suspicious'y near. "You should know I do," the woman breathed so low he barely caught the words, and uttered an involuntary "Par-don?" before he knew he had understand don?" before he knew he had understood. So that she iterated in a clearer tone of protest: "You should know I do—that I do esteem you as something more than other men. Think what I owe to you, Michael; and then consider this, that of all men whom I have known you alone have never asked for love.'

He gave a quiet laugh. "There is too much humility in my heart."

"No," she said in a dull voice-"but you despise me. Do not deny it!" She shifted impatiently in her chair. "I know what I know. I say it is to be a shifted impatiently in her chair. what I know. I am no fool, whatever you think of me. . . . No," she went on with emotion under restraint: "I am a creature of fatality, me—I cannot hope to escape my fate! It is the fate of all women that each shall some time love some man to desperation, and be despised. It is my fate to have learned too late to love you, Michael-

"Ah, Liane, Liane!"

"But you hold me in too much contempt to be willing to recognize the truth!

"On the contrary, I admire you extremely; you are an incomparable actress."
"You see!" She offered a despairing gesture to the stars. "It is not true what I say? I lay bare my heart to him, and he tells me that I act!

"But my dear girl! surely you do not expect me to think otherwise?"

"I was a fool to expect anything from you," she returned bitterly—"you know too much about me. I cannot find it in my heart to blame you, since I am what I am, what the life you saved me to so long ago bas made me. Why should you believe in me? Why should you credit the sincerity of this confession, which costs me so much humiliation? That would be too good for me, too much to ask of life—"
"I think you cannot fairly complain of

life, Liane. What have you asked of it that you have failed to get? Success, money, power, adulation— "Never love."

"The world would find it difficult to believe that."

"Ah, love of a sort, yes: the love that is the desire to possess and that possession



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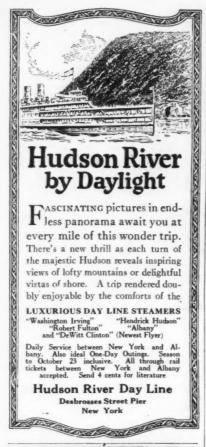
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"Have you asked for any other sort?" "I ask it now. I know what the love is that longs to give, to give and give again, asking no return but kindness, understanding, even toleration merely. It is such love as this I bear you, Michael. But you do not believe. . . .

Divided between annoyance and distaste, he was silent. And all at once she threw herself half across the joined arms of their chairs, catching his shoulders with her hands, so that her lightly clad body rested on his bosom, and its scented warmth assailed his senses with the seduc-

tion whose power she knew so well.
"Ah, Michael, my Michael!" she cried. "If you but knew, if only you could be-lieve! It is so real to me, so true, so overwhelming, the greatest thing of all! How can it be otherwise to you? not think I complain, do not think I blame you or have room in my heart for any resentment. But, oh. my dear! were I only able to make you understand, think what life could be to us, to you and me. What could it withhold that we desired? You with your wit, your strength, your skill, your poise-I with my great love to inspire and sustain you-what a pair we should make! what happiness would be ours! Think, Michael, think!"

"I have thought, Liane," he returned in accents as kind as the hands that held her. "I have thought well . .

"Yes?" She lifted her face so near that their breaths mingled, and he was conscious of the allure of tremulous and parted "You have thought and . . . Tell

me your thought, my Michael!" "Why, I think two things," said Lan-yard: "First, that you deserve to be soundly kissed." He kissed her, but with discretion, and firmly put her from him. "Then"—his tone took on a note of earnestness—"that if what you have said is true, it is a pity, and I am sorry, Liane, very sorry. And, if it is not true, that the comedy was well played. Shall we let it rest at that, my dear?

Half lifting her, he helped her back into her chair, and as she turned her face away, struggling for mastery of her emotion, true or feigned, he sat back, found his cigarette case, and clipping a cigarette between his lips, cast about for a match.

He had none in his pockets, but knew that there was a stand on one of the wicker tables near by. Rising, he found it, and as he struck the light heard a sudden, sof swish of draperies as the woman rose.

Moving toward the saloon companionway, she passed him swiftly, without a word, her head bent, a hand pressing a handkerchief to her lips. Forgetful, he followed her swaying figure with puzzled gaze till admonished by the flame that crept toward his finger-tips. Then dropping the match he struck another and put it to his cigarette. At the second puff he heard a choking gasp, and looked up again.

The woman stood alone, en silhouette against the glow of the companionway, her arms thrust out as if to ward off some threatened danger. A second cry broke from her lips, loud with terror, she tottered and fell as, dropping his cigarette, Lanyard ran to her.

His vision dazzled by the flame of the match, he sought in vain for any cause for her apparent fright. For all he could see, the deck was as empty as he had presumed it to be all through their conersation.

He found her in a faint unmistakably Footfalls sounded on the unaffected. deck as he knelt, making superficial examination. Collison had heard her cries and witnessed her fall from the bridge and was coming to investigate.

What in blazes-Lanyard replied with a gesture of be-wilderment: "She was just going below. I'd stopped to light a cigarette, saw nothing to account for this. fetch water." Wait: I'll

He darted down the companionway, filled a glass from a silver thermos carafe, and hurried back. As he arrived at the top of the steps, Collison announced: "It's all right. She's coming to.'

Supported in the arms of the second mate, Liane was beginning to breathe deeply and looking round with dazed eyes. Lanyard dropped on a knee and set the glass to her lips. She gulped twice, mechanically, her gaze fixed to his face. Then suddenly memory cleared, and she uttered a bubbling gasp of returning dread.

"Popinot!" she cried, as Lanyard hastily took the glass away. "Popinot—he was there—I saw him—standing there!"

A trembling arm indicated the starboard deck just forward of the companion housing. But, of course, when Lany looked, there was no one there . . . there had ever been. . . . But, of course, when Lanyard

The next instalment of Alias the Lone Wolf-the best mystery story of the year—brings the fateful voyage of Sybarite to an amazing adventure.

fail to read it—in August Cosmopolitan.

### The Country Beyond

(Continued from page 34)

remained the touch of that hand. It had given her a new courage, and a new thrill, just as Peter's vanquishment of unknown monsters that day had done the same for him. Peter was no longer afraid, and the girl was no longer afraid, and together they went along the slope of the ridge, until they came to a dried-up coulee which was choked with a wild upheaval of rock. Here Peter suddenly stopped, with his nose to the ground, and then his legs stiffened, and for the first time the girl heard the babyish growl in his throat. For a moment she stood very still, and listened, and faintly For a moment she

there came to her a sound as if some one was scraping rock against rock. The girl drew in a quick breath; she stood straighter, and Peter—looking up—saw her eyes flashing and her lips apart. And then she bent down and picked up a jagged

"We'll go up, Peter," she whispered.
"It's one of his hiding places!"

There was a wonderful thrill in the knowledge that she was no longer afraid, and the same thrill was in Peter's swiftly beating little heart as he followed her. They went very quietly, the girl on tiptoe, and Peter making no sound with his soft foot-pads, so that Jed Hawkins was still on his knees, with his back toward them, when they came out into a square of pebbles and sand between two giant masses of rock. Yesterday, or the day before, both Peter and Nada would have slunk back, for Jed was at his devil's work, and only evil could come to the one who discovered him at it. He had scooped out a pile of sand from under the edge of the biggest rock, and was filling half a dozen grimy leather flasks from a jug which he had pulled from And then he paused to drink. They could hear the liquor gurgling down his throat.

Nada tapped the end of her stick against the rock, and like a shot the man whirled about to face them. His face turned livid when he saw who it was, and he drew himself up until he stood on his feet, his two big fists clenched, his yellow teeth snarling

"You damned—spy!" he cried chokingly, "If you was a man—I'd kill you!"
The girl did not shrink. Her face did not whiten. Two bright spots flamed in her cheeks, and Hawkins saw the triumph shining in her eyes. And there was a new thing in the odd twist of her red lips, as she

said tauntingly, "If I was a man, Jed Hawkins-you'd

He took a step toward her.
"You'd run," she repeated, meeting him squarely, and taking a tighter grip of her stick. "I ain't ever seen you hit anything but a woman, and a girl, or some poor animal that didn't dare bite back. You're a coward, Jed Hawkins, a low-down, sneakin, 'whiskey-sellin' coward and you oughta die!"

Even Peter sensed the cataclysmic change that had come in this moment between the two big rocks. It held something in the air, like the impending crash of dynamite, or the falling down of the world. He forgot himself, and looked up at his mistress, a wonderful, slim little thing standing there at last unafraid before the future—and in his dog heart and soul a part of the truth came to him, and he planted his big feet squarely in front of Jed Hawkins, and snarled at him as he had never snarled before in his life.

And the bootlegger, for a moment, was stunned. For a while back he had humored the girl a little, to hold her in peace and without suspicion until Mooney was able to turn over her body-money. After that—after he had delivered her to the other's shack—it would all be up to Mooney, he figured. And this was what had come of his peace-loving efforts! She was taking advertage of him, defying him, spying upon him—the brat he had fed and brought up for ten years! Her beauty as she stood there did not hold him back. It was punishment she needed, a beating, a hair-pulling, until there was no breath left in her impudent body. He sprang forward, and Peter let out a wild yip as he saw Nada raise her stick. But she was a moment too slow. The man's hand caught it, and his right hand shot forward and buried itself in the thick, soft mass of her hair.

It was then that something broke loose in Peter. For this day, this hour, this minute the gods of destiny had given him birth. All things in the world were blotted out for him except one—the six inches of



# They Have Found

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naked shank between the bootlegger's trouser-leg and his shoe. He dove in. His white teeth, sharp as stiletto-points, sank into it. And a wild and terrible yell came from Jed Hawkins as he loosed the girl's Peter heard the yell, and his teeth sank deeper in the flesh of the first thing It was the girl, more he had ever hated. than Peter, who realized the horror of what followed. The man bent down and his powerful fingers closed round Peter's scrawny neck, and Peter felt his wind suddenly shut off, and his mouth opened. Then Jed Hawkins drew back the arm that held him, as he would have drawn it back to fling a stone.

With a scream the girl tore at him as his arm straightened out, and Peter went hurtling through the air. Her stick struck hurtling through the air. him fiercely across the face, and in that same moment there was a sickening, crushing thud as Peter's loosely jointed little body struck against the face of the great rock. When Nada turned Peter was groveling in the sand, his hips and back broken down, but his bright eyes were on her, and without a whimper or a whine he was struggling to drag himself toward her. Only Jolly Roger could tell the story of how Peter's mother had died for a woman. and in this moment it must have been that her spirit entered into Peter's soul, for the pain of his terrible hurt was forgotten in his desire to drag himself back to the feet of the girl, and die facing her enemy-the man. He did not know that he was dragging his broken body only an inch at a time through the sand. But the girl saw the terrible truth, and with a cry of agony which all of Hawkins' torture could not have wrung from her she ran to him, and fell upon her knees, and gathered him tenderly in her arms. Then, in a flash, she was on her feet, facing Jed Hawkins like a little demon.

"For that-I'll kill you!" she panted.

"I will. I'll kill you!

The blow of her stick had half blinded the bootlegger's one eye, but he was coming toward her. Swift as a bird Nada turned and ran, and as the man's foot-steps crunched in the gravel and rock behind her a wild fear possessed her-fear for Peter, and not for herself. Very soon Hawkins was left behind, cursing at the futility of the pursuit, and at the fate that had robbed him of an eye.

Down the coulee and out into the green meadow-land of the plain ran Nada, her hair streaming brightly in the sun, her arms clutching Peter to her breast. Peter was whimpering now, crying softly and piteously, just as once upon a time she had heard a baby cry-a little baby that was dving. And her soul cried out in agony, for she knew that Peter, too, was dying. And as she stumbled onward-on toward the black forest, she put her face down to Peter and sobbed over and over again his name.

"Peter-Peter-Peter-

And Peter, joyous and grateful for her love and the sound of her voice even in these moments, thrust out his tongue and caressed her cheek, and the girl's breath came in a great sob as she staggered on

"It's all right now, Peter," she crooned.
"It's all right, baby. He won't hurt you any more, an' we're goin' across the creek to Mister Roger's cabin, an' you'll be You'll be happy happy there.

Her voice choked full, and her mother-

heart seemed to break inside her, just as life had gone out of that other mother's heart when the baby died.

She looked down, and saw that Peter's eves were closed; and not until then did the miracle of understanding come upon her fully that there was no difference at all between the dying baby's face and dying Peter's, except that one had been white and soft, and Peter's was different-

and covered with hair.

"God'll take care o' you, Peter," she whispered. "He will—God, 'n' me, and Mictor Roger."

Mister Roger-

She knew there was untruth in what she was saying, for no one, not even God, would ever take care of Peter again-in life. His still little face and the terrible grief in her own heart told her that. For Peter's back was broken, and he was going going even now-as she ran moaningly with him through the deep aisles of the forest. But before he died, before his heart stopped beating in her arms, she wanted to reach Jolly Roger's friendly cabin, in the big swamp beyond the creek.

So she ran for the fording place on Sucker Creek, which was a good half mile above the shack in which the stranger was living. She was staggering, and short of wind, when she came to the ford, and when she saw the whirl and rush of water ahead of her she remembered what Jolly Roger had said about the flooding of the creek, and her eyes widened. Then she looked down at Peter, piteously limp and still in her arms, and she drew a quick breath and made up her mind. She knew that at this shallow place the water could not be more than up to her waist, even at the flood-tide. But it was running like a mill-race.

She put her lips down to Peter's fuzzy little face, and held them there for a mo-ment, and kissed him.

"We'll make it, Peter," she whispered.
"We ain't afraid, are we, baby? We'll make it-sure-sure-we'll make it-

She set out bravely, and the current swished about her ankles, to her knees, to her hips. And then, suddenly, unseen hands under the water seemed to rouse themselves, and she felt them pulling and tugging at her as the water deepened to her waist. In another moment she was fighting, fighting to hold her feet, struggling to keep the forces from driving her downstream. And then came the supreme moment, close to the shore for which she was striving. She felt herself giving away, and she cried out brokenly for Peter not to be afraid. And then something drove pitilessly against her body, and she flung out one arm, holding Peter close with the other-and caught hold of a bit of stub that protruded like a handle from the black and slippery log the flood-water had brought down upon her.

And then suddenly the bright glory of her head went down, and with her went Peter, still held to her breast under the

sweeping rush of the flood.

Even then it was thought of Peter that Somehow she was not filled her brain. afraid. She was not terrified, as she had often been of the flood-rush of waters that smashed down the creeks in springtime An inundating roar was over her, under her, and all about her; it beat in a hissing thunder against the drums of her ears, yet it did not frighten her as she had some times been frightened. Even in that black

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chaos which was swiftly suffocating the life from her, unspoken words of cheer for Peter formed in her heart, and she struggled to hold him to her, while with her other hand she fought to raise herself by the stub of the log to which she clung. For she was not thinking of him as Peter, the dog, but as something greater—something that had fought for her that day, and because of her had died.

Suddenly she felt a force pulling her from above. It was the big log, turning again to that point of equilibrium which for a space her weight had destroyed. In the edge of a quieter pool, where the water swirled but did not rush, her brown head appeared, and then her white face, and with a last mighty effort she thrust up Peter so that his dripping body was on the log. Sobbingly she filled her lungs with air. But the drench of water and her hair blinded her so that she could not see. And she found all at once that the strength had gone from her body. Vainly she tried to drag herself up beside Peter, and in the strug le she raised herself a little, so that a low-hanging branch of a tree swept her like a mighty arm from the log.

With a cry she reached out for Peter.

With a cry she reached out for Peter. But he was gone, the log was gone, and she felt a vicious pulling at her hair, as Jed Hawkins himself had often pulled it, and for a few moments the current pounded against her body and the tree-limb swayed back and forth as it held her there by her hair.

If there was pain from that tugging, Nada did not feel it. She could see now, and thirty yards below her was a wide, quiet pool into which the log was drifting. Peter was gone. And then, suddenly, her heart seemed to stop its beating, and her eyes widened, and in that moment of astounding miracle she forgot that she was hanging by her hair in the ugly lip of the flood, with slippery hands beating and pulling at her from below. For she saw Peter—Peter in the edge of the pool—making his way toward the shore! For a space she could not believe. It must be his dead body drifting. It could not be Peter—swimming! And yet—his head was above the water—he was moving shoreward—he was struggling—

Frantically she tore at the detaining clutch above her. Something gave way. She felt the sharp sting of it, and then she plunged into the current, and swept down with it, and in the edge of the pool struck out with all her last strength until her feet touched bottom, and she could stand. She wiped the water from her eyes, sobbing in her breathless fear—her mighty hope. Peter had reached the shore. He had dragged himself out, and had crumpled down in a broken heap—but he was facing her, his bright eyes wide open and questing for her. Slowly Nada went to him. Until now, when it was all over, she had not realized how helplessly weak she was. Something was turning round and round in her head, and she was so dizzy that the shore swam before her eyes, and it seemed quite right to her that Peter should be alive and not dead. She was still in a foot of water when she fell on her knees and dragged herself the rest of the way to him, and gathered him in her arms again, close up against her wet, choking breast.

She stood up, and shook out her hair, and then picked up Peter—and winced when he gave a little moan.







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"He'll fix you, Peter," she comforted. "An' it'll be so nice over here-with him

Her eyes were looking ahead, down through the glory of the sun-filled forest, and the song of birds and the beauty of the world filled her soul, and a new and wonderful freedom seemed to thrill in the

touch of the soft earth under her feet.
"Flowers," she cried softly. "Flowers, an' birds, an' the sun, Peter—" She paused a moment, as if listening to the throb of light and life about her. And then, "I guess we'll go to Mister Jolly Roger now," she said.

She shook her hair again, so that it shone in a soft and rebellious glory about her, and the violet light grew a little darker in her eyes, and the color a bit deeper in her cheeks as she walked on into the forest over the faintly worn foot-trail that led to the old cabin where Jolly Roger was keeping himself away from the eyes of men.

Never has James Oliver Curwood written anything better than these stories of his own north woods. The second of the series—and one of the very best of them all—will appear in August Cosmopolitan.

### Dynamite

(Continued from page 80)

unless I'd promise not to see him again, she'd take me away. But I won't go. Not a step. I don't care if he is poor

"You have no idea what it's like to be

"Then I'll find out!" She broke away from him, her eyes hard with the

hardness of youth.

The door closed behind her, leaving him to the deepest worry he had ever known.

He dined, that evening, in solitary state, and he was almost finished with breakfast the next morning when Dorothy appeared. He glanced at her furtively, after they had exchanged good-mornings, before he broke the silence. Then:

"I seem to be downright unpopular from all angles, Dorothy," he said, trying to woo her with whimsicality. "But I to woo her with whimsicality. "But I can see your mother's side of it. I don't wholly agree with her. All I ask is that he's a man and able to take care of you. From the social end, I'd not kick if he

dug ditches—"
"I'll tell him so," she said aloofly.
Then she relented, at the hurt in his eyes. 'Oh, daddy, I do love you—but I love him, too. You'll remember that, won't him, too.

He did remember it, all day, under the heaviest business pressure. He had something big in the making, and he gave stringent orders that he must not be disturbed-but disturbed he was, though his telephone remained silent and there were no outside interruptions. And in-stead of going over to New York that

night, as he should, he went home.
"Good-evening, sir," said Bingham,
opening the front door. "Mrs. Baird is in her room, sir. She sent down word as you were to be asked to come up at once, if you please, sir.

The foreboding with which he went up the stairs was strengthened by the atmosphere of his wife's room. The curtains were drawn, and the air was heavy with the scent of headache cologne.

"Light the lamp on the dressing-table," moaned Mrs. Baird, and he did so. Then, "Great Scott, Harriet!" he exclaimed,

what's happened?" "They've eloped," wailed Mrs. Baird.
"Eloped!" He so evidently "Eloped!" He so evidently considered her out of her head that her anger

flamed up at him. "Dorothy wouldn't do a thing like-"There's a letter from her on the table. Read it," she commanded. And added, with a new access of self-pity, "I telephoned and telephoned you and they said they couldn't reach you. I've had to bear it all alone."

But he was reading Dorothy's note.

DEAR MOTHER

I have decided there is just one thing to do and I am going to do it. Please do not think I'm acting hastily or without thinking first, because I am not. But I know I am right, and I am going to prove it. When I think I can make you listen to reason, I will return and not before. Please do not worry, and give my dearest love to daddy and say that I hate to go away this way but that I can't help it.

He raised his eyes.
"I don't see that this proves—" he

You always were blind," she assured "You've spoiled her from the beginning, and it's all your fault. I shall absolutely refuse to receive them. - She has made her bed, and she must lie in it-

"If she wants to return homebegan firmly.
"Oh, go away; go away!" she wailed. "I

can't bear to have you in the room. You have no idea how I suffer. You've always taken her part. Go away! Mull Mulligan! Oh, I wish I were dead!' Mulligan! The days that followed, with Mrs. Baird keeping to her room—she had can-

celed all social engagements on the plea of indisposition-and the house itself seeming heart-wringingly empty, left him curiously lax and prey of an unwonted indecision. He did not believe that Dorothy had eloped, and he tried to assure himself that Dorothy was level-headed in the main and that nothing very much could happen to her. Even so, unreasoning fears brought him again and again to the point of putting the mystery of her whereabouts in the hands of one of the discreet investigators he had hitherto employed in a business way. But some innate repugnance held him back.

The day came, however, when he could wait no longer. He must know where Dorothy was and what she was doing. But even as he reached for his telephone, prepared to take the decisive step, the

receiver buzzed in his ear.
"Is that you, Theodore?" It was his wife's voice. "Come home at once." All he could frame his lips to was: "Dorothy?" but in the name was a world of apprehension. "No—it's that man. He's in her

room, and he won't leave the house—"
"'In her room!'" He felt his ears must have tricked him. -

"Are you going to come-or talk all day?"

The great mahogany desk before him

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alamed at what he saw.

"You're not well, sir?" he said, quickly.

"No—yes— Call a taxi for me. In a

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The driver seemed the most astonishingly deliberate of his kind. Tremont Street had never surely been so suffocated with traffic. The taxi simply crawled.

with trame.

But at last he was home.

"Shall I wait, sir?" the driver called

"Shall I wait, sir?" the steps. Theoafter him as he went up the steps. Theo-dore Baird did not hear him. His wife

herself had opened the door.

"He's still here," she told him. "The plumber ordered him to go, but he just laughed at him, and waved his union

"The plumber'?" interrupted Doro-

thy's father, bewilderedly.

"He managed to get into the house as his assistant. I've been having Dorothy's bath done over-

"Let's go up-stairs," he suggested,

briefly.

The room which had been done over in blue and gray for Dorothy as a surprise on her return from Gibraltar was swathed in covers and a sheet had been spread across the floor. The bathroom door, standing ajar, revealed tools strewn about, but neither the plumber nor his lithe, amused-looking young assistant was at work. The plumber, himself, did not look amused. He showed the effects of

the storm he had passed through.
"I'm sorry, sir," he began instantly.
"I hope you'll understand that this is all news to me. He"—the plumber waved toward his assistant—"had a union card all regular and I needed a man and so I

The plumber's assistant grinned as his eyes met those of Dorothy's father. And thereupon one fear, at least, was lifted from Theodore Baird. Whatever else he might be, this clear-eyed youngster was

no adventurer.

"He's right," Pete corroborated. "In fact, he didn't hire me as much as I hired myself to him. I saw his wagon out back, and a chap I met in the navy fixed me up with a union card-don't say anything about that; it might make him troubleand I made the boss here think I was the world's champion lumper."

world's champion lumper."
"Idon't quite understand yet what your plan was," said Theodore Baird.
"I hadn't any," confessed Pete. "I was desperate, that's all. Dorothy wrote that I mustn't try to see her or telephone her until I heard from her. That was two weeks ago—and, well, I couldn't stand it any longer. I had a hunch I couldn't get any longer. I had a hunch I couldn't get in the front door, so I slipped in by way of the back."

"You haven't seen—or heard from Dor-othy for two weeks?" Fear gripped Theodore Baird anew.

Plainly surprised at the question, Pete shook his head.

"Then you have no idea where she is?"
"Know where she is? Why she's here, isn't she?"

"No," said Dorothy's father. Then, conscious that the plumber was listening, open-mouthed, he added abruptly, "Come down to the library with me, please."
"I may as well tell you," he said, as the



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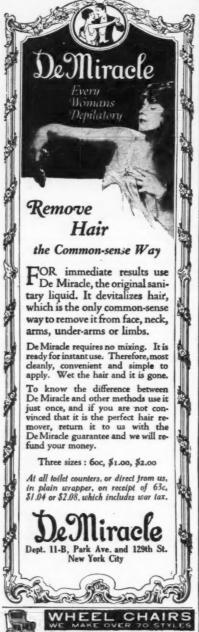
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library door shut behind them, "that neither Dorothy's mother nor I could bring ourselves instantly to approve of her engagement to a man of whom we knew nothing."

"I understand," Pete broke in. intended to come to you at once, but Dorothy wrote that I'd better not."

"You have her note with you?" What a question! That he had it, Dorothy's father realized at once, from his expression, and also that he was loath to show it, even to him.

"I have known Dorothy some years," e reminded him soberly, "and I, you he reminded him soberly, must remember, am worried-

The genuine affection he was to feel for this young man of Dorothy's began with that instant. Pete, his eyes glowing with sympathy, produced the note with characteristic impetuosity.

"I know how you feel, because that's the way I feel," he said. "But I don't

think it will help you much."

Nevertheless, Theodore Baird read it.

DEAR PETE:

I think you had better not try to see father just now. There is no use trying to keep the truth from you; the family is much upset. think father would be reasonable, but he can't help being a little afraid of mother-

Dorothy's father grimaced, but went on.

and they both seem to think I'm too young —and they both seem to think I in too young to know anything about life. I will admit that I have never been poor and do not know what it would be like, but I have a plan that I hope will convince father at least that I know my own mind.
"Now what I want to say is that until my

plan is worked out I don't think you ought to see me or telephone me or anything. With everything as it is, I would have to see you on the sly. And I don't want to feel sneaky. I think it will be only a week or two before everything will be all right.

Beyond this divine bit of optimism, there was, as he saw, more, but having seen, he did not feel privileged to read on. He handed the note back.

"Thank you. As you said, it doesn't help much, but I have an idea-

The butler intervened

"Begging your pardon, sir," he announced, with an air of dignity backed against the wall, "but the plumber says as how-

The plumber, however, was not content to let his message pass through another.

He appeared on the threshold.
"I don't want to butt in," he said distantly, "but I just got a hurry call from the office. A dame over in West Concord Street has got a leak in her boiler. I'll need help, and if it ain't asking too much

Pete looked for a second as if he might speak before waiting to count ten. But he paused and looked at Dorothy's father instead.

'Pernaps I'd better go," he suggested. Lowering his voice, he added, "But I'll find her! Leave it to me. I stuck on her trail for two years, and if it's neces-

"Thank you," acknowledged Baird, and if his voice was a little weary, it was not because he failed of appreciation, but because he felt that way. Indeed, after Pete had gone he turned to the window and stood there, sober-eyed, hands clasped behind his back. "The only thing we can do," he thought, "is to wait until she gets ready to come home."

Pete, nowever, had already decided otherwise.

"I'll kiss this job good-by," he was assuring himself, "and get busy. It's time somebody found out what she's up to."

The trip was made in silence. The plumber, turning into an alley-way on which the houses on one side of West Concord Street backed, found his number,

stopped the truck, and disembarked.
"Bring the rest of the tools along," he flung back over his shoulder.

Pete paused to light his pipe.
"Just"—he grinned—"to show how darn independent I am and to disguise myself as a regular plumber.'

Then, with a glance at the five-story brick house that differed not a whit from its neighbors, he started for the kitchen door. Looks like a lodging-house," he de-

cided. And flung open the kitchen door. Now in the kitchen, besides the things usually associated with kitchens, there was a girl. She stood at the sink, paring potatoes. Her back was to him, yet to that back there was a quality that might make any plumber's apprentice pause. Pete, however, not only paused but let his tool-bag slip to the floor with a thump that made her jump and give him a swift, wideeyed glance.

"What," demanded Pete "are you doing here?"

She looked from him to her finger. "You startled me," she accused. "And I cut my finger." She put it in her mouth and then removed it long enough to ask, "What are you doing here yourself?"
"Look here," said Pete, sternly, "do

you know your family is searching high and low for you?"

tools.'

"I'll bet," she retorted, "they never thought of looking this low!" He started for her then, with such obvious intent that she backed away. "You mustn't! Mrs. Lakin may come in any second." The sink impeded her retreat and she added swiftly, "If you come one step nearer I'll call her."

Pete paused.

"Do you mean-"I'm maid of all work, you see," Dorothy serenely explained. "I get up about six and build the kitchen fire. Then I help with breakfast, and after that I make about a million beds, and after that I do odd jobs like this—" She turned back to the sink. "And if these potatoes are to be ready for dinner, I've got to get busy. Besides, the plumber is waiting for his

"Waiting for his tools is the best thing plumber does," observed Pete grimly. Will you please tell me how long this nonsense-

"You wouldn't call it 'nonsense' if you had to put up with it for four whole weeks," she broke in, her back to him.
""Four weeks?! Why—" He paused,

his stupefaction too great for words.
"I've got to," Dorothy assured him, selecting another potato. "I lost my job

at Marston's, you see, and then on top of that—" She paused and turned to look at him. "What did you say?"
"I said, 'O-ow,' I just pinched myself. Go on; I'm not dreaming. Where did you

say your job was?"
"Marston's bargain basement. I got it as easy as pie, but the floor-walkershe stopped and blushed. "He was hate"I'll attend to him later," promised etc. "Go on."

Pete. "Go on."
"You needn't," she flashed. "I attended to him myself. But after that I couldn't get another place because I wouldn't tell why I left Marston's. And I had to cook my meals in my room and wash my clothes on the sly, the way they do in books, you know-

"Bowl or bathtub—I've always won-dered which."

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im. paused, "Bowl, of course. Only, I forgot and left the water running and it overflowed and stained the ceiling underneath, and Mrs. Lakin was furious and said the ceiling would have to be done over and that she had no intention of letting me have my hat and coat—she grabbed them the first thing because I didn't have any trunk, you see until I settled.

"So I told her I couldn't, but that I'd work it out, and she jumped at it."

"I hope it's another Galveston and that she drowns. Let the plumber pass himself his own pipe and matches. You get ready to march home, young woman—""
"I won't!" she said defiantly. "Not

for—"
"You will. I told your father I'd find you. He's worried sick."

She wavered.

"But I said-

"It isn't fair to him" he persisted. "If you could see him——"
"And Mrs. Lakin——"

"I'll attend to her," announced Pete.

This he did, and effectually, although when Dorothy questioned him afterward as to what he said, he seemed to be hazy about the details. But, for that matter, so was Mrs. Lakin.

But what she felt was of concern only to the rocker, into which she collapsed in a way that made it creak protestingly. Pete had forgotten her even before Bingham opened the front door to them with emotions he afterward described to the chef in full detail.

"And him, you understand, in his working-clothes. This is the finish, the absolute finish, Gaston. I gives my notice

this werry day.

"And they're with the master now?" asked Gaston.

"They are. And wot he thinks of it all I can only imagine."

"The door being tight closed," suggested Gaston, who had a Gallic wit.

"The door was closed," agreed Bingham, beautifully unconscious of the thrust. "But I did hear her say she had been working somewhere—" been working somewhere-

This indeed Dorothy had confessed to,

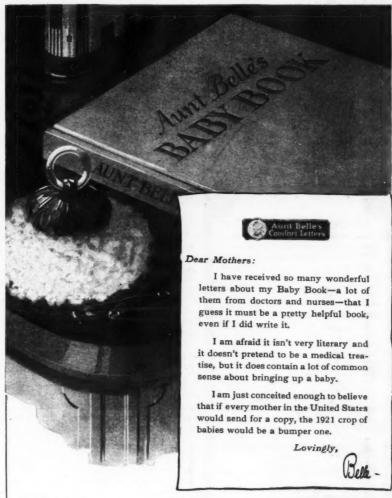
at once.

"I had to do something," she told her father, defiant-eyed, yet pleading withal. "I knew it was no use saying I didn't mind being poor because you'd say I didn't know what I was talking about '

"Didn't you realize we would worry?"

he could not help interposing.
"But I told you I'd be perfectly all right," she protested. She was so obviously sincere in her surprise that he had not believed her and so plainly prepared to defend herself that he let it pass. "And I do know now," she went on, "what I'm talking about when I say I can be happy without money."

"You were quite happy?"
"No," she confessed honestly; "but



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that was only because-" She glanced at Pete, her eyes wondrous.
"You darling!" breathed Pete. "There

never was a girl like you!

Now it may have been, as his wife informed him, absolute idiocy for Theodore Baird to leave them alone together. He confessed that he had done so without confessing how precipitate had been his departure or how, having closed the door behind him, he had paused in the hall outside for breath.

"Whew!" he thought. "I'd forgotten—a lot, I see."

So, as he soon realized, had his wife. "All I have to say is that, if you have completely lost your mind, I haven't," she raged. "I simply will not—"
"Sit down, Harriet," he said quietly,

and once again there was that in his voice that caused her to pause, if not to sit down.
"Do you mean to tell me that you

aren't going to lift a finger-To her surprise he smiled. And more surprising still, he reached out and took

her, furious as she was, in his arms and held her fast.

"Look here, Harry"-that had been his old name for her, but it had fallen into disuse somehow, with the years-"you've forgotten a pile, too. Love—especially young love—is like dynamite. Anybody who gets in the way of it is apt to get pretty much mussed up."
"You mean"—her eyes were aghast—

"that you'll give your consent. To a man whom we know nothing about except his name. And that—"

"If Dorothy's determined to have himand she seems pretty darned determined, all we can do is to make the best of it. Anyway, Harry, now that I've seen him, I'm not as surprised as I was. He-well, he's a darn sight more attractive than the unlicked cub you set your heart on some vears ago.'

That touched her memory, as he had hoped. For an instant, she looked, not like Dorothy's still comely mother but like Dorothy herself.

"You-you "He isn't!" she denied. had something about you that-

He kissed her.

"God in his mercy grants us special grace at such moments," he said. Persuasively, he added, "Be nice to Dorothy."

This was asking a little too much just then. She was determined to hold Dorothy at arms' length, for a time, anyway. But, as it happened, she didn't.

"He's told me all about himself," announced Dorothy, a rumpled-haired, shining-eyed, victorious-voiced Dorothy. "Just as he would have told dad if you hadn't been so unreasonable. He's got just as much money as we have and as for his family-well, you can look them up in the 'Social Register' if you want to. Not, of course, that that makes any difference to

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The difference it made to her mother, however, may be imagined.

"One of the New York Mellinghams, you know—Peters Ten Broeck Melling-ham, third, is his full name," Mrs. Baird assured all comers. "Yes; it was most romantic. Dorothy really thought all along that his name was Pete Mulligan— that was the name his comrades in the navy always referred to him by. Just for a joke, of course. But, fancy!"... "No; I never let on that I knew—Doro-

thy is just like her father. The only way to make them do a thing is to make them think you don't want them to. So I pretended to show a little judicious opposi-

All of which the recording angel may have taken cognizance of. But, if so, he did Dorothy's mother rank injusticeby that time, she sincerely believed it herself.

### His Honor

(Continued from page 43)

The Judge said, almost abstractedly, and entirely without heat:

You're interesting, Jim; but you're not convincing. You see, it just happens that I don't take bribes."

Cotterill twisted in his chair though under a blow; and his fat face purpled with anger. He struck his fist upon

the edge of the desk before him.
"All right! All right, Bob!" he cried hotly. "If you won't have it in friendship, take it the other way. You can't pull this high and mighty on me. You can't get away with it. What are you after, get away with it. What are you anyway? I haven't named a figure. could have named your own, if you'd been reasonable. 'Stead of that, you've got to grow wings and fan 'em like an angel, or something. You can't pull that with me, I know too much."

"What do you know, Jim?" the Judge asked mildly.

Cotterill laughed. "Getting under your skin, am I? Thought I would. You think I'd go into this without making sure I had winning cards? I've looked you up, Bob. I've had you looked up. I know you, I've had you looked up. I know you, inside out. And I'll tell you flat, either you come across now, or everybody'll know you as well as we do."

"How well do you know me?" Hosmer inquired.

The attorney held up his left hand, the fingers outspread; and he ticked off his points upon these fingers. "This well," he points upon these fingers. "This well," he declared. "Item one: You sat in the Steel case. When the decision was Robannounced, the market went off. ertson Brothers had you on their books, short a thousand shares. You made a nice little pile. Legal enough, maybe, Judge; but not right ethical.
you say so?"
"Go on," said the Judge. Would

The fat little man touched another fin-"Item two: Remember the Daily trial, down home. Chet Thorne. Remember him? Witness for the other side. You was defending Daily. He needed it, too. He was guilty as the devil. Chet told the truth, first trial. But you got a disagreement, just the same. Second trial, Chet lied. You got Daily off. Well, we've got Chet. You can't find him, but we know where he is. And we've got his affidavit to why he changed his story. Oh, it was slick! Nobody could get Chet for perjury. Change didn't amount to enough for that. But it was enough for what you needed. You got away with it then; but

Chet's ready to tell how you got away with

He stopped again, and the Judge inquired: "Is that all?"

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Cotterill shook his head. "Not quite. Item three: The matter of the Turner trust, and how it happened the trustee was short, and how it happened the traced up. You and how the thing was covered up. You and how the thing was covered up. Two, Three, and now the thing was covered ap. The were the trustee, Bob. One, Two, Three, and there you have it." He struck the desk again, triumph inflaming him. "Furthermore," he cried, voice suddenly shrill. "Furthermore, the story's ready to spring. This afternoon, petition for your disbar-ment was filed down home. In a sealed envelop. And the whole story back of it's in type, right now, down town at the Chronicle office. When I leave here, before midnight tonight, I'll hit a telephone. If It say one word, the envelop goes into the fire and the type is pied. If I don't say the word, the envelop's opened in the morning, and the story's on the street in the Chronicle before breakfast. There's the load, Judge." He shrugged, his hands outspread. "Look it over. Simple enough. Be good and you'll be happy. Now what do you say?"

For a long moment, there was silence in the quiet room; and when the Judge spoke, it was in a gentle, but a decisive

"Nor I've never permitted myself to be blackmailed, Cotterill," he replied.

The lawyer stormed to his feet; he threw up his hands. "All right!" he cried. "Then it's bust for you."

The Judge nodded. "Maybe," greed. "Of course, this is old stuff. "Maybe," he agreed. little of it true, and a good deal of it lies. Dates back ten-twelve years. Maybe you can make it go. I don't know. But I do know one thing, Jim. I know you're a dirty specimen." There was, abruptly, a

hot ring in his tones.
Cotterill cried: "That'll do! You're through. No n.an can talk to me that

Hosmer's long arm shot out; his fingers wisted into the other's collar. "Talk to twisted into the other's collar. "Talk to you? Talk to you?" he repeated quietly. you? Talk to you?" he repeated quietly. "Why Jim, I aim to do considerable more than talk to you." His right hand swung; he slapped the squirming man across the cheek. Swung and cuffed Jim Cotterill to and fro in a cold fire of rage .

Urged him toward the door; half dragged half thrust, half threw him down stairs; spurred his tumultuous exit from the house. A last stinging blow, and:

"Git," he said.

Cotterill got. The Judge's wife had come into the hall. Hosmer slowly shut the door, and he rubbed his hands as though they were soiled. There was trouble in his eyes, where the anger died.

Mary Hosmer touched his arm; asked oftly: "What is it, Bob?"

He looked down at her; slowly shook his head. "Trouble, Mary," he said frankly. "He wanted to beg, or buy, or steal the Furnace case. They've raked up those old affairs. The *Chronicle* will print the whole business in the morning. He's gone to release the story now. I guess folks will walk right by and never see us, tomorrow, Mary."

Comprehension came swiftly into her eyes; she cried rebelliously: "You've lived those old tales down, Bob!" He shook his head. "Anyway," she told him. "I'm glad you-kicked him out as you did."

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The Judge nodded. Then a slow smile rept into his eyes. "Matter of fact, crept into his eyes. "Matter of fact, Mary," he said, "this affair has its funny

"Funny?" she echoed.

"Yeah."

"Why . . . "I'd written my decision before he came upstairs," he explained. "I'd already decided the way he wanted me to."

### The Loves Between

(Continued from page 98)

the smiling curiosity with which he surveyed her was for an old feminine acquaintance or for a charming new one. For, in spite of years and things which had not wholly to do with years, Ethel was still a charming person. Her eyes still suggested a June sky; blond skin and hair still conveyed that peculiar flowerlikeness which some hair and skin can convey even in a woman's middle thirties. More than a few men, with the connoisseurship which money enables men to acquire in the matter of blond women, had looked after her as she crossed the room, satin-gowned and gold-slippered, and allowed desire to travel lightly over faces plethoric with heavy food and drink.

It is true that one or two of the men allowed the desire to travel very lightly. There were points about Ethel Ballard that could not escape connoisseurs, even after eating and drinking heavily. still used her maiden name of Ballard because two judges had given it back to There was a telltale sophistication her. to a too red mouth. The satin gown had been dry-cleaned perceptibly often. The gold slippers were by no means

Life had moved Ethel about, as it had moved other people. A banker father had gone under in 1907—one of many men caught in the panic which a money-tight year laid over a speculating year. A cashier husband had sulked unendurably because his expectations and his father-inlaw defalcated together. A second husband sulked because Ethel, petulant that life was not rose-colored organdie at all, gave him the benefit of a temper that a first husband had laid seeds for.

It is best not to inquire too closely into Ethel Ballard's years while David Hughes was rolling up his millions. Wiser not to wonder just how she lived around at various apartment-hotels, how she wore the evening slippers which satin gowns, even dry-cleaned, demand.

In whatever manner she had lived, she had polished a natural gift. But an hour after he met her, that evening of the banquet, David's hands rather lingered as they put her scarf about her bare shoulders.

Three days later, Genevieve Howe registered a wonder not unmixed with great envy. Genevieve, whose eyes were black, also knew dry-cleaners too well.

"How've you done it? Talk about catching a whale when you're out with bait for trout!'

Bait for trout'?"

"That's what I said, dearie. Out for trout—and you landed him!"
"My native charm," suggested Ethel,

opening a jar of new cold-cream.

"Um-m! Dearie, when you stand in a strong morning light before you've coldcreamed, your native charm is a little wilted. Like a fading rose."

"Better to be a fading rose than a faded hollyhock," came the retort. Genevieve

was in her forties and heavy of skin texture. "And some men don't like flappers any more than they like green applesauce.

"In other words," Genevieve snapped "only you and God know how you got David Hughes on your hook, and God won't tell.

"'I knew him when-" Ethel hummed, "Fact. My affair with David started when we were in our teens."

"Heavens! Where?" "Small town. Nebraska. You'd"paying smooth tribute to more cosmopolite vocabulary—"say 'tank town.'"
"I knew it wasn't by any natural means

you got to know him in three days well enough to 'phone for his car before noon.

"He saved my life once. I guess he

"Are you lying, Ethel?"
"Truly. I've forgotten a good deal about the circumstances." She crinkled a soft forehead. "There was something-

Papa sent him a check."

"Papa sent David Hughes a check! Talk about throwing a bucket of water in the ocean! Hand me a chair; I feel weak." Wouldn't I get head-lines now.

"And they say there's no such thing as luck!" Genevieve groaned.

Ethel Ballard sighed-for the father and the days when checks were plentiful.

There can be no doubt that presently David Hughes resurrected an old love or fell into love anew. Perhaps an old halo had never altogether faded for him. Or perhaps he had grown sated with lack of permanent ties and wanted one of perma-

And about Ethel there lay a sort of charm which he may have missed in a series of other women. If old Lady Life had robbed her of some of that fastidiousness which was a birthright, she had not stripped her. Mrs. Charlie Merrill said with some fervor: "She's a lady, anyway. More than one can say of some women David Hughes has showered attentions upon.

Ethel was entertained at dinner by the Merrills. David bluntly requested it of Charlie.

If Ethel herself hardly realized the significance of this, being one of those born to invitations to a town's best dinner tables, even though the town be small, Helen Cootey of the Ocean-Herald was more astute!

"Something doing with this one. Must keep an eye peeled for the cards."
"What kind is she?"

Readily Helen answered the desk adjoining hers. Oh, newspaper training added to natural observation

"Pretty lady. But not a chicken. And looks as if she might be on a moral diet to reduce her past.

It may be that to David Hughes the idea of any past with Ethel Ballard was so

incongruous that it did not disturb him. Charlie Merrill, for one, rather puzzledly watched him change perceptibly as weeks with Ethel went on. A bored look went almost away; a certain boyish expectancy took its place. After all, any education may be only as thick as circumstance permits. With the shift of circumstances, applied learning may fall off like a plaster mold on a modern theater's tawdry

Something fell off David Hughes those weeks. And if he, like many another heavy taster of life or wine, lingered enjoyably over the flavor of the draft which had come to him, lay it to his education

after leaving Anderstown.

But Ethel Ballard could not know this. She grew a little impatient as the weeks

went on.

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"I wish my life could be endangered again while he was around," she grumbled to Genevieve, being obliged to grumble to some one. "Time! I'm having a lovely time. Dinners and dances, flowers and kisses. But all rather more respectful than I'd choose. Respectful attentions don't pay apartment-hotel bills."

"They sure don't," agreed Genevieve.
"I can let you take forty dollars, dearie, if that'll be any good. I don't think in the end I'll be the loser."

"Forty dollars is a lift, but not a haul," fretfully accepted Ethel. "I haven't got three unmended silk stockings to my time. Dinners and dances, flowers and

three unmended silk stockings to my

"Maybe I can make it fifty."
"I wish you would."

"I know you'll pay it back with plenty of interest. If—"

"I don't forget favors. There'll be plenty of interest. If—if!"

"Why don't you stage another motor-smash-up? So as to make old times more vivid and, maybe, inject spice into the present."

Ethel shivered.

"Nothing doing. I know too much now about motor-cars. Knew a girl who had her nose cut off by wind-shield glass. He might save my life but not my face.

She laughingly said something of the same to David Hughes himself an hour or so later after a luncheon which would have paid—Ethel had fretfully estimated—the third monthly statement which a curt apartment-hotel manager had that morning sent to her rooms with a persistent bell-boy.

They were in his car. Ethel had the wheel. David Hughes, as more than one woman knew, was inclined to indolence in

"Fancy! I might have been disfigured for life—thanks to Mildred's desire to show off."

David agreed. He then kept the conversation upon other days and Anderstown. Since meeting Ethel again, he had talked of the town often, with a smiling tolerance which Ethel did not quite appre-

"I suppose you visit there, often?"

"Every year or so. Was there last year.
But I don't think"—voice took on an effective

but I don't think''—voice took on an edge which David did not understand—"I'll likely go again."
"Dull?" understandingly.
"Last summer I went for three weeks—and stayed one"—over a wheel she looked straight ahead. Nor explained that there had been one week instead of three be-

## How I Taught My Child at Home

### and Saved a Year of School

(An experience which shows there is, after all, a Royalroad to Reading, Writing and Arithmetic.)

HEN Ruth was 6 years old, my husband, who was a civil engi-neer, traveled all over the counneer, traveled all over the country, staying sometimes only two or three months on various "jobs" for his firm. Under the circumstances there was no use starting our little girl in school, when we might move somewhere else in so short a time. I felt my own incompetence too keenly to attempt to teach her at home myself, and we could not afford to engage governnesses or tutors in first one place and then another. And there seemed to be no other way.

One night, when Frank had to be out late at a conference of engineers, I tucked Ruth in her crib and sat down tucked Ruth in her crib and sat down to read one of my favorite magazines. I opened it rather aimlessly and my glance fell on an article which told the story of a school that had perfected a new method of giving children between the ages of four and fourteen a complete elementary education right in complete elementary education right in their own homes, no matter where they might live. I read the article through and showed it to my husband. He agreed with me that it was at least worth finding out about. So I wrote the Calvert School and outlined our

In just a few days I received a comprehensive reply that gave full information about the school and its courses. I found that this great day school in Baltimore had obtained such remarkable results with its own pupils that its Trustees had extended its courses so that other children no matter where located night share in its advantages and privileges and that there are now thousands of Calvert School pupils located in all parts of the world, some from farms and ranches—and all were achieving results little short of marvelous in the way of education and culture.

After I had read some of the remarkable letters written by parents who were overjoyed to see the progress their little ones were making and commending the Calvert courses in every respect, I was convinced. So I enrolled Ruth at once in the Royalroad Course, which is a beginner's course, for children who are just ready to start school.

THE system was a revelation to me. It was only a little while after she started that Ruth could read and write and figure as well as the average public school pupil of the Second grade.

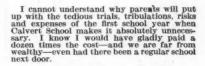
The work took only a little of my time and I honestly think I enjoyed it as much as Ruth did.

Calvert School courses are so planned and carried out that there is an orderly progression without gaps, overlapping, or wrong emphasis, leading the pupil from the start with the elements to a well rounded complete knowl-edge of the field covered.

A child of unusual ability does not have to waste time, as he would in a class, waiting for the less able ones to catch up; a child whose mind works more slowly but, as is often the case, more surely, does not skip or do the work superficially in a scramble to keep even with others. If he needs more time, he can take it; if he needs less, he does not have to waste time idly waiting. If he needs more study on certain lessons or certain days, here again he may pause. If he is sick, there is

no gap which he would miss entirely if at-tending school; he simply takes up the work at the point at which he left it.

It is for such reasons as these that Calvert pupils do the work in a shorter time and on the whole very much befter than the average pupil in daily attendance at school. Any parent conscientiously interested in the education and future welfare of his child need not worry, therefore, over the lack of local educational facilities. Calvert School makes possible the best kind of home education, and one can have the satisfaction of knowing that the work is being done properly and on right lines.



YOU may be situated beyond the reach of a good school, you may be traveling, or located only temporarily for a few months at a time in one place. Even when schools are accessible, they may not be suitable for various reasons, especially since the war when the inefficiency of teachers and schools has been the common complaint; the methods may be poor, the teachers inferior, the child's associates not what you wish; the classes may be overcrowded, the conditions unhygienic, the hours too long. There is, furthermore, always the danger of contagion from children's diseases and the exposure in inclement weather. You may, therefore, be attempting to teach your children yourself, stumbling along in the dark, uncertain just what to do and how to do it; or you may have a governess, probably a woman of intelligence but without special training and unable to plan or carry on a course of study that is more than a blind following of textbooks.

If you are at all interested in your child's education, the least you can do is to find out more about this institution which has been called by educators "A Super School." It has courses for each grade up to high school, an abridged—and less expensive—course for the same grades, a pre-school course for children not yet ready for school and a Royal-road course especially for beginners in reading, writing and arithmetic.

To find out all about Calvert School and what it can do for your child, just fill out and mail the coupon below and you will receive by return mail full information without any obligation or expense.

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cause of a hostess's chill. Poaching can become a habit. And a hostess's middleaged stout husband can be a temptation when a purse is flat.

"I dare say Anderstown isn't changed a bit," mused David. "Every year it is the same," she said.

"A few more automobiles every year. But the same old square, same hydrangeas in the front yards, same sharties at one end of town. Why"—mood was partly responsible for the shiver—"in a drygoods store—Johnson's, if you recall—there's a girl always standing at the thread counter as immobilely as the red depot stands at the end of the street. Year after year her head of tightly curled black

"With a red ribbon? Wallie-I used to know

"Why, no. She's not a very young girl,"

"Of course not. She'd be too old for a red ribbon now. Johnson's, you say?"

"Where Mildred buys her children's hose."

For a minute or two David Hughes went back in reminiscent attention to the black-haired girl he used to know. But presently he brought his thoughts back smilingly and attentively to the woman at his side.

"Oh, well, Anderstown means nothing in

our lives now."
"Nothing," she agreed, with more than enough fervor. There was that in his tone which put Mildred and other unpleasantness out of her mind. A light leaped into her blue eyes. Her glance dropped before his-perhaps to hide hope whose calculative touch might protrude.

She had no thought of Genevieve's care-less advice. It was wholly by accident that her hand unwisely relaxed a little upon a wheel at a time when steady handhold was needed.

The result, as far as physical mishap was involved, was trifling. At a crowded corner of boulevard, another car backed de terously, two others swerved with the perfect skill which motors and their drivers have necessitously acquired in a crowded Ethel bumped her shoulder against the side of her seat, lost, caught control again of the wheel. David was bounced almost out of his seat. Nothing more.

But at a certain stage in a man-andwoman game, a small incident will loosen a large private stock of emotion. Recovering. David leaned toward and over her as intimately as the crowded place and many

passers-by permitted.
"Whew! Isn't life uncertain? Ethel, there's something I've been wanting to say to you. And I don't want to die first. Mind going back to my place of residence?"

Pulse leaped. There was no mistaking the light of his glance, the touch of his hand upon her arm.

"Can't say it here?" she coquetted.

"Too public. Anyway, there's something I'd like to show you. Something I tore up once." He smiled a little, tolerantly. "I'd like to talk about it this once and then forget it.'

In his apartment, Ethel laid her long gloves on a table with a betraying intimacy of movement, smoothed her blond hair at a pier-glass, waited with color brighter than rouge. She held her breath a little, too, as though afraid of being too sure.

He had gone to a long, low polished desk which had cost more than the house he had owned in Anderstown. He was smiling a little at her, something boyish and repentant in his expression.

"Silly things a person will do," he said. over his shoulder, as he unlocked the

desk.

She stared at the torn scraps of paper which he held out, smiling, boyish. Seeing that she did not comprehend: "A check. With the name Ballard on it!"

"A-a check?"

Lay what followed, if you like, to a too persistent bell-boy with his monthly statements. Or to many dry-cleaning bills—so many that in the years they had come to be mocking and intolerable things. Or to many lean months through which a woman in her thirties had looked fearsomely at a penniless old age.

A check made out to me?" she said greedily. Well, it was not what she had hoped. But hopes are flimsy things. One never trusts one's hopes. This fairly answered expectation-

"Made out to you?" The scraps were yellowed slightly. She had not noticed.
"Why did you tear it up?" Her laugh

was forgiving. But there was an inde-scribably expectant edge to it, as well. There was something professional in it, with its suggestion of disappointment, something professional in the movement of a white hand toward the torn check.

In his arrested gestures, in his silence, she read something gone wrong. It partly dawned upon her that she had made a bad play, erred with her cards.

She sensed disapproval. quite understand it. Hadn't he and she been leading up to this? But she was moved to flippant defense.

Ladies must live."

"Why, I suppose so," said David. His voice was level. "Anyway, a check more or less is little enough in my young life.
Shall I write another?"

"I could use it," with a ready smile.
He wrote one silently.

"For—for old times' sake, I'll leave the

amount to your filling in."

Again she sensed a curious and surpris-

ing disapproval.

"What could I have done?"—plaintively. "Clerked in a store in Anderstown? Or some other town?"

"I suppose not," he said, blotting his

signature.

She went away presently.

When she had gone, David Hughes sat in a chair, his mouth twisted disagreeably. Sat till an afternoon had almost drained away.

When he rose at last, he walked around a big room, restlessly. Hands in pockets, chin sunk. Then he again sat in a chair. He hunched forward in it as though lonesome. The twist left his mouth. It might have been his hunched attitude that made him seem a boyish and hurt figure. And presently he stared down reproachfully at a scrap of yellow paper which had fallen to the floor a while back.

Then, over that scrap, there came a gleam of reminiscence. He took up a telephone instrument and asked for long-distance connection. Nebraska-Anderstown--Johnson's dry-goods store.

After the usual delay connection was

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"Is this you? Wallie? Three guesses who I am."

There were miles between. There were the years between.

There came a woman's voice which was still a girl's voice; tired rather, patient as though hope had been a strength, even while it had been a sickness for soul with its deferment.

"Chicago calling, you say? Who-David, is it you!"

"Why—Wallie— To think you'd know my voice."

"Why—I'd know it. David! Really you! Where've you been all these years! Oh, are you coming back now?"

Beyond tight little black curls and a red

ribbon—or string when no ribbon was at hand—an eager little personality of long ago called to David Hughes.

"What have you been doing, David, after all these years?"

"0h-I've been knocking around. And lately I got sort of lonesome. For some one who— Why, yes, Wallie, I'm coming back For you" back. For you.

Notice to Subscribers—The publication-date of Cosmopolitan will be henceforth the age of Cosmopolitan with on henceforth the last week-day of the month preceding that which is printed on the magazine. For example: July 30th, for August issue; August 31st, for September issue. It may be, however, that delays in transportation may occasionally prevent your copy from reaching you on time. In which case, please do not write us immediately, for the magazine will probably arrive within a few days.

### The Pride of Palomar

(Continued from page 48)

when the doctor in El Toro washed and disinfected Farrel's wound and, at the suggestion of Kay, made an X-ray photograph of his head. The plate, when developed, showed a small fracture, the contemplation of which aroused considerable interest in all present, with the experition of the patients. Don Miles was ception of the patient. Don Mike was still dizzy; because his vision was impaired he kept his eyes closed; he heard a humming noise as if a lethargic bumble bee had taken up his residence inside the Farrel ears. Kay, observing him closely, realized that he was very weak, that only by the exercise of a very strong will had he succeeded in sitting up during the journey in from the ranch. His brow was cold and wet with perspiration, his breathing shallow; his dark, tanned face was

ng snatiow; his dark, tanned face was now a greenish gray.

The girl saw a shadow of deep apprehension settle over her father's face as the doctor pointed to the fracture. "Any danger?" she heard him whisper.

The doctor shook his head. "Nothing to work about An operation will not

to worry about. An operation will not be necessary. But he's had a narrow squeak. Whom has he been fighting with?"

"Thrown from his horse and struck his head on a rock," Parker replied glibly.

Kay saw the doctor's eyebrows lift slightly. "Did he tell you that was what happened?"

Parker hesitated a moment and nodded an affirmative.

"Wound's too clean for that story to impress me," the doctor whispered. the doctor whispered.



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As Manly and Tender A Story As Ever Was Told



### The Kingdom Round the Corner

The Story of a Grown-up Peter Pan

### Coningsby Dawson

HERE'S a different kingdom for every different person, Tabs used to say. Then this grown-up Peter Pan awoke one day to find the king-dom of his dreams slipping from him.

> But it is there for all of us -the kingdom around the corner. When things look blackest, we may dream of it, for one more bend in the long road, and it may be waiting for us-the land of fulfilled desires.

This is the story of one man's search for his king-dom and how he found it -just around the corner.

Coningsby Dawson is a great-hearted human being. He has the rare gift of giving you a peep into the very souls of these wonderful people in this book. You will forever cherish the memory of this tender, whimsical story. sical story.

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Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

This year many young people will again be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

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#### THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS School and College Bureau Illinois

Chicago

"Not a speck of foreign matter in it. Moreover, the wound is almost on top of his head. Now, if he had been thrown from a horse and had struck on top of his head on a rock with sufficient force to lacerate his scalp and produce a minor fracture, he would, undoubtedly, have crushed his skull more thoroughly or broken his neck. Also, his face would have been marred more or less! And if that isn't good reasoning, I might add that Miguel Farrel is one of the two or three men in this world who have ridden Cyclone, the most famous outlaw horse in America.

Parker shrugged and, by displaying no interest in the doctor's deductions, brought the conversation to a close.

That the return trip to the ranch, in Don Mike's present condition, was not to be thought of, was apparent from the patient's condition. He was, therefore, removed to the single small hospital which El Toro boasted, and after seeing him in charge of a nurse the Parker family returned to the ranch. Conversation languished during the trip; a disturbed conscience on the part of the father and on the part of Kay and her mother an intuition, peculiar to their sex and aroused by the doctor's comments, that events of more than ordinary portent had occurred that day, was responsible for this.

At the ranch Parker found his attorney who had motored out from El Toro, waiting to confer with him regarding Bill Conway's adroit maneuver of the morning. Mrs. Parker busied herself with some fancy work while her daughter sought the Farrel library and pretended to read. An atmosphere of depression appeared to have settled over the rancho; Kay observed that even Pablo moved about in a furtive manner; he cleaned and oiled his rifle and tested the sights with shots at varying ranges. Carolina's face was grave and her sweet falsetto voice was not raised in song once during the afternoon.

About four o'clock when the shadows began to lengthen, Kay observed Pablo riding forth on his old pinto pony. Be-fore him on the saddle he carred a pick and shovel and in reply to her query to what he purposed doing, he replied that he had to clean out a spring where the cattle were accustomed to drink. So she returned to the library and Pablo repaired to a willow thicket in the sandy wash of the San Gregorio and dug a grave. That night, at twilight, while the family and servants were at dinner, Pablo dragged his problem down to this grave, with the aid of the pinto pony, and hid it forever from the sight of men. Neither directly nor indirectly was his exploit ever referred to again and no inquiry was ever instituted to fathom the mystery of the abrupt disappearance of Kano Ugichi. Indeed, the sole regret at his untimely passing was borne by Pablo, who, shrinking from the task of removing his riata from his victim (for he had a primitive man's horror of touching the dead), was forced to bury his dearest possession with the adventurer from La Questa-a circum-stance which served still further to strengthen his prejudice against the Japanese race.

The following morning Pablo saddled Panchito for Kay and, at her request, followed her, in the capacity of groom, to Bill Conway's camp at Agua Caliente The old schemer was standing in basin.

the door of his rough temporary office when Kay rode up; he advanced to meet

"Well, young lady," he greeted her, "what's on your mind this morning in addition to that sassy little hat."

"A number of things. I want to know what really happened to Mr. Farrel yesterday forenoon."
"My dear girl! Why do you consult

She leaned from her horse and lowered her voice. "Because I'm your partner and between partners there should be no secrets."

"Well, we're supposed to keep it a secret, just to save you and your mother from worrying, but I'll tell you in confidence if you promise not to tell a soul I told you.

"I promise."

"Well, then, that scoundrel, Okada, sent a Jap over from La Questa valley to assassinate Miguel and clear the way for your father to acquire this ranch without further legal action and thus enable their interrupted land deal to be consummated."

"My father was not a party to that-oh, Mr. Conway, surely you do not suspect for

a moment-

"Tish! Tush! Of course not. That's why Miguel wanted it given out that his horse had policed him. Wanted to save you the resultant embarrassment."

"The poor dear! And this wretch from La Questa shot him?"

Almost." "What became of the assassin?"

Bill Conway pursed his tobacco-stained lips and whistled a few bars of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Subconsciously the words of the song came to Kay's mind.

> She's sleeping in the valley, In the valley, She's sleeping in the valley, And the mocking bird is singing where she lies

"I'm afraid I don't want to discuss that boy and his future movements, Miss Parker," he sighed presently. "I might compromise a third party. In the event of a show-down I do not wish to be forced under oath to tell what I know-or suspect. However, I am in a position to assure you that Oriental activities on this ranch have absolutely ceased. Mr. Okada has been solemnly assured that, in dealing with certain white men, they will insist upon an eye for an optic and a tusk for a tooth; he knows that if he starts anything further he will go straight to that undiscovered country where the woodbine twineth and the whangdoodle mourneth for its mate."

"What has become of Okada? "He has dragged it out of here-drifted and went hence—for keeps. "Are you quite sure?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die." With an unclean thumb Mr. Conway drew a large X on the geometrical center of his "When you've ample circumference. been in the contracting business as long as I have, Miss Parker," he continued sagely, "you'll learn never to leave im portant details to a straw boss. Attend to 'em yourself—and get your regular ration of sleep. That's my motto."

"Need She beamed gratefully upon him. "Need any money, Bill, old timer?" she flashed at him suddenly, with delightful camaraderic

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"There should be no secrets between partners. I do."

"Cinquenta mille pesos oro, señorita."
"Help!"

"Fifty thousand bucks, iron men, simoleons, smackers, dollars-

She reached down and removed a fountain pen from his upper vest pocket.
Then she drew a check book and, crooking her knee over Panchito's neck and using that knee for a desk, she wrote him a check on a New York bank for fifty thousand dollars.

"See here," Bill Conway demanded, as she handed him the check, "how much of a roll you got, young woman?'

About two hundred thousand in cash and half a million in Liberty bonds. When I was about five years old my uncle died and left me his estate, worth about a hundred thousand. It has grown under my father's management. He invested heavily in Steel Common, at the outbreak of the war, and sold at the top of the market

just before the armistice was signed."
"Well," Conway sighed, "there is a little justice in the world, after all. Here, at last, is one instance, where the right person to handle money gets her hands on a sizeable wad of it. But what I want to know, my dear young lady, is this: Why purchase philanthropy in fifty-thousand-dollar instalments? If you want to set that boy's mind at ease, loan him three hundred thousand dollars to take up the mortgage your father holds on his ranch; then take a new mortgage in your own name to secure the loan. If you're bound to save him in the long run, why keep the poor devil in suspense?"

She made a little moue of distaste. "I loathe business. The loaning of money on security—the taking advantage of another's distress. Mr. Bill, it never made a hit with me. I'm doing this merely because I realize that my father's course, while strictly legal, is not kind. I refuse to permit him to do that sort of thing to a Medal of Honor man." He noticed a pretty flush mount to her lovely cheeks. "It isn't sporty, Mr. Bill Conway. However, it isn't nice to tell one's otherwise lovable father that he's a poor sport and a Shylock, is it? I cannot deliberately pick a fight with my father by interfering in his business affairs, can I? Also, it seems to me that Don Mike Farrel's pride is too high to permit of his acceptance of a woman's pity. I do not wish him to be under obligation to me. He might misconstrue my motive-oh, you understand, don't you? I'm sure I'm in an ex-

tremely delicate position."

He nodded sagely. "Nevertheless," he pursued, "he will be under obligation

to you."

"He will never know it. I depend upon you to keep my secret. He will think himself under obligation to you—and you're such an old and dear friend. Men accept obligations from each other and think nothing of it. By the way, I hold you responsible for the return of that fifty thousand dollars, not Don Mike Farrel. You are underwriting his battle

with my father, are you not?"
"Yes, I am," he retorted briskly, "and I've got more conceit than a barber's cat for daring to do it. Wait a minute and I'll give you my promissory note. I'm paying seven per cent. for bank accommodations lately. That rate of interest suit you?"

She nodded and followed him to his office, where he laboriously wrote and signed a promissory note in her favor. Pablo, remaining politely out of sound of their conversation, wondered vaguely what they were up to.
"Don Mike has told us something of

the indolent, easy-going natures of his people," Kay continued, as she tucked the note in her coat pocket. "I have wondered if, should he succeed in saving his ranch without too great an expenditure of effort, he would continue to cast off the spell of 'the splendid, idle forties' and take his place in a world of alert creators and producers. Do you not think, Mr. Bill, that he will be the gainer through my policy of keeping him in ignorance of my part in the refinancing of his affairs— if he dare not be certain of victory up to the last moment? Of course it would be perfectly splendid if he could somehow manage to work out his own salvation, but of course, if he is unable to do that, his friends must do it for him. I think it would be perfectly disgraceful to permit a Medal of Honor man to be ruined, don't

you, Mr. Bill?"
"Say, how long have you known this fellow Miguel?"

"Seventy-two hours, more or less." He considered. "Your father's nerve has been pretty badly shaken by the Jap's attempt to kill Miguel, He feels about that pretty much as a dog does when he's caught sucking eggs. Why not work on your father now while he's in an anti-Jap You might catch him on the rebound, so to speak. Take him over to La Questa valley some day this week and show him a little Japan; show him what the San Gregorio will look like within five years if he persists. Gosh, woman, you have some influence with him, haven't you?"

Very little in business affairs, I fear." "Well, you work on him, anyhow, and maybe he'll get religion and renew Miguel's mortgage. Argue that point about giving a Medal of Honor man another chance.

The girl shook her head. "It would be seless," she assured him. "He has a useless. curious business code and will not abandon He will only quote some platitude about mixing sentiment and business.

"Then I suppose the battle will have to go the full twenty rounds. Well, Miss Parker, we're willing. We've al-ready drawn first blood and with your

ready drawn first blood and with your secret help we ought to about chew the tail off your old man."

"Cheerio." She held out her dainty little gloved hand to him. "See me when you need more money, Mr. Bill. And remember! If you tell on me I'll never, never forgive you."

He bent over her hand and kissed it.

He bent over her hand and kissed it. His caress was partly reverence, partly a habit of courtliness surviving from a day that is done in California, for under that shabby old tweed suit there beat the gallant heart of a true cavalier.

When Miss Parker had ridden away with Pablo at her heels, Bill Conway unburdened himself of a slightly ribald little chanson entitled: "What Makes the Wild Cat Wild?" In the constant repetition of this query it appeared that the old Californian sought the answer to a riddle not even remotely connected with the mystifying savagery of non-domestic felines.



### American Employers Tell Editor How They Are Improving Their Organizations

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cently asked a group of managers at the near of large industries to tell what they do when it becomes necessary to run business more efficiently.

The information they gave is full of meaning to the young men of America. The above chart shows five of the answers made most frequently. Of these answers two relate to employees. The thing that is most in the minds of employers is that of veeding out inefficient men and keeping their valuable men.

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Suddenly he slapped his thigh. "Got it," he informed the payroll he had been trying to add for half an hour. "Got it! She does love him. Her explanation of her action is good but not good enough for me. Medal of Honor man! Rats. She could loan him the money to pay her father, on condition that her father should never know the source of the aid, but if they reduced their association to a business basis he would have to decide between the ranch and her. She knows how he loves this seat of his ancestors-she fears for the decision. And if he decided for the ranch there would be no reasonable excuse for the Parker family to stick around, would there? There would not. So he is not to be lost sight of for a year. Yes, of course that's it. Methinks the lady did protest too much. God bless her. I wonder what he thinks of her. One can never tell. It might be just her luck to fail to make a hit with him. Oh, Lord, if that happened I'd shoot him. I would for a fact. Guess I'll drop in at the ranch some day next week and pump the young idiot. No, I'll not. My business is building dams and bridges and concrete highways . . . well, I might take a chance and sound him out . . . still, what thanks would I get . . . no, I'll be shot if I will . . . oh, to the devil with thanks. If he don't like it he can lump it. . . .

What makes the wild cat wild, boys, Oh, what makes the wild cat wild?"

It was fully two weeks before Miguel returned to the ranch from the little hospital at El Toro. During that period the willows had already started to sprout on the last abiding place of Kano Ugichi, the pain had left the Farrel head and the Farrel attorney had had André Loustalot up in the Superior Court, where he had won a drawn verdict. The cash in bank was prc---d to have been deposited there by Louseast personally; it had been subject to his personal check and was accordingly adjudged to be his personal property and ordered turned over to Miguel Farrel in partial liquidation of the ancient judgment which Farrel held against the Basque. A preponderance of testimony, however (Don Nicholas Sandoval swore it was all perjured and paid for), indicated that but one quarter of the sheep found on the Rancho Palomar belonged to Loustalot, the remainder being owned by his foreman and employees. To Farrel, therefore, these sheep were awarded, and in some occult manner Don Nicholas Sandoval selected them from the flock; then, acting under instructions from Farrel, he sold the sheep back to Loustalot at something like a dollar a head under the market value and leased to the amazed Basque for one year the grazing privilege on the Rancho Palomar. In return for the signing of this lease and the payment of the lease money in advance, Farrel executed to Loustalot a satisfaction in full of the unpaid portion of the judgment. "For," as the sheriff remarked to Farrel, "while you hold the balance of that judgment over this fellow's head your own head is in danger. It is best to conciliate him, for you will never again

have an opportunity to levy against his

assets."
"I think you're right, Don Nicholas,"
Farrel agreed. "I can never feel wholly safe until I strike a truce with that man. Tell him I'll give him back his eight - thousand - dollar automobile if he will agree on his own behalf and that of his employees, agents and friends, not to bushwhack me or any person connected with him."

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"I have already made him a tentative offer to that effect, my boy, and, now that the first flush of his rage is over, he is a coyote lacking the courage to kill. will agree to your proposal, and I shall take occasion to warn him that if he should ever break his word while I am living, I shall consider, in view of the fact that I am the mediator in this matter, that he has broken faith with me, and

I shall act accordingly."

The arrangement with Loustalot was therefore made, and immediately upon his return to the ranch Farrel, knowing that the sheep would spoil his range for the few hundred head of cattle that still remained of the thousands that once had roamed El Palomar, rounded up these cattle and sold them. And it was in the performance of this duty that he discovered during the roundup, on the trail leading from the hacienda to Agua Caliente basin, a rectangular piece of paper. It lay, somewhat weather-stained, face up beside the trail, and because it resembled a check, he leaned easily from his horse and picked it up. To his amazement he discovered it to be a promissory note, in the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in favor of Kay Parker and signed by William D. Conway.

Pablo was beating the thickets in the river bottom, searching out some spring calves he knew were lurking there, when

his master reined up beside him. "Pablo," he demanded, "has Señor Conway been to the ranch during my

absence?"

No, Don Miguel, he has not." "Has Señorita Parker ridden Panchito over to Señor Conway's camp at Agua Caliente basin?"

"Yes, Don Miguel. I rode behind her, in case of accident.'

"What day was that?" Pablo considered. "The day after you were shot, Don Miguel."

"Did you see Señorita Parker give

Señor Conway a writing?"
"I did, truly. She wrote from a small leathern book and tore out the page whereon she wrote. In return Señor Conway made a writing and this he gave to Señorita Parker, who accepted it."

"Thank you, Pablo. That is all I desired to know." And he was away again, swinging his lariat and whooping joyously at the cattle. Pablo watched

him narrowly.

"Now whatever this mystery may be," he soliloquized, "the news I gave Don Miguel has certainly not displeased him. Ah, he is a sharp one, that boy. He learns everything and without effort, yet for all he knows he talks but little. Can it be that he has the gift of second sight? I wonder!"

The Pride of Palomar is unquestionably Mr. Kyne's greatest novel; it is as entrancing as the Californian setting in which the drama is unfolded, as absorbing as the vital theme with which it deals. The next instalment will appear in August Cosmopolitan. his

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#### The Empty Sack

(Continued from page 74)

one, but her balance at the bank was large. It could be put to this use as well as to an-

"I'll take it," she said, after a minute's consideration, "if you could let me have it within a few days.

Not to betray the eagerness he felt, he said that it would give him publicity to keep it on view as long as possible.

It will be almost as much publicity to have it on view at Marillo."

And in the end, he agreed that this was

He walked back to the studio as if wings on his feet were lifting him above the pavement. It was the seal on his success. to a private collector," would be a bomb to throw among the dealers, who had been taking their time and dickering. It was more than the seal on this one success; it was a harbinger of the next success. And with this thing behind him, the next success was calling to him to begin.

He already knew what he should begin on. It was to be called, "Eve Tempting the Serpent." He was not yet sure how he should treat the idea, but a lethargic semihuman reptile was to be roused to the concept of evil by a woman's beauty and abandonment. The thing would be daring; but it couldn't be too daring, or it would bring down on him the recrudescent Puritan spirit already so vigorous through the country. He couldn't afford a tussle with that until he was better established.

But he had made some sketches, and had written to Jennie that he should like to talk the matter over on that very afternoon. She had written in reply that, at last, she would be free to come. For the first few days after the funeral, she had been either too grief-stricken or too busy; but now the claims of life were asserting themselves again and she was trying to respond to them. He must not expect her to be gay; but she would grow more cheerful in time.

So he went back to the studio to lunch, and to wait for her coming. Till she had ceased coming, he hadn't known how much the daily expectation of seeing her had meant to him. The very occasions on which she had, as he expressed it, played him false had brought an excitement which he would have been emotionally poorer for having missed. He could not go through the experience often; he could, perhaps, not go through it again. But, for that test, he was apparently not to be called upon. She was coming. She knew what she was coming for. The very fact that she had written meant surrender.

And that, indeed, was what Jennie had been saying to herself all through the morning. Now that there had been this interval, she knew that her latitude for saying "Yes" and acting "No" was at an end. If she went at all, she must go all the way. To go once more and draw back once more would not be playing the game. She was clear in her mind that the day would be decisive. As to her decision, she was not so sure.

That is, she was not sure of its wisdom, though sure what she would do. She would do what she had meant to do more than two months earlier. There was no reason why she shouldn't, and the same set of



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reasons why she should. Not only were the money and release imperative, but Hubert meant more to her than ever. His sympathy through her sorrow had touched her by its very novelty. He had written, sent flowers, and kept himself in the background. Bob would have done more and moved her less for the reason that doing all and giving all were in his nature. The rare thing being the most precious thing, she treasured the perfunctory phrases in Hubert's scrawl of condolence above all the outpourings of Bob's heart.

Nevertheless, she treasured them with misgivings. The consciousness of being married had acquired some strength from watching the effect of her father's death on her mother. She had known, ever since growing up, that her father and mother had been unequally mated. It was not wholly a question of practical failure or success—it was rather that the balance of moral support had been so shifted between them that the mother had nothing to sus-tain her. "Poor momma," had been Jen-nie's way of putting it, "has to take the burden of everything. She's got us on her shoulders and poppa, too." And yet, with Josiah's death, some prop of Lizzie's inner life seemed to have been snatched away. She was not weaker perhaps, but she was more detached, and stranger.

Bob's letters were disturbing, too. In the way of a happy future, he took every-thing for granted. He reasoned as if, now that they had gone through a certain form together and signed it with a parson's name, she had no more liberty of will than a woman in a harem. Little as she was rebellious, she rebelled against that, preferring an element of chance in her love to a love in which there was no choice. Bob wrote as if her love was of no importance, as if he could love enough for two, did, in fact, love enough for two, so that the whole need of loving was taken off her hands.

I feel as if my love was the air and you were a plant to grow in it. It's the sunshine to which your leaves and blossems will only

"That's all very well for him," she said, falling back with a grimace on the language Gussie brought home with her from vaudeville shows, "but I ain't no blooming plant." blooming plant.

She was to leave for the studio as soon as her mother got up from her early-afternoon rest. The early-afternoon rest had become a necessity for Lizzie ever since the day when Josiah had been laid away.

"You'll call me if Teddy rings," she had stipulated, before lying down, and Jennie had promised faithfully.

As to Teddy's message, nominally sent from Paterson, Lizzie had betrayed a skepticism which the three girls found disconcerting. She said nothing, but it was precisely the saying nothing that puzzled them. When they themselves grew expansive over the things they would buy with the money Teddy was going to make, the mother's faint smile was alarming. It was alarming, chiefly because it combined with other things to produce that effect of strangeness they had all noticed in her since their father died. Though they couldn't define it for themselves, it was as if she had renounced any further effort to make life fulfill itself.

By the time she was ready, she heard Lizzie stirring in her bedroom. It was the signal agreed upon. She was free to go, which meant that she was free to turn her back on all her more or less sheltered past and strike out toward a terrifying future. She felt as she had always supposed she would feel on leaving her home on her wedding-day; and she would do as she had decided she would do in that event. She would go without making a fuss, without anything to record that the going was different from other goings, or that the return would be different from other returns. She would make her departure casual, without consciousness, without admitted intentions. She merely called to her mother, therefore, through the closed door, that she was on her way, and her mother had called out in response, "Very well." This leave-taking This leave-taking making things easier—all Jennie had to do was to gulp back a sob.

#### XVIII

BUT as Jennie opened the door to let herself out, two men were standing on the cement sidewalk in the front of the grass-They were plots examining the house. big, heavily built men who, although in plain clothes, suggested the guardianship of law. It came to Jennie instantly that their examination of the house was peculiar; and of that peculiarity she divined with equal promptness, the significance. The men declared afterward that in her manner of standing on the step and waiting till they spoke to her, there was the same kind of "give-away" as when her brother had eyed them across Broad Street.

The older and heavier of the two advanced up the walk between the grass-

This is the Follett house, ain't it, miss?"

Jennie replied that it was. And you're Miss Follett?"

She assented again. "Is your brother in?" "N-no; he's not in town."

The big man turned toward his taller and slighter colleague, whatever he had to say being communicated by a look. Having expressed this thought he veered round

again toward Jennie, speaking politely.
"Maybe we could have a word with you, private-like."
"Won't you step in?"

Presently they were all three seated in the living-room, the big man continuing as spokesman.

"Ah, now, about your brother, Miss Follett; you're sure he isn't anywheres around?"

The inference from the tone was that somehow Jennie was secreting him.
"He isn't to my knowledge. He called

up last evening to say that he wouldn't be home to-day, and perhaps not to-morrow.'

The two men being seated within range of each other's eyes, some new understanding was flashed silently.

"Did he, then? And where would he have called up from?"

"From Paterson."

"From Paterson, was it? And what made you think it was from Paterson?"

"He said so.' "And that was all you had to go by?"
"That was all."

"Well, well, now! He said so, did he? And he didn't come home last night?"

Jennie shook her head.

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For a third time Flynn's eyes telegraphed something to Jackman's, and Jackman's responded.

"And when your brother called up from Paterson-let us say it was Patersondidn't you ask him no questions at all?"

"He didn't speak to me. I wasn't at home. It was to my little sister. I understood that he rang off before she could ask him anything."

m anything.
"Oh, he did, did he?" The telegraphy
"And two men was renewed. "And between the two men was renewed. didn't he say nothin' about what had tuck him to a place like Paterson?"

"I think he said it was business."

"Business," was it? Ah, well, now!
And what sort of business would that be?"

"I don't know."

"And would you tell me now if you did

Jennie looked at him with clear, limpid yes. "I'm not sure that I would. I don't know what right you have to ask me questions as it is.

is as it is.
"This right." Turning back the lapel of his coat, he displayed a badge. don't want to frighten you, Miss Follett, my friend and me, we don't; but if you know anything about the boy, it'll be easier in the long run both for him and for you—"
"What do you want him for?"

Lizzie's voice was so deep that it startled. In the threshold of the little entry, she stood tall, black-robed, almost unearthly. At the same time Pansy, who had also come down-stairs, crept toward Flynn with a low, vicious growl. Both men stumbled to their feet, awed by something in Lizzie which was more than the majesty of grief.

"Ah, now, we're sorry to disturb you, ma'am, my rend and me. We know you've had trouble, and we wouldn't be for wantin' to bring more into a house where there's enough of it already. But when things is duty, they can't be put by

when things is duty, they can the purious just because they're unpleasant—"
"Has my son been taking money from Collingham & Law's?"

The spectral voice gave force to the directness of the question. Abandoning the hint of professional bullying he had taken toward Jennie, Flynn, with Pansy's teeth not six inches from his calf, went a pace or two toward the figure in the entry.

"Has he been takin' money, that boy of yours? Well now, and have you any reason to think so, ma'am?"

None—apart from what I hoped."

Momma!

Jennie sprang to her mother, grasping her by the arm. While Jackman stood like an iron figure in the background, Flynn, still with Pansy's teeth keeping some six inches from his calf, advanced another pace or two.

Ah, now, that's a quare thing, ma'am, for the mother of a lad to say—that she hoped he was takin' money."

"Oh, don't mind her," Jennie pleaded.

"She hasn't been just—just right—ever since my father died."

since my father died."
"I didn't think of it at first," Lizzie stated, in a lifeless voice. "I believed what he told us, that he was making money on the side. It was only latterly that I began to suspect that he wasn't; and now I hope he took it from the bank."
"But good God, ma'am, why? Don't you know he'll be caught—and what he'll

you know he'll be caught-and what he'll

get for it?"



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Note to parents: Your boy will learn to earn what he wants if you will have him write to us.

"Oh, he'd get that just the same, if you mean suffering and punishment and a life of misery. All I want is that he should be the first to strike. Since he's got to go down before brute power-

"Brute power of law and order, ma'am, if you'll allow me to remind you.

She uttered a little joyless laugh. "'Law and order!' You'll excu You'll excuse me for laughing, won't you? I've heard so much of them-

"And you're likely to hear a lot more, if

"And you're men," this is the way o' things."

They'll do me to they death, as they'll do you, and as they do everyone else. Law and order are the golden images set up for us to bow down to and worship as gods; and we get the reward that's always dealt out to those who

believe in falsehood." Flynn appealed to both Jennie and Jackman.

"I never heard no one talk like that, whether dotty or sane.

'If it was real law and order," Lizzie continued, with the same passionless in-tonation, "that would be another thing. But it isn't. It's faked law and order. It's a plaster on a sore, meant to hide the ugly thing and not to heal it. It's to keep bad bad by pretending that it's good——"

'Ah, but bad as it is, ma'am," Flynn began to reason, "it's better than stealin"
—now, isn't it?"

But Lizzie seemed ready for him here. I think I've read in your Bible that the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal, was given to a people among whom it was a principle that everyone should be provided for. If it happened that anyone was not provided for, there was another commandment given as to him: 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' He was to be free to take what the corn.' He was to be free to take what he needed."

Flynn shook his head.

"That may be in the Bible, ma'am; but it wouldn't stand in a court o' law."

"Of course it wouldn't; only, the court of law is nothing to me.'

"It can make itself something to you, ma'am, if you don't mind my sayin' so.

Oh, no, it can't. It can try me and sentence me and lock me up; but that's no worse than law and order are doing to me and mine every hour of the day.

"Oh, momma," Jennie pleaded, clinging to her mother's arm, "please stopplease!

"I'm only warning him, darling. Law and order will bring him to grief as it does everyone else. How many did it kill in the war? Something like twelve millions, wasn't it, and could anyone ever reckon up the number of aching hearts it's left alive?

"Yes, momma; but that kind of talk

doesn't do Teddy any good.

"It does if we make it plain that he was only acting within his rights. These people think that by passing a law they impose a moral duty. What nonsense! I want my son to be brave enough to strike at such a theory as that. It's true that they'll strike back at him, and that they have the power to crush him—only, in the long run he'll be the victor."

Flynn looked at Jennie in sympathetic.

"All right now, Miss Follett. I guess my friend and me'll be goin' along—"
"You'll do just as you like about that," Lizzie interposed, with dignity; "but f

you see my son before I do, tell him not to be sorry for what he's done, and above all not to think that I blame him. shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' When you do, the eighth com-

mandment doesn't apply any longer."

Jennie followed her visitors to the door-After her mother's reckless talk, they seemed like friends, as, indeed, at bottom of their kindly hearts they could easily have been. They brought no ill will to their job—only a conviction that if Teddy Follett was a thief, they must "get

"Does-does Mr. Collingham know

that all this is going on?

She asked her question in trepidation, lest these men, trained to ferret out whatever was most hidden, should be able to read her secret. It was Jackman who shouldered the duty of answering. seemed more laconic than his colleague, and more literate.

"We don't troub'e Mr. Collingham with trifles. If it was a big thing

So Jennie was left with that consolation -that it was not a big thing. How big it was, she could only guess at, but whatever the magnitude, she had no doubt at all but that it was "up to her." She got some but that it was "up to her." She got some inspiration from the little word "up." There was a lift in it that made her coura-

Nevertheless, when she returned to the living-room, finding her mother seated. erect and stately, in an armchair, with Pansy gazing at her with eyes of quenchless, infinite devotion, Jennie knew a qualm of fear.

"Oh, momma, wouldn't it be awful if

Teddy had to go to jail?'

'It would be awful or not, just as you took it. If you thought he went to jail as a thief, it would be awful, but if you saw him only as the martyr of a system, you'd be proud to know he was there.

Oh, but, momma, what's the good of

saying things like that?"

"What's the good of letting them throw you down a quivering bundle of flesh before a Juggernaut, and just being meekly thankful? That's what your father and I have always done, and now that the wheels have passed over him, I see the folly of keeping silent. I may not do any good by speaking, but at least I speak. When they muzzle the ox that treadeth out the com, it isn't much wonder if the famished beast goes mad. Did you ever see a mad ox, Well, it's a terrible sight—the Jennie? most patient and laborious drudge among animals, goaded to a desperation in which he's conscious of nothing but his wrongs and his strength. They generally kill him. It's all they can do with him-but, of "So that it doesn't do the ox much good to go mad, does it?"

Oh, yes; because he gets out of it. That's the only relief for us, Jennie darling to get out of it. I begin to understand how mothers can so often kill themselves and their children. They don't want to leave anyone they love to endure the sufferings this world inflicts."

From these ravings Jennie was summoned by the tinkle of the telephone-bell "Teddy!" cried the mother, starting to

her feet. "No; it's Mr. Wray. I knew he'd ring if I didn't turn up.'

The instrument was in the entry, and

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Jennie felt curiously calm and competent Jennie felt curiously cann and compassing as she went toward it. All decisions being taken out of her hands, she no longer had taubt and calculate. The renunciato doubt and calculate. The renuncia-tions, too, were made for her. She was not required to look back, only to go on.

In answer to the question: "Is this Mrs.

Follett's house?" she replied, as if the occasion were an ordinary one:

"Yes, Mr. Wray. I'm sorry I can't

"Oh, so it's you! You can't come— what? Then you needn't come any more." "Yes; that's what I thought. I see now

"Yes; that's what't thought. I see how that—that I can't."

"Well, of all—" He broke off in his expostulation to say: "Jennie, for God's sake, what's the matter with you? What are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid of anything, Mr. Wray;

but there's a good deal the matter which I can't explain on the telephone."

Do you want me to come over there?" "No; you couldn't do any good.'

"Is it money?"
"No." She ren "No." She remembered the accumu-lation of untouched bills and checks in her glove-and-handkerchief-box up-stairs. "There's nothing you could do, thank

There was a pause before he said:
"Then it's all off? Is that what you

"Isn't it what you meant yourself only minute ago?"

"Oh, well, you needn't stake your life on that."

She began to feel faint. It cost her more to stand there talking than she had supposed it would when she took up the receiver.

"I'm afraid I must—must stake my life on that. I—I can't stay now. I can't ome any more to see you, either. I've—I've given up posing. G—good-by."

She heard him beginning to protest from the other end.

"No, Jennie! Wait! For God's sake!"
But her putting up of the receiver cut

them off from each other.
"So that's all over," she said to herself,
tuming again into the living-room.

But she said it strongly, as Lizzie had many a time said similar things on witnessing the death of hopes, with desolation in the heart, perhaps, but no wish to cry. Meanwhile, Flynn and Jackman, trudging toward the control of the c

ing toward the car station in the square,

were discussing this strange case.

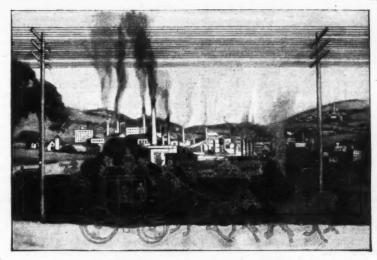
"That was a funny line o' talk about theox treadin' out the corn. I never heard nothin' like that in our church.

But Jackman, having been a Methodist and a student of the Bible before coming to New York and giving himself to detective

work, was able to explain.
"That's in the Old Testament to begin with; but Paul takes it up and says that, though it was meant, in the first place, to apply to the animals, its real application is to man. 'That he that ploweth may plow in hope, and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope' that's the way it runs. That everyone should get a generous living wage and not be cheated of it in the end is the way you might put it into our kind of talk."

Is it now? And it do seem fair—don't it?—for all the old woman yonder is so daft. And would that Paul be the same Saint Paul as we've got in our church?"

"Oh, the very same."



# The Advance of Understanding

Even romance of sixty brief years ago could not imagine the great advance heralded by the passing of the stage coach. The railway and telegraph were coming into their own; but the telephone had not been so much as dreamed about.

Yet the wise men of that day saw the imperative need. They saw the value of every step which brought people into closer communication with each other. They knew this to be the one way to increase under-

standing; and to eliminate the "host of petty jealousies, blindnesses and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers."

Then came the telephone. And with its coming time and distance are swept away and a hundred million people are made neighbors.

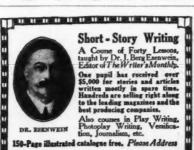
Places far apart are brought together by 34,000,000 conversations a day over the Bell System.



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"Would he now? And you a Protes-That's one thing I've often wondered: why there had to be so many religions, and everyone wasn't a Catholic. It'd be just as easy, and cost us less. Ah, well! It's a quare world, and that poor woman's had a powerful dose o' trouble. I don't wonder she's got wheels in her head -do you? Maybe you and me'd have them if we'd gone through the same." Having thus worked up to his appeal, he plunged into it. "I know wan little woman'd be glad if I was to come home to-night and tell her we'd called the thing off. That's my Tessie. It's amazin' how she's set her heart on my not trackin' down this boy.

"Not to track him down would be to com-pound a felony," Jackman replied severely. "Ah, well! So it would, now. You sure have got the right dope there, Jackman, and that I'll tell Tessie. I'll say I'd be compounding a felony, and them words'll scare her good."

So Flynn, too, resigned himself, putting on once more the mask of craft and implacability that was part of his stock in trade, and which Jackman rarely took off.

And all that day Teddy lay crouched in his lair with his eye glued more or less faithfully to the peep-hole. Except from hunger, he had suffered but little, and the minutes had been too exciting to seem long in going by. It was negative excitement, springing from what didn't happen; but because something might happen, and happen at any instant, it was excitement. From morning to midday, and from midday on into the afternoon, cars, carts, and pedestrians traveled in and out of Hoboken, each spelling possible danger. Now and then a man or a vehicle had paused in the road within calling-distance of the shanty. For two minutes, for five, or for ten at a time, Teddy lay there wondering as to their intentions and trying to make up his mind as to his own course. Whether to shoot himself or make a bolt for it, or if he shot himself whether it should be through the temple or the heart, were points as to which he was still undecided. He would get inspiration, he told himself, when the time came.

In a measure, he was growing used to his situation as an outlaw; he was growing used to the separation from the family. was not that he loved them less, but that he had moved on and left them behind. He could think of them now without the longing to cry he had felt yesterday, while the desperation of his plight centered his thought more and more upon himself.

Seven doughnuts swallowed without a drop of water being far from the nourishment to which he was accustomed, he waited with painful eagerness for nightfall. When the primrose-colored lights up and down the road and along the ragged fringe of the town were deepening to orange, he crept forth cautiously

Even while half hidden by the sedgy grasses, he felt horribly exposed, and when he emerged into the open highway, the eyes of all the police in New York seemed to spy him through the twilight. Nevertheless, he tramped back toward the dwellings of men, doing his best to hide his face when motor-lights flashed over him too vividly

Unable to think of anything better than to return to the friendly woman who had given him seven doughnuts for his six, he found her behind her counter, in company with a wispy little girl.

"Ah, goot-evening. Zo you'f com Zo you'f come ba-ack.

Teddy replied that he had, ordering six, with a dozen of her doughnuts. Her manner was so affable that he failed to notice her piercing eyes fixed upon him, nor did he realize how much a young man's aspect can betray after twenty-four hours without water to wash in, as well as without hairbrush or razor. He thought of himself as presenting the same neat appearance as on the previous evening; but the woman saw him otherwise.

"I wonder if I could have a glass of water?" he asked, his throat almost too

parched to let the words come out.
"But sairtainly." She turned to the child, whispering in a foreign language, but using more words than the command to fetch a glass of water would require.

When the child came back, Teddy swallowed the water in one long gulp. The woman asked him if he would like another glass, to which he replied that he would. More instructions followed, and while the woman tied up the sandwiches, the little girl came back with the second glass. Teddy drank more slowly, not noticing as he did so that the little girl slipped away.

Nor did he notice as he left the shop and turned westward into the gloaming that the child was returning from what seemed like a hasty visit to a neighbor's house across the street. Still less did he perceive, when the comforting loneliness of the marshes began once more to close round him, that a big, husky figure was stalking him. It had come out of one of the tenements over the way from the pastry shop, apparently at a summons from the wispy little girl. Like the men whom Jennie had seen eying the house in the afternoon, he suggested the guardianship of law, even though he was, so to speak, in undress uniform. His duties for the day being over he had plainly been taking his ease in slippers, trousers, and shirt. Even now he was bareheaded, pulling on his tunic as he went along.

He didn't go very far, only to a point at which he could see the boy in front of him turn into the unused path that led to the old shack. Whereupon he nodded to himself, and turned back to his evening

#### XIX

JENNIE's chief hesitation was as to cashing the checks, not because the teller at Pemberton National Bank didn't know her, but because he did. To present a demand for money made out to Jane Scarborough Follett, and signed, "R. B. Collingham, Jr.," was embarrassing.

But she had grown since the previous afternoon, and embarrassment sat on her more lightly. Like Teddy marooned on the marshes, she seemed to have moved on, leaving her old self behind. Now she had things to do rather than things to think about. One fact was a relief to her; she was no longer under the necessity of betraying Bob.

So she cashed her checks, and counted her money, finding that she had two hundred and forty-five dollars. She didn't know how much Teddy had taken from the bank, possibly more than this, possibly not so much; but whatever the sum, th's would go at least part of the way toward meeting it. If she could meet it altogether, then, she argued, the law couldn't touch him.

On arriving at the bank her first sensation was one of confusion. There seemed to be no one in particular to whom to state her errand. Men were busy in variously labeled cages, and more men beyond them sat at desks within pens.

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Beneath the illuminated sign, "Statewere two ladies waiting for custom, conversing in the interim. stood unnoticed while the speaker for the moment finished her narration bringing it to its conclusion plaintively.

'So when mother called in the doctor. it turned out to be a very bad case of ty-phoid. Statement?"

The question at the end being directed toward Jennie, the latter asked if she could see Mr. Collingham. The reply was sharp; the tone quite different from that of the domestic anecdote of which she had just

"Next floor. Take the elevator. Ask for Miss Ruddick." The voice resumed its plaintiveness. "So we had him moved into the corner bedroom, and sent for a trained nurse

It was nearly an hour before Jennie was called to the office of Miss Ruddick, who, with her practised method of dealing with the importunate, prepared to put her rapidly through her paces and land her again at the lift. This Miss Ruddick did, not so much with the minimum of courtesy as with the maximum of conscientiousness.

"How do you do? Are you the daughter of the Mr. Follett who used to be with us here? So sorry for your loss, though it may be a release for him, poor man. We never know, do we? Now what is it I can do for you?

Jennie said again that she hoped to see Mr. Collingham.

"If it's a job you're looking for, the best person to see would be-

And just then the communicating door opened and Collingham himself came out. He was about to give some order to Miss Ruddick and pass on when Jennie rose in such a way that his eye fell upon her. When a man's eye fell upon Jennie, his attention was generally arrested. In this case, it was the more definitely arrested, for the reason that Jennie, timidly and tremblingly, gave signs of having a request

"You wish to speak to me?"

At this condescension, Miss Ruddick was amazed, but the responsibility being taken off her hands, she was already cap turing the minutes by being "back on her job," according to her favorite expression. Jennie could hardly speak for awe. recalled what Mrs. Collingham had saida hard, stern, ruthless man, who kept her, her son, and her daughter as puppets on If he so treated his own flesh his string. If he so treated his own and blood, how would he treat her?

Following him into the private office, she reminded herself that she must keep her head. She had come on a specific business, and to that business she must confine herself. Her other relations with this terrible man she must leave to his son to deal with.

"Your name is-His tone was courteous. They were both seated now-he at his desk, she in a small chair at a respectful distance. The question surprised her, for the reason that

in her confusion she supposed that her

identity was known to him.
"I'm Jennie Follett." His visible start did not make her situation easier. She remembered that Mrs. Collingham had said that if he knew of the tie between herself and Bob he would disinherit him on the spot. Just what was implied by that, she didn't understand, but it suggested all that was most dramatic in the movies. To disarm his suspicions in this direction, she hurried on to add, "I came about my brother."

He relaxed slightly, leaning on the desk and examining her closely. "Oh, your brother!"

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"Yes, sir. I don't know how much money he's been taking from the bank

Collingham's brows contracted.

"Wait a minute. Has your brother been taking money from the bank?"

At the thought that she might be making a false step, Jennie was appalled.
"Oh, don't you know that yet, sir?"
"Don't I know it yet? I don't know

what you're talking about at all."

So the whole thing had to be explained. Two men had appeared on the previous afternoon in Indiana Avenue, accusing Teddy of systematic robbery. Teddy had so far corroborated the charge that he had absented himself from home and work. He had called up once, nominally from Paterson, but the two detectives didn't believe that it was. In any case, she had a little money of her own-her very owntwo hundred and forty-five dollars it was—and as far as it would go she had come to make restitution. If it wasn't enough, they would sell the house as soon as they could get it on the market and pay up the balance, if he would only give the order that Teddy shouldn't be sent to

Emboldened by his concentration on her story and herself, she took out the roll of bills from her bag, enlarging on her plea.

You see, sir, it was this way. After my father had to leave the bank last fall, Teddy had to be our chief support, just on his eighteen a week. My two little sisters left school and went to work; but that didn't bring in much. Then there were the taxes, and the mortgage, and the expenses of my father's funeral, besides six of the besides in the state of the besides of us having to eat-

"You were working too, weren't you?"
"Yes, sir; I was posing. But I only camed six a week."
"'Only?'"

Based on a memory of his own of some-thing Junia had said—"a mousey little thing with a veneer of modesty, but mercenary isn't the word for her"—there was an implication in this "Only?" which

scaped Jennie's simplicity.

"Yes, sir; that was all. Somehow, I couldn't get the work. Nobody seemed to

want me.

He pointed at her roll of bills.

"Then where did you get the money you're holding in your hand?"

The question was unexpected and confounding. She must either answer it truly or not answer it at all. If she answered it truly, she not only exposed Bob but she exposed herself to the utmost rigor of his wrath. She didn't care about herself; she didn't care much about Bob; she cared only about Teddy. The utmost rigor of this man's wrath would send him to jail as Good Things from 9 Climes poured into a Single Glass!

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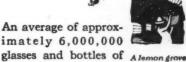
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easily as she could brush a fly through an open window. She could say nothing. She could only look at him helplessly with lips parted, eves shimmering, and the hot color flooding her face pitiably.

It was the kind of situation in which no man with the heart of a man could be hard on any little girl; besides which, Collingham looked on this silent confession as providential. It would enable him to reason with Bob, if it ever came to that, and tell him what he, the father, knew at first hand and from his own experience. Otherwise, he brought no moral judgment to bear on poor Jennie, and condemned her not at all.

ot at all.

"Just wait a minute," he said, in a kindly tone, getting up as he spoke. go and straighten the thing out."

Left alone, Jenne words to strengthen her. He would the thing out. That meant Left alone, Jennie had these concluding straighten the thing out. That meant probably that Teddy wouldn't have to go to jail, and beyond this relief she didn't look. It would be everything. Nothing else would matter. He might be dismissed from the bank; they might starve; but the great thing would be accomplished.

It was a half-hour or more before he returned, and when he did, he looked worried. Troubled would perhaps be a better word, since even Jennie could see that his thoughts were further away and deeper down than the incidents on the sur-He spoke almost absent-mindedly.

"I find there's been a leakage for some little time past, and they've had difficulty in fixing where the trouble was. Now, I'm sorry to say, it looks as if it was your brother. There's hardly any doubt about

"You see, sir," she pleaded, "it was so hard for him not to be able to do anything when my father was so ill and my mother worried and the bills piling up-they stopped our credit nearly everywhereand the tax people—they were the worst

of all."
"Yes, yes; I quite understand. And I've told them not to press the matter further. Flynn and Jackman, the two men you saw yesterday, are out for the minute; but when they come in, they are to report to me. I don't suppose we can take your brother back; but I'll see what I can do for him elsewhere." He rose to end the interview, so that Jennie rose, too. "You can keep that money," he added, nodding toward her roll of bills. "You were not responsible, and there's no reason at all why you should pay."

When Jennie protested, he merely escorted her to the door, which he held

Late that afternoon, Teddy, on the floor of his hut, woke with a start from a doze. He hadn't meant to doze, but he had slept little on the preceding night, and was lulled moreover by a sense of his security. The day had not been as exciting as the day before. Nothing having happened during all those hours, he was growing convinced that nothing would. In its way, safety was becoming irksome. He began to ask himself whether the spirit of adventure didn't summon him to go forth as a tramp that night.

So he dozed-and so he waked, with a

The start was possibly due to a start. consciousness even in his sleep that there were people in the road. He was frightened before he could put his eye again to the peep-hole. Luckily the pistol was at hand, and the other thing might now have to be done.

As a matter of fact it seemed likely. Two burly figures had already left the highway, Flynn tramping along the flicker of path, and Jackman picking his steps through the oozy mud a little to Flynn's right and a little behind him. There was no secrecy about their approach, and apparently no fear.

'They don't suspect that I've got a Teddy commented to himself. 'Lobley can't have told them.'

They were talking to each other, and though Teddy could not make out their words, he heard Flynn's gurgle of a laugh. To his fevered imagination, it was a diabolic laugh, suggestive of handcuffs and torture.

The thought of handcuffs frenzied him. Of the sacrilegious touch on his person, the links set the final mark. Rather than submit to them, he would shoot anyone, preferably himself. For shooting himself the minute had come, and he decided to do it through the temple. The aim through the heart might miscarry; there was no chance of miscarriage through the brain. All that remained for him now was to know the moment when.

"Don't shoot till you see the whites of

their eyes.'

Some trick of memory brought the tag back to him. He knew that it applied to the shooting of an enemy, but in this case it suited himself. He couldn't see the whites of their eyes as yet, for through the grasses and over the slimy ground they advanced but slowly. That gave him the longer to live. He might live for three minutes, possibly for five. Even a minute was something.

But he was ready. He couldn't say that he had no fear, because he was all fear; but for the very reason that he was all fear, he was frozen numb. Only, the hand that held the pistol shook. He couldn't control it. All the more, then, must he do it through the brain, since he found by experiment that he could steady the muzzle against his temple. He didn't dare so to hold it long, lest that impulse of acting before he thought might deprive him of these last precious seconds of life. So he let the thing rest on the peep-hole, pointing outward, like a gun on board ship. He found, too, that this steadied his eye. He could squint along the barrel right at the two big figures lumbering through the morass

"Don't shoot till you see the whites of

their eyes.

Flynn looked up, a laugh on his lips at this absurd adventure. The boy saw the whites of his eyes, and, as far as he himself knew, his mind went blank. He always declared that he heard no sound. He only saw Flynn throw up his arms with a kind of stifled shout-stagger-try to regain his lost balance-and go tumbling, face downward, into the long grass. Jackman fell, too, though not so prone but that he could partially raise himself, half supported by his left arm while, without being able to

face toward the road, he waved his right to the motors flashing by.

For Teddy mind-action ceased. He was nothing but mad instinct. He knew he must have fired must have fired twicethat the hand that was to show into his temple had betrayed him. He knew, too, that he couldn't shoot into his temple that great as was his terror of the handcuffs, his terror of this thing was worse, Flinging the pistol across the floor, his one impulse was to save himself.

As he had foreseen, his mind, once it began to work, worked quickly. He saw that the grass growing up to the door of the shack was tall, and hardly beaten down by his footsteps. Lying flat like a lizard, he wriggled his way into it. The very yielding of the swampy bottom beneath his weight was in his favor. By a sense, such as that which had waked him up, he knew that motors were stopping in the road. that people were leaping out, that Flynn and Jackman were the objects of everyone's concern, and that, in the mystery as to what had happened to them, no one's attention was as yet directed to himself, He made for the back of the shack, writhing his way round the two corners, and heading out toward the center of the marsh. It was needful to do this, since the shanty and its neighborhood would soon be explored, and he must, if possible, be lost in the swampy tracklessness.

Though progress of necessity was slow, he was amazed at the distance he was putting between himself and danger. Oh, if it was only night! If a thunder-cloud would only come up and darken the sky! But it was the brilliant, pitiless sunshine of an August afternoon, with not a shred of atmosphere to help him. Still he writhed and writhed and writhed his way onward, making the pace of a snake when half of its body is dead. He was no longer Teddy Follett; he was no longer so much as an animal. He was one big agony of mind, which becomes an agony of body; and yet

he was eager to live.

He began to think that he might live. He seemed as far away from the peril behind him as the woods-thing that gives its hunter the slip in the green depths of the covert. Dogs might be able to track him, but not men alone; and while they were bringing up the bloodhounds, he might.

And then he heard a shout that struck through him like sudden paralysis.

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"There he is! I see him!"
"Where? Where?"

"That line behind the shack-don't you see—a little streak right through the

grass."

"No; I don't see anything."

"Come along, and I'll show you. Come along, boys. We'll get him. He's only going on his belly."
"Yes, and be croaked, like this poor

guy! Don't forget that the bird over there can give you a dose of lead."

So Flynn was dead! That was the meaning of that. Teddy had killed a man. Perhaps he had killed two men. hadn't taken time to think of it before; but now that he did, he lay stricken in every muscle of his frame, his face in the mud, and his fingers dug into the queachy roots of the sedges.

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